

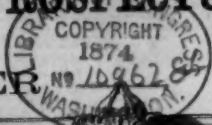
1875

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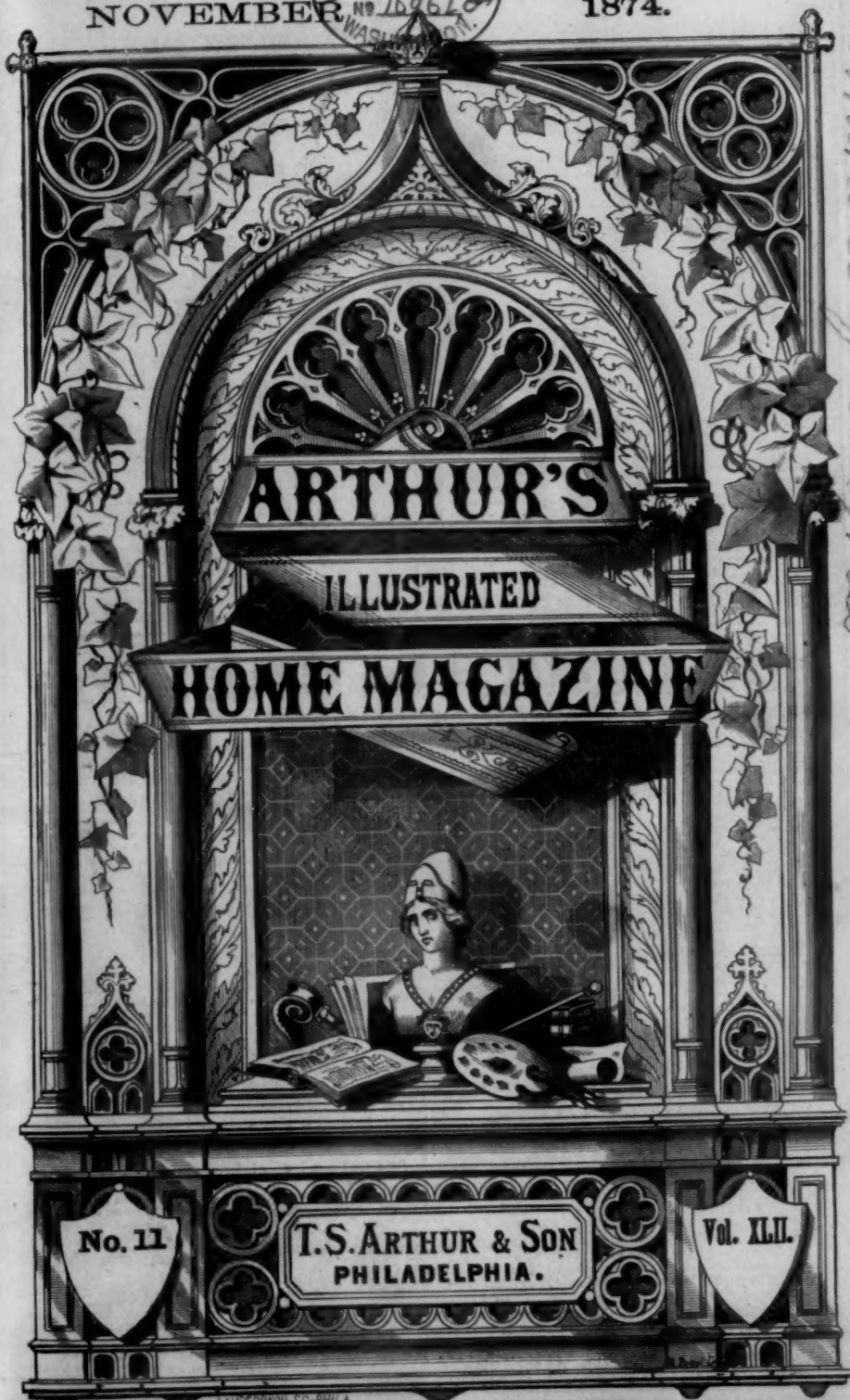
1875

NOVEMBER

1874.



Department of Congress



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Wonderful Success of Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

"ORIENTAL CREAM,"

OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Its Fame is Rapidly Spreading over the Country.

See the avalanche of testimonials, selected from thousands, in its praise:

A French Lady Writes:

Mons. GOURAUD—"Tis but an act of justice that I should spontaneously give you my unqualified testimonial of the untied efficacy, innocence and fragrance of your preparation for purifying and cleansing the skin. By its use every pimple and freckle have vanished from my face. You should, *mon ami*, as it is so sovereign and charming a remedy for scattering all blemishes from our faces, call it *le délice des dames*. *En un mot, j'en suis enchantée de la cosmétique, et j'en vous remercie de tout mon cœur.*

EMILIE DEMOGLIERE, Madison Avenue.

The following from the eminent tragedienne, Mrs. D. P. Bowers.

PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn.

Dr. GOURAUD—"Will you send six bottles of your 'Oriental Cream' to the above address, not forgetting to be reasonable in price? Yours truly, Mrs. D. P. BOWERS.

From the Countess De Bierski, a leading society lady.

ROCHESTER, Feb. 18, 1867.

Dr. GOURAUD—"Dear Sir: Please send me two more bottles of your charming 'Oriental Cream,' by American Express, and oblige, yours respectfully,

COUNTESS DE BIERSKI.

From Miss Fannie Stockton, the Prima Donna of the Opera House.

BUFFALO, December, 1866.

Dr. T. F. GOURAUD—"I do not wish to put anything else in contact with my face, so delighted am I with this matchless cosmetic. Please send me ten bottles.

FANNIE STOCKTON.

BANGOR, Me.

Dr. GOURAUD—"I have found your 'Cream' so delicious; it softens and makes the skin so beautiful; it does give me faith in your other preparations. Miss ANNA G—

St. Louis.

Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD—"The 'Cream' is the nicest wash for the skin; it is excellent.

Mrs. E. CURTIN.

BOSTON.

Dr. GOURAUD—"Your 'Oriental Cream' is perfectly delicious; it is so cooling and refreshing. Mrs. FARO.

From Evans, the Celebrated Perfumer, of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, April 30, 1868.

Dr. GOURAUD—"I think your Cream is unquestionably the best thing in this line, from the reason when a lady once uses it she continues it in preference to anything else. Our customers for it are regular ones. I find it is retailed by the druggists and fancy stores at two dollars a bottle yet. There is more sold here than you are aware of. What is required to insure a large sale is a liberal amount spent in judicious advertising. Let the ladies know its merits, and especially the price, and if they once try it we secure a regular customer. If I were the owner I would sell more of it in this city than all the rest of the skin preparations put together. T. W. EVANS.

A Voice from London, England.

24 TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, }
LONDON, W. C., November 13, 1873. }

Le Journal des Modes—Sir: The fame of your "Oriental" having reached me, I enclose you the value in stamps, and will thank you to forward quickly. Will you be good enough to supply, with the price per gross, cash, with my name as agent on each bottle? Waiting your reply, I am, faithfully yours, SAMUEL MILLER.

Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD.

An Echo from London.

8 MONTPELIER SQUARE, LONDON, S. W., ENGLAND. }

September 25, 1871. }

Sir: Will you kindly inform me whether you have an Agent in England where I could procure your "Oriental Cream" for the complexion? If not, will you tell me what would be the smallest number of bottles you could send me from New York; what would be the sum total, carriage free, of such a parcel; and, lastly, how could I forward you the required amount? I think you would have a very great sale here. Yours truly, E. BERRIE.

Dr. GOURAUD, New York.

Prepared and invented by Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond Street, New York. Established 1835. To be had of all Druggists, etc. Beware of cheap imitations.

Wholesale Agents in Philadelphia: JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., 602 Arch Street. FRENCH, RICHARDS & CO., N. W. corner of Tenth and Market Streets.

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.

3546

Front View.

3546

Back View.

3495

*Front View.***LADIES' LONG, LOOSE CLOAK.***(Known in Paris as the "SIBERIEN.")*

No. 3546.—The ample cloak pictured in these engravings will prove a welcome addition to a Winter promenading toilet, and can be made for a lady of medium size from $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, measuring 27 inches in width. The pattern, which is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, costs 30 cents.

LADIES' CHATELAINNE DRESS, WITH SIDE-FORM SASHES.

No. 3495.—The superb garment here represented is designed for house or evening wear. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and $12\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, are necessary to make the dress for a medium-sized lady. Price, 50 cents.



3516

*Front View.***LADIES' DOUBLE-BREADED BASQUE.**

No. 3516.—The handsome basque here exhibited requires 4 yards of material, 27 inches wide, in its construction for a lady of medium size. The pattern costs 25 cents, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.



3516

Back View.



3497

Front View.

LADIES' OVER-DRESS, OPEN AT THE BACK.

No. 3497.—These engravings illustrate the revival of an old style, the garment shown being closed in the back like those worn by little girls. To make the over-dress for a lady of medium size, $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods will be necessary. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and its price is 30 cents.



3497

Back View

3502

Front View.

3502

Back View.

LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED PLAITED BASQUE, WITH SIDE-TABS.

No. 3502.—The handsome basque here represented combines two of the most popular Fall styles, the front being in cuirass form, while the back is laid in side-plaits that extend below the waist in a pretty postilion. When the material is 27 inches wide, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be sufficient for a lady of medium size. There are 13 sizes of the pattern for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and the price is 30 cents.



3531

Front View.

3531

Back View.

GIRLS DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE.

No. 3531. These engravings picture a stylish little polonaise, the pattern to which is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age; $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods would make a garment like it for a girl of 6 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



3514

Front View.

3514

Back View.

LADIES' TALMA, WITH POINTED COLLAR.

No. 3514.—The gracefully outlined garment here illustrated requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches

wide, in its construction for a lady of medium size; and the pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, the price being 25 cents.



3556

Front View.

3556

Back View.

LADIES' CLOAK.

(Known in Paris as the "MALIBRAN.")

No. 3556.—The elegant wrap represented in these pictures is adapted to plain or elaborate ornamenta-

tion, and requires but $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide material to make it for a lady of medium size. The price of the pattern, which is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, is 30 cents.



3535

Front View.



3535

Back View.

LADIES' CLOAK.

(Known in Paris as the "CLODIA.")

No. 3535.—These engravings picture a handsome model for a cloak. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and when the material employed is 27 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be sufficient for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



3518

Front View.

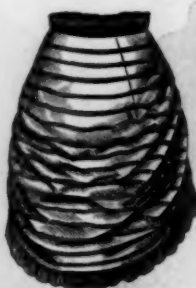


3518

Back View.

GIRLS' DRESS, WITH A JACKET FRONT.

No. 3518.—These engravings picture a handsome costume, the front of which is rendered particularly attractive by the addition of a little jacket sewn in at the shoulder and under-arm seams. There are 7 sizes of the pattern for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods will be necessary to make a garment like it for a girl of 5 years. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



3537

Front View.



3537

Back View.

MISSES' SCARF OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3537.—These pictures present a simple yet elegant style of over-skirt. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods for a miss of 10 years. Price, 20 cents.



3508

Front View.



3508

Back View

LADIES' BASQUE, POINTED AT THE SIDES.

No. 3508.—The pattern to the stylish basque illustrated is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To fashion it for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material, measuring 27 inches in width, will be requisite. Price of pattern, 25 cents



3519

Front View.



3519

Back View.

LADIES' ADJUSTABLE HOOD.

No. 3519.—A comfortable little article for evening wear or for sleighing is here illustrated. A yard and one-eighth of material, 27 inches wide, are required in its formation. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



3511 Front View.

LADIES' HIGH-NECKED, POINTED WAIST.

No. 3511.—These engravings picture a waist pattern that would prove very desirable for light silks intended for full dress. It requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27 inch-wide material in its formation for a lady of medium size, and the price of the pattern, which is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, is 15 cents



3511

Back View.



3540

Front View.



3540

Back View.

LADIES' BASQUE WAIST.

No. 3540.—The shapely little basque here illustrated can be made for a lady of medium size from $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch-wide material. There are 13 sizes of the pattern for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and the price is 25 cents.



3529

Front View.



3529

Back View.

MISSES' DOUBLE-BREASTED CLOAK.

No. 3529.—This stylish wrap can be fashioned for a miss of 12 years from $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and its price is 25 cents.

3506
Front View.

3506 Back View.

3524
Front View.3524
Back View.LADIES' SINGLE-BREADED BASQUE, WITH
LAPELS.

No. 3506.—This stylish pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of 27-inch-wide material, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards are sufficient to make it for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

MISSES' BASQUE WAIST.

No. 3524.—The pattern to this stylish waist is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and its price is 20 cents. When the material selected is 27 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards will be sufficient for a miss of 13 years.

3523
Front View.

GIRLS' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3523.—The dainty little over-skirt represented is suited to any of the fabrics from which such garments are fashioned, and requires for a girl of 6 years $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 27-inch-wide goods. There are 7 sizes of the pattern for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and the price is 20 cents.



3523 Back View.

3528
Front View.3528
Back View.MISSES' CHATELAINE POLONAISE, WITH
COAT BACK.

No. 3528.—To fashion this elegant polonaise for a miss 10 years old, 3 yards of 27-inch-wide goods, will be necessary. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and the price is 25 cents.

3532
Front View.3532
Back View.

GIRLS' CLOAK, WITH A CAPE.

No. 3532.—The pattern to this stylish cloak is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age; and to make it for a girl 5 years old, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



3525

Front View.

3525

Back View.

CHILD'S BOX-PLAITED DRESS.

No. 3525.—These engravings represent a dainty suit for a child. The price of the pattern is 20 cents, and it is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the dress for a child 4 years of age 3 yards of 27-inch-wide material will be requisite.



3533

Front View.

3533

Back View.

BOYS' SUIT.

No. 3533.—The pattern to the suit represented by the engravings is in 5 sizes for boys from 2 to 6 years of age. If the material selected were 27 inches wide, 5½ yards would be sufficient for a boy 3 years old. Price, 25 cents.



3550

Front View.

LADIES' APRON OVER-SKIRT, FESTOONED AT THE BACK UNDER A SASH.

No. 3550.—This graceful over-skirt is suitable for any of the goods fashionable for such garments, and requires 6 yards of 27-inch-wide material in its construction for a lady of medium size. The pattern, which is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, is 25 cents.



3550

Back View.

3526

Front View.

3526

Back View.

GIRLS' SHORT CLOAK, WITH DIAGONAL FRONT.

No. 3526.—The jaunty little cloak here exhibited requires 2 yards of material, 27 inches wide, in its construction for a girl of 4 years. There are 7 sizes of the pattern for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and the price is 20 cents.



3536

Front View.

3536

Back View.

GIRLS' JACKET.

No. 3536.—The pattern to this attractive garment is in 6 sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years of age; and 2½ yards of material, 27 inches wide, are sufficient to make it for a girl of 7 years. Price, 20 cents.



No. 1.

FIGURE No. 3.

—The stylish costume of dark blue cloth here illustrated was cut by pattern No. 3533, price 25 cents. It is in 5 sizes for boys from 2 to 6 years of age, and to make a suit like it for a boy 4 years old, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide material will be necessary. The kilted skirt is prettily trimmed with braid, while a similar decoration arranged in scroll design embellishes the little vest outlined on the front of the coat. A sleeveless under-waist, to which the skirt is attached by buttons and button-holes accompanies the pattern. The turban hat is simply trimmed with velvet.



No. 2.

FIGURE No. 1.—This handsome suit is made of poplin. The pattern of the skirt is No. 3061, price 20 cents. The over-dress pattern is No. 3528, price 25 cents; and like the skirt is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. The dress requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods to make a suit like it for a miss of 11 years; the polonaise requiring 3, and the underskirt $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



No. 2.

FIGURE No. 2.—

For this little suit the pants were cut by pattern No. 3446, price 15 cents, and the blouse by No. 2817, price 20 cents; the former is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10, and the latter in 7 sizes for boys from 4 to 10 years of age. The pattern of the shirt-waist worn beneath is No. 468, price 10 cents; and is in 8 sizes from 3 to 10 years. To make such a suit for a boy of 6 years, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods will be sufficient; the pants requiring $1\frac{1}{2}$, the waist $\frac{1}{2}$, and the blouse $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

The sailor hat is trimmed with ribbon.



No. 4.

FIGURE No. 4.

—A natty suit of diagonal sergo is here exhibited. The four-gored skirt represents pattern No. 2253, price 15 cents; while the number of the polonaise is 3531, price 25 cents. These patterns are each in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and a suit may be made from them for a girl of 8 years, from $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards being sufficient for the skirt, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ for the polonaise.

The hat is decorated with velvet and a bird's wing.

NOTICE.—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 809 & 811 Chestnut St., Phila.

READ THIS CIRCULAR CAREFULLY.

1854.

THE

1874.

Mount Joy Herald,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

AT MOUNT JOY, LANCASTER COUNTY, PENN'A.

\$1.50 A YEAR, FREE OF POSTAGE.

J. R. HOFFER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

The Mount Joy HERALD was established in 1854, by Frank H. Stauffer, now a popular contributor to leading New York and Philadelphia journals. After publishing it for ten years he sold it to the present proprietor, by whom, as its editor, it has since been published, a local village newspaper, as before.

Fully convinced that Providence makes and rules all things, both spiritual and material, for the only one grand purpose of making man an eternally happy and progressive being, the editor regards it as the true policy of mankind, in all things to co-operate with God, and not, therefore, to separate the spiritual and natural things of Divine operation, but to separate only good from evil and truth from falsity. The HERALD, therefore, gradually became a religious as well as a secular paper, recognizing the Bible as the internal and nature as the external revelation or manifestation of God to man. Convinced also, that evil and falsity, and every semblance thereof, in man, nature or the Bible, results from the neglect or abuse, by man, of Divine blessings, he aims, that whatever influence his little paper may have, it shall be, as much as possible, to elevate the mind of the reader into the recognition of an over-ruling Providence in even the most minute things of spirit and nature; all for the happiness of man, in this life as far as possible, but with especial reference to the eternal continuation after this state of initiation.

This is not an offering to the public of tame, dry matter, stripped of all wit and humor, nor a delving in dark, brackish mysticism, but the liveliest and purest that can be furnished, concerning every aspect of human events and progress.

Very little effort has hitherto been made to increase the circulation of the HERALD beyond its immediate neighborhood, but encouraged by favorable editorial notices in the exchanges,

both secular and religious; by approving letters and words from many subscribers, and the liberality and urgent requests of friends, an effort will be made to enlarge its field of usefulness by trying to increase its circulation. As the means are increased by additional subscriptions the HERALD shall be improved, at least in appearance.

It will cost but the sending of a postal card to secure by return mail a specimen copy of the HERALD.

Terms, in advance:—\$1.50 a year; 3 copies one year, or 1 copy three years, \$4.00; 4 copies one year, or 1 copy four years, \$5.00. For more than 4 copies, \$1.20 each. Specimens free.

The HERALD will be delivered at the above rates, to any post office within the United States, free of postage.

Write your name and post office address distinctly, always giving county and State. ADDRESS

J. R. HOFFER, Editor, Mount Joy, Lancaster Co., Pa.

TESTIMONIALS.

From the CHURCH UNION, (50 Beekman street, New York,) of August 15th, 1874:—"Everybody talks about the immense influence of our Metropolitan press, and yet the influence of the country press, is in the aggregate ten fold greater. We thought of this as we were reading the MOUNT JOY HERALD, published at Mount Joy, Pa. It is a secular village newspaper, interesting and spicy, yet it is also a religious journal of the highest tone, and is edited with an evident desire to benefit the souls of its readers. Ah, thought we, if the country papers were all edited by such men as J. R. Hoffer, our great city dailies might sneer in vain."

From the Middletown (Pa.) JOURNAL, of August 6th, 1874:—"Mr. Hoffer, of the MOUNT JOY HERALD, visited our office last week. He publishes one of the neatest and best country papers that comes to our office. His diary, or rather OUR DIARY, which appears weekly, gives a vast amount of sound religious information—more than can be gained by listening to the Sabbath sermons of the day."

DER WAFENLOSE WÄCHTER, for January, 1874, a German and English religious monthly, published at Lancaster, Pa., prefaces a quotation from the HERALD, as follows:—"The MOUNT JOY HERALD is an excellent family paper, published weekly by J. R. Hoffer, Mount Joy, Pa., at \$1.50, and it always contains good moral and religious, but non-sectarian matter, all English. We feel safe in recommending it to our readers. We clip the following from it." * * *

From the LIVING WAY for May, 1873, published at San Francisco, Cal.:—"The MOUNT JOY (Pa.) HERALD is an instance in which a secular weekly paper gives a column composed of 'Daily thoughts concerning God and His laws.' There is not a better column in any religious press in this State. Here is a sample paragraph." * * *

A FEW TESTIMONIALS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

A minister from Allentown, Pa., writes April 21st, 1874:—"This Diary really contains such rare gems as we meet with but seldom."

One of the editors of a Chicago religious monthly, in a business letter, dated December 19th, 1870, adds:—"Your HERALD is quite a model family paper."

A friend in Washington, D. C., writes July 21st, 1869:—"The HERALD grows in my estimation, every day, a most excellent paper." August 11th, 1874, he says: "I have read 'Honest John' and 'Our Diary' with much pleasure, and I trust with profit."

1973
Monday, Jan 15, 1973

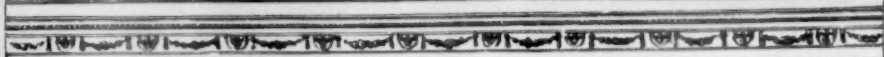
The first of the winter storms hit the coast today, bringing with it heavy rain and strong winds. The weather was quite unpleasant, but the rain helped to clear the air after a long period of dryness.

The wind was quite strong, blowing from the north-east. It was quite a relief to feel the rain, but the wind was quite annoying. The rain was quite heavy, and it was quite a relief to feel the rain.

The rain was quite heavy, and it was quite a relief to feel the rain. The wind was quite strong, blowing from the north-east. It was quite a relief to feel the rain, but the wind was quite annoying.

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Choir.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

South Side.

See—Page 672.

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

XLII.

NOVEMBER, 1874.

No. 11.



THE ENGRAVER'S DAUGHTER.

DORA STILLING was but six years old when her best friend went to Heaven. She was a beautiful child, and her father, Mark Stilling, an engraver, loved her with a species of blind idolatry. Mark was by birth a German, and his teaching had not gone much beyond the childish romances popular to his race, which had left upon his mind no indelible impression. At twelve years old he was apprenticed to an engraver, and since that time had seen little of the world beyond the room in which his noiseless occupation happened to be. His mind, therefore, remained half asleep, and the dreams that passed through it had little in common with the real life around him. He was an old man when he married, and his wife, who passed with many, who did

not much better to his daughter, died a few years after their wedding, Dora, was born.

From the death of his wife, the heart of Mark Stilling turned toward the sweet child that she had left him, with an affection which jealous and intense by his loss. He had been almost all good in the world's power to know; but so to what was the greatest good he had his eager nature. As he grew older, and his mind developed beyond general commonness, from the ideas and feelings of his earlier years the best of fine new ideas came, and all was distinct and fresh as if the spring time of life were but yesterday. Images of beautiful maidens, wooed by princes in disguise, floated before his imagination; and then his thoughts would turn to Dora, who grew more and more lovely in his eyes every day. Nothing short of



Choir.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

South Side.

See—Page 672.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLII.

NOVEMBER, 1874.

No. 11.



THE ENGRAVER'S DAUGHTER.

DORA STILLING was but six years old when her best friend went to Heaven. She was a beautiful child, and her father, Mark Stilling, an old engraver, loved her with a species of blind idolatry. Stilling was by birth a German, and his reading had not gone much beyond the childish romances peculiar to his country, which had left upon his mind an indelible impression. At twelve years old he was apprenticed to an engraver, and since that time had seen little of the world beyond the room in which his noiseless occupation happened to be. His mind, therefore, remained half asleep, and the dreams that passed through it had little in common with the real life around him. He was an old man when he married, and his wife, who passed with many, who did

not know better, as his daughter, died a few years after their only child, Dora, was born.

Upon the death of his wife, the heart of Mark Stilling turned toward the sweet child that she had left him, with an affection made jealous and intenser by his loss. For her he desired all good in the world's power to bestow; but as to what was the greatest good he had but vague notions. As he grew older, and his mind drooped toward second childhood, from the ideas and feelings of his earlier years the dust of time was blown away, and all was distinct and fresh as if the spring time of life were but yesterday. Images of beautiful maidens, wooed by princes in disguise, floated before his imagination; and then his thoughts would turn to Dora, who grew more and more lovely in his eyes every day. Nothing short of

some such consummation for his child, he felt, would ever satisfy him.

It was little wonder that the old engraver loved Dora with an absorbing affection; for, opening like a rose, she displayed to his eyes some new feature of loveliness every day, as well in mind as in body. While he sat at his work, tracing out upon the hard, polished steel, forms of beauty, Dora was ever present in his mind, more beautiful than any creation of the painter's pencil he had yet been commissioned to copy.

Swiftly the years glided on, and Dora became less and less a child. As soon as she was able to go to school, she was placed under the care of the best teachers in the city, and from that time every dollar earned by Stilling, beyond what the simple wants of nature demanded, was spent upon his daughter, that she might be thoroughly accomplished in everything, and thus made a fit companion for the best in the land. He wished her to be, in one word, a *lady*—and, in the engraver's mind, a lady was something more than the term conveys in its usual acceptance.

But as Dora grew up to young womanhood, lovely and accomplished as her parent's heart could desire, she exhibited a simplicity of taste, and a love for useful employments, that her father did not, in the least, approve. Fond old man! Half insane under the delusion he himself had conjured up from among his early fancies, he felt, whenever Dora's hands were engaged in work, that she was degrading herself, and ever sought to keep her above the necessity of entering into any domestic occupation. Dora saw the weakness and folly of all this. She saw that her father was old, and growing feeble and less able to work every day, and that his income was steadily decreasing; and she felt that, before a very long time, upon her would fall the burden of his as well as her own support. Scarcely a day passed in which, from sheer exhaustion, he did not have to leave his work and lie down for a little while, in order to recover his strength.

On one of these occasions, Dora came and sat down beside him, saying as she did so: "Dear father, you are getting old, and your strength is failing. Let me go and learn a trade, and then I can work for you."

The old man caught for breath two or three times, like one suddenly deprived of air.

"A trade, did you say, child?" He spoke in a low whisper.

"Yes, father, a trade. Let me learn some trade, so that I can help you. I am young, and you are old. You have worked for me since I was a child; now let me work for you."

"No, no, Dora! You shall not learn a trade," replied Stilling, firmly. Then he added, in a chiding voice: "How could you think of such a thing! You must look higher, my child. You are as good as any lady in the land, and may take the place of the best." Here his voice grew animated. "Don't you remember the story of the light-haired maiden whom the king's son saw, and loved her better than all the proud court-ladies, because she was beautiful and good; and how he came in a splendid chariot, and carried her away and made her his bride? True, there are no kings here"—the old man faintly sighed—"but there are many rich and great people. No—no—Dora, you shall not learn a trade."

Dora understood well what her father meant by these allusions, for he had often talked so before, and sometimes more plainly; and she knew that it would be of no use to argue against him. So she said no more about

learning a trade; but engaged more diligently in every useful thing that came to her hand, and sought, by every means in her power, to aid her father's comfort.

Almost alone as Mark Stilling was, and possessing none of those cultivated tastes and accomplishments necessary for one who would introduce a young girl like his daughter into society, the old man saw weeks and months go by, after Dora had become a woman, and yet his lovely flower remained hidden by the wayside. He looked upon her as she came in and went out, and wondered that all the world was not captivated by her beauty. And as he grew older, and his intellect became feeble and feeble, this one idea took a still stronger hold upon his mind.

Dora now began to feel great concern for her father. Both body and mind, it was plain to her, were failing rapidly; and orders for work were much less frequent than they had been. But even if work had been as abundant as before, he had less ability to perform it; and this was daily decreasing. Again she asked permission to learn a trade; but it was met with as firm an opposition as before, and on the same ground.

"I must have some means of supporting myself and father," she said thoughtfully to herself, "for it will not be long that he can keep at work. What shall I do? He will not let me learn a trade. She reflected for a long time, and then, as if all had become clear to her, she clapped her hands together and murmured: "Yes—yes. That shall be it! I will devote myself to my music until I become proficient enough to teach."

Already much money had been expended on Dora's musical education, and she played and sung well. But she was not skilful enough to be able to give instructions. So from that time she spent many hours each day at her piano; and also practiced on the guitar. As the old man listened to her warblings, how little dreamed he that all this was but the learning of a trade, against which his mind had so revolted.

As we have said, the old man became less and less competent to perform his work well and expeditiously, and it gradually left him and went into other hands. His income thus reduced, it became necessary to abridge the expenses of his household, or fall in debt, something for which Stilling had a natural horror. The first step downward, and one that it hurt the engraver much to take, was the giving up of the neat little house in which he had lived, and taking apartments in a second story, at half the rent formerly paid. Dora urged strongly, when this change was made, to have their domestic sent away.

"I can do all the work, father. Let Ellen go, and then we will save nearly half our living."

But the old man would not listen a moment to this, and silenced his daughter by an emphatic "No."

Yet for all this care in keeping Dora above the sphere of usefulness, her charms had not won for her a distinguished lover. Still Dora had a lover, and this was less wonderful than it would have been had her sweet face not pictured itself on some heart. But her lover was only a humble clerk in a store where she had often been to make purchases. He was as simple and earnest in all his tastes and feelings as Dora herself. Their meetings were not frequent, for young Edwards had been told of the old engraver's weakness, and did not, therefore, venture to call upon his sweetheart at her home.

At length so little work came that Stilling did not receive more than sufficient money to buy food, and actual privation began to creep in upon himself and daughter.

Stern necessity required the dismissal of their domestic, and then the old man busied himself in household matters, in order to keep Dora as far as possible above such menial employments. As age crept on, and his intellect grew still weaker, he clasped his fond delusion more closely to his heart, and observed all of Dora's movements with a more jealous eye.

For as long a time as two years had the faith of Dora and her lover been pledged. Their meetings were generally in the street, on a certain appointed afternoon of each week. Then they walked together and talked about the future, when there should be no barrier to their happiness. But the young man, as time wore on, grew impatient; and his pride occasionally awakened, telling him that he was as good as the old engraver, and worthy, in every respect, to claim the hand of his daughter. Sometimes this feeling showed itself to Dora, when the maiden would be so hurt that Edwards always repented of his hasty words, and resolved to be more guarded in future.

"Let me call and see you at your father's," said Edwards, one day, as they were walking together; "perhaps I may not be so unwelcome a visitor as you imagine."

"Oh, no, no! you must not think of it," replied Dora, quickly.

"But where is this to end?" inquired the young man. "If he will not accept me as your lover, and you cannot become mine except with his consent, the case seems hopeless."

Dora did not reply at the moment, and they walked along for some time in silence.

"There is a way. I have thought of it a great deal," at length said the young girl. She spoke with some hesitation in her manner.

"What is it?" inquired her lover.

Dora leaned toward him, and said something in a low voice.

"That's not to be thought of," was the quick reply of the young man.

Dora was silent, while her bosom, as it rose and fell quickly, showed that her feelings were much disturbed.

The suggestion, whatever it was, appeared to hurt or offend the young man, and when they separated, it was with a coldness on his part that made tears dim the eyes of Dora the moment she turned from him.

On their next meeting both felt constrained; and their conversation was not so free and tender as before. It took some weeks for the effect of Dora's proposition, whatever it was, to wear off. But after that time the sunshine came back again, and was brighter and warmer than before.

One day, it was perhaps four or five months after the little misunderstanding just mentioned, the old engraver was visited by a stranger, whose whole appearance marked him as either a foreigner, or one who had lived abroad. He wanted him, he said, to copy on steel, in his most finished style, the miniature of a lady. As he mentioned his errand to the engraver, he drew from his pocket the miniature of a young and exquisitely beautiful woman, set in a costly gold locket. Mark Stilling took the picture, but the moment he looked at it his countenance changed.

"Is it not a beautiful face?" said the stranger.

"I have seen it before," remarked the engraver, with a thoughtful air.

"Have you?" was the quick inquiry.

"Yes. But of whom is it a likeness?" asked the old man.

"Of one," said the stranger, "who has flitted before me, of late, the impersonation of all that is lovely in her sex. As she passes me in the street, I gaze after her as one would gaze at an angel. A skilful painter, at my request, has sketched her face, taking feature after feature, as he could fix them, until, at last, this image of beauty has grown under his pencil. And now I want it transferred to steel, lest some accident should deprive me of its possession."

While the stranger thus spoke, Stilling sat gazing upon the miniature with the air of one bound by a spell. And no wonder—for it was the image of his own child! and it seemed, as he looked into the pictured face intently, as if the lips would part and the voice of Dora fall upon his ears. Then he turned his eyes upon the dignified, princely-looking stranger, and the thought came flashing through his mind that his dream of years was about being realized. Dora was the lovely unknown of whom he had spoken with so much enthusiasm; with whom he was so passionately enamored.

"Will you do the work for me?" said the stranger, breaking in upon the old man's reverie.

"Yes—yes," answered Stilling.

"How long do you want?"

"Two months."

"So long?"

"Yes, to do it well."

"Take, then, your own time, and charge your own price. Here are fifty dollars," and the stranger handed the engraver some money. "I will call every day while the work is progressing, that I may look at the sweet picture upon which you are engaged."

"How large shall it be?" inquired the engraver.

"Just the size of the miniature," replied the stranger. Then rising, he said, as he bowed to Stilling, "I will see you again to-morrow about this hour."

On the next day, when the stranger called, Dora was sitting by her father. An exclamation of delight was checked upon his lips, as his eyes fell upon the beautiful girl; but his noble face expressed surprise and undisguised admiration.

"The lovely original!" dropped at length from his tongue.

"My daughter," said the engraver.

Dora rose up and made a low courtesy.

"Your daughter! How strange! You did not tell me this yesterday."

"No. But she is my child—my only child—and I love her better than I love my own life."

Light kindled in the old man's face, and a quiver of excitement was in every nerve. It was only by an effort that he refrained from giving way to the most extravagant praises of Dora, who sat with her eyes meekly cast on the floor.

On the next day the stranger called again, and found Dora, as at the previous visit, with her father. This time he spoke to the maiden in a familiar, yet respectful way. Every look he directed toward her was one of admiration; yet not a glance of this character escaped the watchful eyes of her father.

From the first, Mark Stilling regarded the stranger with especial favor. After the meeting with Dora, it was settled in the old man's mind that fortune was at length to crown with joy his dearest wish in life. All suspicion was lulled to rest in his mind. The fact that the stranger

withheld his name, but confirmed him in the belief that he was either a nobleman in disguise, or connected with some wealthy and distinguished family at home.

Week followed week, and the stranger came every day to mark the progress of the plate, the execution of which he did not countermand. He never stayed over an hour at a time, and that was mostly spent with Dora, whose musical abilities he highly praised, and whom he always asked to play for him. The little parlor of the engraver was on a different floor from that on which he worked, and so, while playing for the stranger, Dora was always alone with him.

Stilling was in no way surprised when the stranger asked the hand of his daughter in marriage. Dora was born to be a lady, and now had come the fulfillment of her destiny. The poor old man's mind was so infirm that it could not go beyond this simple idea. No doubt came to trouble him; no suspicion disturbed his happy dream. More than the stranger told him he believed; for as to who he was, or to what station Dora would be elevated, he was silent. But Stilling asked nothing on this head. He believed all he wished to believe. The offer for his child's hand he felt to be a noble offer, and he yielded his fullest consent.

And so Dora was married to the stranger. But not until five minutes before the ceremony was performed, did Stilling know that his name was *Edwards*. The marriage

took place in Stilling's little parlor. After the rite was over, and the minister had retired, the bridegroom took the old man's hand, and said to him, as he pointed to the finished plate containing the head of Dora: "That, father, is your last work. You can rest now, after so many years of labor. Come, there is a carriage at the door; we will go to our new home."

Stilling was half bewildered, yet happy. Without a pause or objection, he suffered his children to take him to another home. That home was really a modest one; but in the eyes of the fond old man it was little less than a palace.

On the morning after the marriage, the moustache of young Edwards disappeared, and he went forth daily from that time and engaged in his regular business. But the engraver, who now began to sink rapidly both in mind and body, dreamed not that Dora's husband was only a clerk, whose yearly income fell below two thousand dollars.

In less than a year Mark Stilling slept with his fathers, deeply regretted by the child he had loved with so strong and blind a passion. He was ignorant, to the last, of the deception which had been practiced upon him, and as firmly believed that the kind and affectionate young husband of Dora was of noble blood, and one of the great ones of the land, as that the sun arose and set daily. And he was far happier in this belief than he would have been with all as real as he imagined.

History and General Literature.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

BY E. CHARDON.

THE Cathedral of St. Paul is situated in the northern portion of the City of London, on an eminence overlooking the Thames. There is a tradition that upon this site, before the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, there stood a temple to the goddess Diana; but of this fact nothing is certainly known, and certain authorities utterly discredit it.

At the beginning of the seventh century, Ethelbert, king of Kent, with the sanction of Lebert, king of the East Angles, founded and endowed a Cathedral dedicated to St. Paul. Contemporary historians speak of this Cathedral as "magnificent," though no records remain as to its size, architecture or material. This Cathedral remained in existence up to the year 1087, when it was destroyed in a great fire which swept over and nearly demolished the City of London.

The rebuilding of the Cathedral was immediately commenced by Bishop Maurinus or Maurice, chaplain and chancellor to William the Conqueror. This edifice commanded the admiration of the age which saw it built as among the noblest churches, not of England only, but of Christendom. A historian writes: "Such was the magnificence of its beauty, that it may be accounted among the most famous buildings. So vast the extent of the crypt, such the capaciousness of the upper structure, that it could contain the utmost conceivable multitude of worshippers." It was built according to the rules of what is commonly called Norman architecture, which combined, to some extent, the massy strength of a fortress with the aspiring height of a Cathedral. We are told Sir Christo-

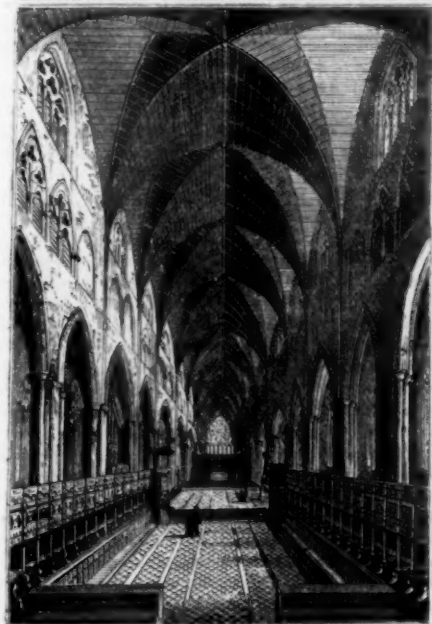
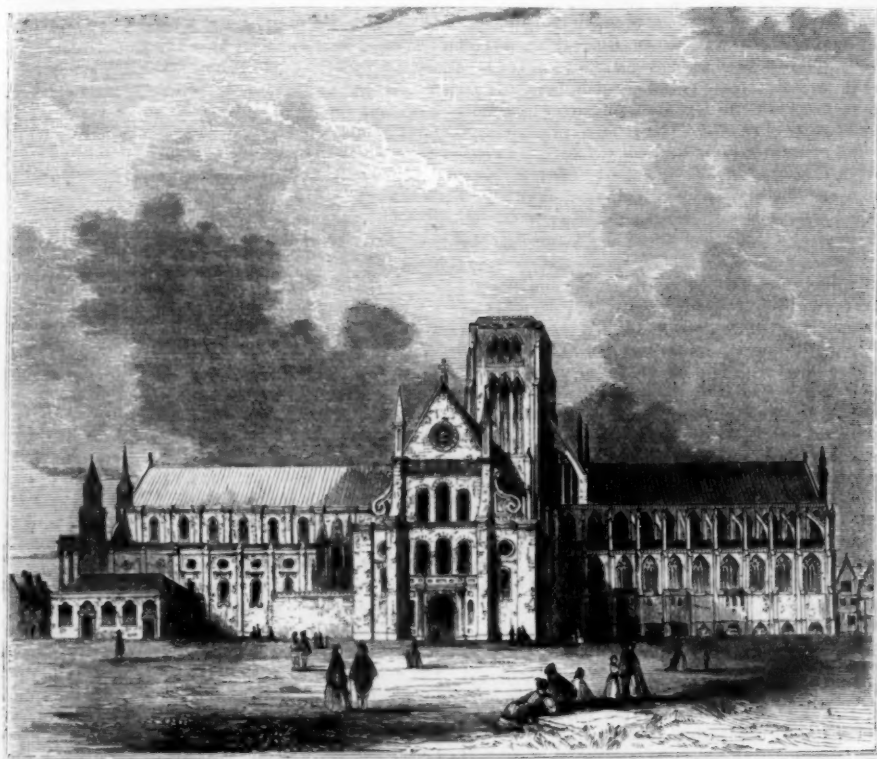
pher Wren found great fault with the irregularity of the measurements, and with the construction; yet the building had lasted to his day, and was very difficult to batter down.

About the middle of the twelfth century, another fire ravaged London, from London Bridge to St. Clement's Danes. The Cathedral was much damaged by this fire, though probably not totally destroyed. The ruling bishop called on the faithful in the name of St. Paul for means to restore it.

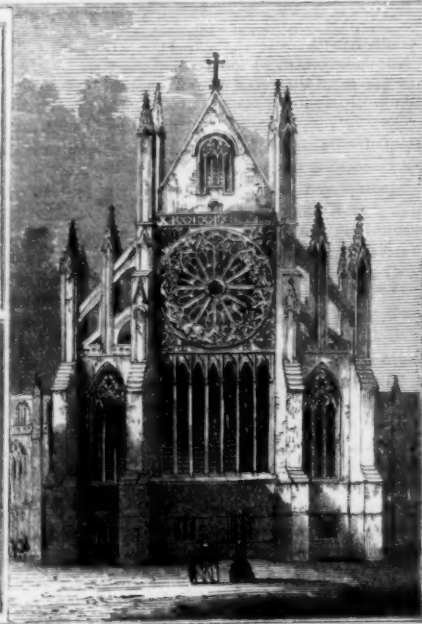
Old St. Paul's was, in its outward appearance, somewhat more ornate than the Cathedral now in existence, which is built in a style of pure Grecian simplicity. The eastern end was elaborate in its decoration, presenting a magnificent rose window.

The history of this Cathedral is almost a history of England itself. It was the scene of various politico-religious disturbances. Bishops were excommunicated within its walls, high ceremonies held, and English versions of the Bible burned. We find the following description of the latter event:

"There was no other religious service; mass had, perhaps, been said previous to the admission into the church of heretics lying under censure; and the knight marshal led the prisoners down to the fire underneath the crucifix. They were taken within the rails, and three times led round the blazing pile, casting in their fagots as they passed. The contents of the baskets were heaped upon the fagots, and the holocaust was complete. This time an unbloody sacrifice was deemed sufficient. The Church was satisfied with penance, and Fisher pronounced the prisoners absolved and received back into communion. And all this time, while those testaments were burning in



CHOIR.



EASTERN END.

OLD ST. PAUL'S.

St. Paul's, and for some years after, the printers at Antwerp were striking off and multiplying, and still multiplying, copies of an improved edition of the books, out of the lavish sums with which the bishops were buying up the copies thus idly and unprofitably destroyed."

This occurred in 1527. Shortly after this followed the various marryings, divorcings and beheadings of wives of Henry VIII., and his consequent estrangement from the Church of Rome. Mary was Catholic; Elizabeth Protestant; also James I. During the reign of the latter sovereigns, St. Paul's had fallen into miserable neglect and decay.

Land was now reigning bishop, and he determined the edifice should be restored before it fell into utter ruin. Inigo Jones, who was now at the height of his renown, was consulted in its restoration, and entered into the work with great zeal. By an extraordinary, and, it would seem, most iniquitous stretch of power, the Parliamentary Government made the architect, Inigo Jones, contribute largely toward the expenses of this restoration. Charles I., who was then king, defrayed the entire cost of a portico at the west front, of Inigo Jones's design.

Sir Horace Walpole criticises the restoration of St. Paul's in the following manner:

"Inigo made two capital faults. He first renewed the sides with very bad Gothic, and then added a Roman portico, magnificent and beautiful indeed, but which had no affinity with the ancient parts that remained, and made the Gothic appear ten times heavier."

The illustration represents St. Paul's after the restoration, and a side view of this portico may be seen.

Denham, who, as king's surveyor, was consulted about the repairs of St. Paul's after the restoration, in his "Cooper's Hill" imagines that his poetic eye

"First salutes the place

Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That, whether 'tis a part of earth or sky,
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud.
Paul's, the late theme of such a muse, whose flight
Has bravely reached, and soared above thy height.
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire;
Secure, while thee the best of poets sing,
Preserved from ruin by the best of kings."

The Cathedral suffered terribly from neglect and abuse while Puritanism was in the ascendant in England. After the Restoration it was proposed to repair it; and Sir Christopher Wren, then Dr. Wren, was consulted. His report was of great length, and the substance of it seemed to be that it was originally so badly built, and had so suffered since by the ravages of time and by abuse, that it would have to be greatly altered, if not almost entirely rebuilt. It is striking to read in "Evelyn's Memoirs," that on August 27th, 1666, "I went to St. Paul's Church with Dr. Wren, Mr. Pratt, Mr. May, Mr. Thomas Chicheley, Mr. Slingsby, the Bishop of London (Henchman), the Dean of St. Paul's (Sanerfort), and several expert workmen. We went about to survey the decay of that venerable church. * * * Finding the main building to recede outward, it was the opinion of Chicheley and Mr. Pratt that it had been so built *ab origine*, for an effect in perspective in regard to the height. * * * But I was, with Dr. Wren, of quite another judgment. They deliberated whether it were not well enough to repair it only on its own foundation. But we totally rejected it, and persisted that it required a new foundation, not only in regard of the necessity, but for the shape of what stood was

very mean, and we had a mind to build it with a noble cupola, a form not as yet known in England, but of wonderful grace."

Five days afterwards broke out the great fire of London, and the relentless element settled the controversy whether the Cathedral should be rebuilt or only repaired. The venerable church lay in ashes.

Dryden thus poetizes over this event:

"Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,
Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise;
Though made immortal by a poet's song,
And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.

"The daring flames peeped in, and saw from far
The awful beauties of thy sacred choir;
But when it was profaned by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purged by fire."

In 1673, letters patent were issued, under the Great Seal of England, announcing the determination to erect a new Cathedral, and stating that a design by Dr. Christopher Wren had been seen and approved by the king. The design for the new Cathedral required some time for its completion and vast sums for its execution. The cost was defrayed partially by subscriptions throughout the kingdom, and partially by taxation on the City of London and Westminster. But the chief expenditure was borne by the coal duty, granted by Parliament.

The removal of the ruins of the old Cathedral was a long and difficult process. The work had to be done by hard manual labor. The foundations were laid for the new edifice with unparalleled precautions; for Wren said he was "building for eternity."

There is a curious incident related concerning the rebuilding of the Cathedral. When the surveyor in person had set out upon the place the dimensions of the great dome, a common laborer was ordered to bring a flat stone from the heaps of rubbish (such as should first come to hand), to be laid for a mark and direction to the masons. The stone which he immediately brought and laid down for the purpose, happened to be a piece of a grave-stone, with nothing remaining of the inscription but the single word in large capitals—RESURGAM.

In twenty-two years from the time the first stone was laid, the choir was opened for divine service. In the year 1710, Sir Christopher Wren, by the hands of his son, laid the last and the highest stone of the lantern of the cupola.

Dean Milman, writing of St. Paul's, says:

"St. Paul's, instead of crouching on a flat level, stands on a majestic eminence, overlooking the city and looked up to from every part. It has but one street of approach; alas! only a narrow esplanade, before its west front. The street, moreover, does not come up bold and straight, but with an awkward obliquity; while on all sides the buildings, which then kept down to the height of humble vasaals, now aspire to be almost its rivals in height. My feeling has ever been a strong desire that the giant could stretch itself, thrust back the intrusive magazines and warehouses to a respectful distance, and make itself a broad, regular, fine approach, and encircling space. Nevertheless, what building in its exterior form does not bow its head before St. Paul's? What eye, trained to all that is perfect in architecture, does not recognise the inimitable beauty of its lines, the majestic yet airy swelling of its dome, its rich, harmonious ornamentation? It is singular, too, that St. Paul's, which, by its grandeur, of old asserted its untested dignity, as a crown and glory of London, now that it is invaded, far and near, by

huge, tall fabrics, railway termini, manufactories and magazines, with immense chimneys, still appears at a distance with a grace which absolutely fascinates the eye, the more exquisite from the shapelessness all around, and of all within a wide range about it."

Mr. Burroughs, a recent traveller in England, writes the following beautiful description of St. Paul's, for *Scribner's Monthly*:

"How winningly and picturesquely in comparison the old architecture of London addresses itself to the eye—St. Paul's Cathedral, for instance, with its vast blotches and stains, as if it had been dipped in some black Lethe of oblivion, and then left to be restored by the rains and the elements. This black Lethe is the London smoke and fog, which has left a dark deposit over all the building, except the upper and more exposed parts, where the original silvery whiteness of the stone shows through, the effect of the whole thus being like one of those graphic Rembrandt photographs or carbons, the prominences in a strong light, and the rest in deepest shadow. I was never tired of looking at this noble building, and of going out of my way to walk around it, but I am at a loss to know whether the pleasure I had in it arose from my love of nature, or from a susceptibility to art, for which I had never given myself credit. Perhaps from both, for I seemed to behold art turning and reverently acknowledging nature—indeed, in a manner already become nature.

"I believe the critics of such things find plenty of fault with St. Paul's; and even I could see that its bigness was a little prosy, that it suggested the historic rather than the poetic muse, etc.; yet, for all that, I could never look upon it without a profound emotion. Viewed coolly and critically, it might seem like a vast specimen of Episcopalianism in architecture. Miltonic in its grandeur and proportions, and Miltonic in its prosiness and mongrel classicism also, yet its power and effectiveness are unmistakable. The beholder has no vantage ground from which to view it, or take in its total effect, on account of its being so closely beset by such a mob of shops and buildings; yet the glimpses he does get, here and there, through the opening made by some street, when passing in its vicinity, are very striking and suggestive; the thin veil of smoke, which is here as constant and uniform as the atmosphere itself, wrapping it about with the enchantment of time and distance.

"The interior I found even more impressive than the exterior, perhaps because I was unprepared for it. I had become used to imposing exteriors at home, and did not reflect that in a structure like this I should see an interior also, and that here alone the soul of the building would be fully revealed. It was Miltonic in the best sense; it was like the mightiest organ music put into form. Such depths, such solemn vastness, such gulfs and abysses of architectural space, the rich, mellow light, the haze outside becoming a mysterious, hallowing presence within, quite mastered me, and I sat down upon a seat, feeling my first genuine cathedral intoxication. As it was really an intoxication, a sense of majesty and power quite overwhelming in my then uncloyed condition. I speak of it the more freely. My companions rushed about as if each one had had a search-warrant in his pocket, but I was content to uncover my head and drop into a seat, and busy my mind with some simple object near at hand, while the sublimity that soared about me stole into my soul and possessed it. My sensation was like that imparted by suddenly reaching a great altitude: there was a sort of relaxation of the muscles, followed by

a sense of physical weakness, and after a half hour or so I felt compelled to go out into the open air, and leave till another day the final survey of the building. Next day I came back, but there can only be one first time, and I could not again surprise myself with the same feeling of wonder and intoxication. But St. Paul's will bear many visits. I came again and again, and never grew tired of it. Crossing its threshold was entering another world, where the silence and solitude were so profound and overpowering, that the noise of the streets outside, or of the stream of visitors, or of the workmen engaged on the statuary, made no impression. They were all belittled, lost, like the humming of flies. Even the afternoon services, the chanting, and the tremendous organ were no interruption, and left me just as much alone as ever. They only served to set off the silence—to fathom its depth.

"The dome of St. Paul's is the original of our dome at Washington; but, externally, I think ours is the more graceful of the two, though the effect inside is tame and flat in comparison. This is owing partly to the lesser size and height, and partly to our hard, transparent atmosphere, which lends no charm or illusion; but mainly to the stupid, unimaginative plan of it. Our dome shuts down like an inverted iron pot; there is no vista, no outlook, no relation, and hence no proportion. You open a door and are in a circular pen, and can look in only one direction—up. If the iron pot were slashed through here and there, or if it rested on a row of tall columns, or piers, and was shown to be a legitimate part of the building, it would not appear the exhausted receiver it does now.

"The dome of St. Paul's is the culmination of the whole interior of the building. Rising over the central area, it seems to gather up the power and majesty of the nave, the aisles, the transepts, the choir, and give them expression and expansion in its lofty firmament.

"Then those colossal piers, forty feet broad, some of them, and nearly one hundred feet high; they easily eclipsed what I had recently seen in a mine, and which I, at the time, imagined shamed all the architecture of the world—when the mountain was upheld over a vast space by massive piers left by the miners, with a ceiling unrolled over your head, and apparently descending upon you, that looked like a petrified thunder-cloud.

"The view from the upper gallery, or top of the dome, looking down inside, is most impressive. The public are not admitted to this gallery, for fear, the keeper told me, it would become the scene of suicides; people unable to withstand the terrible fascination would leap into the yawning gulf. But with the privilege usually accorded to Americans, I stepped down into the narrow circle, and leaning over the balustrade, coolly looked the horrible temptation in the face.

"On the whole, St. Paul's is so vast and imposing that one wonders what occasion or what ceremony can rise to the importance of not being utterly dwarfed within its walls. The annual gathering of the charity children, ten or twelve thousand in number, must make a ripple or two upon its solitude, or an exhibition like the thanksgiving of the queen, when sixteen or eighteen thousand persons were assembled beneath its roof. But one cannot forget that it is, in the most part, a great toy—a mammoth shell, whose bigness bears no proportion to the living (if, indeed, it is living,) indwelling necessity. It is a tenement so large that the tenant looks cold and forlorn, and in danger of being lost within it."

THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

AS preacher, novelist, poet and orator, the utterances of Mr. Kingsley are characterized by an irrepressible vitality that carries along with it reader and hearer, and inspires them for the time with something of his own enthusiasm. He has his faults, and they, like his virtues, are marked and prominent, yet he is so much in earnest and so thoroughly sound at heart as to disarm prejudice, and win the respect even of opponents. Let him see a wrong, and he at once buckles on his armor to right it; he has such faith in himself and his work that no weak fears hold him back, or deaden the force of his blows. His courage is invincible, but not so his logic; like Carlyle he influences young thinkers by the power of inspiration rather than correct reasoning. Great truths flash upon him, but are seldom evolved by the slow processes of analysis; what he sees is more or less obscured by what he feels, and his judgment, therefore, is not always to be trusted.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley was born near Dartmouth, in Devonshire, on the 12th of June, 1819. His family is an ancient one, and has always been remarkable for cleverness and activity. In the time of Cromwell they were partisans of the Commonwealth, and there are yet traces of the old Puritan spirit in their illustrious descendant. Mr. Kingsley's studies were superintended for a while by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, a son of the poet; but, in 1840, he entered Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he afterward distinguished himself in the classics and mathematics. His first thoughts were directed toward the legal profession, but theology soon engaged his attention, and he decided to enter the church. In 1844, he became curate, and shortly after, rector of Eversley, in Hampshire. The historian, Froude, and Kingsley, married sisters; but Froude's wife is since dead. They were both accomplished and intellectual women, capable of sharing and sympathizing in their husband's pursuits. In 1869, Mr. Kingsley was made a canon of Westminster, a preferment he certainly deserved, both on account of his ability as a preacher and the earnestness and sincerity he threw into his work. The family all possess talent; his brother Henry is a novelist, and has written several popular fictions.

Mr. Kingsley made his first appearance upon the literary horizon as a poet, if we except a volume of sermons previously published, that attracted but little notice at the time, and is now almost forgotten. "The Saint's Tragedy, or The True History of Elizabeth of Hungary," was written in the dramatic form, and aimed not only at a faithful representation of the Middle Ages, but of their great struggle between healthy human affection and the views inculcated by Catholic ascetics. No better type of this struggle could have been chosen than Elizabeth; as history and biography have handed down her character, it was the very ideal of womanly perfection at the time she lived. Kingsley has done it full justice, and shown how the beauty of self-sacrifice was perverted for unworthy ends, and a pure soul tortured, until virtue itself came to look like vice. But, nevertheless, his book was a failure, and he is only known as a poet by his shorter pieces, two or three of which are so full of beauty and pathos that, once read, they always after linger in the memory.

The preface to "The Saint's Tragedy" was written by Kingsley's friend and brother-clergyman, the Rev. F. D.

Maurice, and contains a passage so characteristic of the two men that we here transcribe it.

"A clergyman," he says, "should be better able than others to cast aside that which is merely accidental, either in his own character, or in the character of the age to which he belongs, and to apprehend that which is essential and eternal. * * * His reverence for the Bible should make him feel that we most realize our own personality when we most connect it with that of our fellow-men; that acts are not to be contemplated apart from the actor; that more of what is acceptable to the God of truth may come forth in men striving with infinite confusion, and often uttering words like the east wind, than in those who can discourse calmly and eloquently about a righteousness and mercy which they know only by hearsay. The belief which a minister of God has in the eternity of the distinction between right and wrong should especially dispose him to recognize that distinction apart from mere circumstance and opinion. The confidence which he must have that the life of each man, and the life of this world, is a drama, in which a perfectly good and true Being is revealing His own purposes, and carrying on a conflict with evil, which must issue in complete victory, should make him eager to discover in every portion of history, in every biography, a divine morality and mystery—a morality, though it deals with no abstract personages—a mystery, though the subject of it be the doings of the most secular men."

The Rev. Mr. Maurice is now dead, but his life and character infused new strength into the Church of England, and did more than all other influences combined to harmonize it with the spirit of modern thought and investigation. He was a warm friend of the working-classes, and at the head of a movement to ameliorate their condition. His idea was to teach them how to help themselves, and in carrying out the scheme based upon it, he was ably assisted by Kingsley, Thomas Hughes and other disciples since celebrated. The impression made upon Kingsley, who was thus thrown into frequent intercourse with working-men, resulted in a novel that, like Byron's "Childe Harold," made its author as suddenly famous. It was entitled "Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet," and gave such vivid pictures of the struggles and aspirations of a poor London artisan, that men's hearts were not only touched with sympathy, but their eyes were opened also to the reality of a suffering worse than that painted by fiction. It is not so much from heartlessness as indifference that society is callous to the existence of want and poverty; once let this outer crust be pierced, and there gushes forth a spring of real genuine feeling. Mr. Kingsley broke through conventionality in his choice of a subject, and then threw into it such vital force and inspiration that truths, before seen but dimly, became clear as noonday. He tore aside the disguises that hide men from their real selves, and showed how human nature is the same, whether in peer or artisan. We are always ready enough to acknowledge this, and yet how seldom do we act upon it! We honor men, not for what they are, but for what they seem to be, and thus make outward appearances the test of regard. Nor do we sympathize as promptly with the calamities of the poor and insignificant as with those of the great. It is well, therefore, that genius should use every means, not only to remind us of this universal brotherhood between man and man, but to make it, if possible, more striking and impressive.

"Alton Locke" was published in 1849, soon after the downfall of Chartism, a movement out of whose disorder

and confusion some faint gleams of light struggled at first, only to die out afterward, and leave the working-man's condition more hopeless than ever. Mr. Kingsley's hero was a Chartist, and in his puny person summed up all the wrongs and injustice done to his class, with their effects upon the sufferer's well-being, mental, moral and physical. One felt at once that the portraiture was real, and that the lights and shadows were nature's own, and not the author's. It is true, all London artisans are not Alton Lockes, yet somewhat of their lives became visible through this picture of his, and we could enter into the trials and circumstances that had shaped, and, as it seemed, predetermined their destinies. Chartism, reform bills, corn laws, etc., had a new meaning for us henceforth; beneath those formal terms throbbed a living, human interest, and we began to realize how they were all but weak and imperfect expressions of ideas in themselves grand and noble. Ideas, to be sure, that have sometimes led to anarchy and excesses when misunderstood, yet not to be condemned utterly, if advancing by a single step the working-man's progress toward freedom and enlightenment.

Upon its first appearance, some one among the magazines gave "Alton Locke" the nickname of "Young Remnants," and Mr. Kingsley himself that of "The Chartist Parson;" but no amount of ridicule could affect the popularity, either of the book, or of its author. Encouraged by such hearty appreciation, he published another work in 1851, treating of social questions, under the title of "Yeast, A Problem." It was a disjointed production, without plot or plan, and, though interspersed with brilliant passages and charming bits of description, by no means equal to his previous effort. It partook of the nature both of a novel and of a familiar treatise on social economy, and seemed so far a problem as to propound questions and start difficulties, incapable of answer or solution.

"Yeast" was followed, in 1853, by "Hypatia," a historical novel, representing the conflict of Christianity with the older mythology, in the early part of the fifth century. The scene of the struggle is laid in Alexandria, and we are introduced to a number of remarkable characters, among whom is Hypatia, the heroine, a female lecturer on Greek philosophy. She is not only learned, but has hair that "Athens herself might have envied for tint, and mass, and ripple," and "features, arms and hands of the severest and grandest type of old Greek beauty." "Woman's Rights" are evidently of ancient origin, for her lectures draw crowded audiences, and are as logical as eloquent. The doctrines of Pagan philosophy are presented in a manner, and defended with an ability, creditable to their old Greek founders. She is opposed to Christianity, and would fain restore the worship of the old gods, thus rendering herself obnoxious to Cyril, the Alexandrian bishop, who is animated by that spirit of persecution which aims at the destruction of every unbeliever and heretic.

Other prominent characters in the book are those of Philammon, a monk; of Palagia, a courtesan, who is afterward discovered to be his sister; and of Raphael Aben-Ezra, a mysterious Jew, with a strong family likeness to Sidona, in Disraeli's "Tancred." As a piece of word-painting, we give this picture of Palagia: "The awning was raised, and lying luxuriously on a soft mattress, fanned with peacocks' feathers, and glittering with rubies and topazes, appeared such a vision as Philammon had never seen before. A woman of some two-and-twenty

summers, formed in the most voluptuous mould of Grecian beauty, whose complexion showed every violet vein through its veil of luscious brown. Her little bare feet, as they dimpled the cushions, were more perfect than Aphrodite's, softer than a swan's bosom. * * * Her dark hair lay carefully spread out upon the pillow in a thousand ringlets, entwined with gold and jewels; her languishing eyes blazed like diamonds from a cavern, under eyelids darkened and deepened with black antimony; her lips pouted of themselves, by habit or by nature, into a perpetual kiss; slowly she raised one little hand; slowly the ripe lips opened; and in most pure and melodious Attic she lipeed her huge lover's question to the monk."

After "Hypatia" came "Westward, Ho; or, The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, in the reign of her most glorious majesty, Queen Elizabeth." From Alexandria in the fifth century to England in the sixteenth was a vast leap; not only is the scene of conflict changed, but the conflict itself, with its historical accessories. It still contains a religious element; Christianity has triumphed over Paganism, but the Christians themselves have divided into two hostile parties, Protestants and Catholics, who hate and persecute each other with an intolerance hardly to be expected from their doctrines. United to this difference in religious views is that of race also; most of the Catholics introduced by Kingsley are Spaniards, most of the Protestants English.

Sir Amyas Leigh, the hero of the book, is a great captain and fighter, whose religious zeal reminds us of the old Crusaders, and seems like theirs to excuse a great many questionable acts of plunder and violence. He is at the head of an expedition to the Spanish Main, one of those so numerous in the reign of Elizabeth, first introduced by such navigators as Hawkins, Frobisher and Sir Francis Drake. Kingsley seeks to gloss over the freebooting exploits of these men and of his hero, by showing under what provocations they were committed; and then, not satisfied with this, would fain convert into virtue the manifestation of a certain rude physical strength and courage. At least, his book so impresses us, and the ideas there set forth, if they did not give rise to the school of "Muscular Christianity," greatly helped to spread and popularize its theories. Kingsley, like Carlyle, has almost come to rank weakness with vice, and to think force and power chiefly worthy of reverence.

But, with these disadvantages, if disadvantages they be, "Westward, Ho" was a novel far above the average, and took such hold of the public mind that pious athletes, after the pattern of Sir Amyas Leigh, drove out and routed the Rochester style of heroes, who, since "Jane Eyre," had been masters of the field of fiction.

Mr. Kingsley's literary activity is shown by the variety of his works; sermons, romances, essays, lectures and tracts, almost without number, seem to have flowed from his pen. What is more remarkable, they have all been equally popular and successful, and are perhaps as widely quoted as any productions of the present day. The secret of this is to be found in his poetic descriptions, his vigorous style, and a certain tone of manliness and courage, at once bracing and invigorating. Here is an honest Christian, with sympathies reaching out beyond his sect toward all the world, not afraid to speak the truth, or what he thinks the truth, however powerful the rank and prejudice thus offended.

Nothing illustrates this better, or is more characteristic of the man, than his recent attitude toward science. After speaking of that "nameless something below all

the phenomena which the scalpel and the stereoscope can show, invisible, imponderable, yet seemingly omnipresent and omnipotent, retreating before one the deeper one delves," he added: "Theology should keep pace with science, as human thought changes and science develops. The demands of reason must and ought to be satisfied."

Early in his career, Mr. Kingsley preached a sermon so full of protest against the wrongs done to the poor, that his spiritual chief censured it publicly. The feeling that prompted that sermon led him afterward to bolder attacks against existing evils, until now he seldom needs to brave public opinion, because public opinion has been brought around to his own way of thinking. For to such good results does a fearless advocacy of human rights, and a sincere love of truth, tend, even though, as with Kingsley, the paths thereto be somewhat crooked. The head may err, but, if the heart be sound, men are moved, and what is real to one becomes real to all, until finally wrongs are righted, and justice triumphs.

AT THE FOOT OF THE CATSKILLS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

IS there anything in all the sights and voices of nature more tender and tranquillising than that which one finds in an old orchard, in the long summer days, when the small apples are beginning to turn yellow and to take on streaks of crimson and carmine?

Just back of the old farm-house, at the foot of the Catskills, where I am writing to-day, there is an old orchard; the trees are knarled, and knotty, and scraggly, but amid their leaves all day are soft rustlings and cooings of winds—one might almost fancy they were little lisps and hints—and whispers of some soft chorus of the skies; just on the edge of the orchard there is a rude, old bench under an older tree. In the bright golden borderings of the summer mornings, or the soft, purple ones of summer twilights, I go out and lie on the rude bench or wander down the old country road with no habitation in sight except the farm-house under whose roof I have been domiciled for the last three weeks, in a bit of low chamber over the wood-shed.

I was thankful to get even that, with the great, green, glad out-doors of July thrown in. What was the sight of pastures and fields of ripening rye with winds a-scamper through the long ten-acre lot of golden, billowy grain, and all the blessed country sights and sounds, to one shut up in the hot, clamorous city, with chills and neuralgia for daily and nightly companions?

You happy people who live in the country, lose one exquisite pleasure. You do not know how people feel who come out from the city's close, thick walls of brick and stone to your cool, green leasures for rest and strength.

From the small back window of my room over the wood-shed I can catch a distant glimpse of the Berkshire Hills. They lie against the horizon in shimmering grays and blues, looking much of the time like heaps of mist, but occasionally, when the light strikes them, they come out clear and strong, far beyond the great river of the East, the blue, historic Hudson.

It is a long, rough climb of ten miles from the river to this quiet farm-house, which lies at the foot of the Catskills. You wind slowly over the road through a sparsely-populated country. On no side do you meet with the signs of New-England thrift and energy.

The occasional farm-houses have a drowsy, meditative,

half-waked-up sort of air, as though the long nap of Rip Van Winkle still lingered in the atmosphere.

The heavy blood of their Dutch ancestry still courses sluggishly through the veins of their descendants.

Everything is slow and ponderous here. If you ask a question of any masculine biped you may chance to meet on the road, he will take his own time to answer, surveying you with a kind of slow, bovine solemnity, which is agreeable or otherwise, according to your mood and temper.

But a more kindly, obliging landlady cannot easily be conceived of than the one whom I stumbled on, when I came to the Catskills and tucked myself down in the little room over the wood-shed. Her pleasant face, her kind, motherly smile shone at once right into my home-sickness as the sun shines suddenly out of a cloud into the gloom and chilliness of some rainy day.

The smile was a true augury in this instance. It did not play on the surface, but came from some real home-warmth and kindliness beneath.

A woman who, since her husband's death, eighteen years before, has managed her farm, taken summer boarders, brought up and educated her sons and daughters, has certainly paid her high toll on the road of life.

At the close of a very brief chapter of autobiography which she gave me the other night, the lights and shadows brightening and darkening along the story, as they do in all histories of human life, she said, in the cheerfulest, brightest tone: "Oh, well, we are not so bad off as a good many folks."

"But you must have some lonely days in the winter, I think," I said, half-curiously, half-sympathetically, as I looked around at the green pastures and the golden, billowy rye-field and the grand, green rampart of the Catskills on the west.

"Oh, no," was the prompt rejoinder. "I never have a dreary day in the world. There is too much to be done winters, and there are the neighbors' visits."

There is not a house within call, and the winters must be long and severe up in these mountain latitudes, but I thought my landlady had put in her simple fashion the true philosophy of life. Labor and companionship; there was a nugget of real gold in the thought. With these one can hardly be "lonely," whether it be at the foot of the Catskills or in Siberia.

I suppose a painter can hardly go off for a few hours into the great out-doors of nature without coming, here and there, upon little delicious "artist's bits," colorings, and forms, and groupings, which, in a glance, he sees transferred to his canvas, and living there in perpetual beauty; now it is the white flame of some waterfall, as it leaps over the rocks, now it is a piece of old brown road which shoulders itself among rude stone walls up into the hills, or slips and curves down among trees and pastures into the valleys, now it is a bit of homely, old foot-bridge thrown across some noisy, little creek, with scarlet fringes of brier-roses and snowy masses of elderberry, or some decayed old saw-mill with its broken roof and mouldy rafters, or a group of brown cattle standing knee-deep in the lush meadow-grass, or farm-hands mowing a field or eating their lunch in the cool shadow of trees by the bars; all this infinite variety of color and grouping must be constantly striking the painter; in his "mind's eye" he sees them all glowing upon his canvas, but he knows only one will ever get there.

There is so much of life's work to be left to the wide leasures of eternity.

So, in another sense, it is with him who paints in pen and ink, instead of with brush and colors.

All these days "things have been happening"—bits of comedy or pathos, which I longed to seize to brighten some page with its light and shadow.

But one picture faded out to make room for another; the kaleidoscope was always changing, and this little homely scene which has taken possession of my memory, is, perhaps, not better than the coloring and grouping of those which have slipped out of my thoughts.

I had just started out for a walk along the old country road, rocky, sandy, gullied by the storms, but with green webs of vines lying close to the pasture bars, where the ripe raspberries glowed like sparks among the leaves, or the blackberries hid their great jet ovals, or the blueberries hung their round purplish heads.

I had just started on the road, when a group of seared, big-eyed, clamoring children crowded around me. There were not more than half a dozen in all, mostly girls, the youngest of the party, a boy, hardly out of infancy.

But the group of city girls was thoroughly demoralized. They were quite small, and had started out from the hotel, less than a mile below, for a walk to the post-office. On their way they had met something—it was difficult to tell what—in human shape, whether wild-man-of-the-woods, or escaped lunatic, or drunken vagrant, who had terrified their young imaginations as though some dark, ghostly horseman had sprung out of the forest and ridden after them with closed visor, and shining cuirass, and sword glittering in the air.

It was extremely difficult to get any statement of facts from the poor little frightened, trembling pack of small feminines who crowded about me. The thin, strained voices ran into each other, and all the information a close cross-questioning could extract was of the vaguest kind. The "man" who, consciously or unconsciously, had made all this commotion, did not wear a visor, or brandish

"A fiery sword in air."

But he did carry a most mysterious-looking umbrella, and had a terrible, indescribable visage. Moreover, he wore a wide, square, white cape about his shoulders. He had addressed the children; and, although they could not repeat the remarks, they were supposed to contain some ambiguous and sanguinary threats.

It was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon; a hush in the air, broken occasionally by faint twitters of breeze among the leaves, and overhead the soft, woolly clouds, white with gray edges, shutting out the glare of the July sun.

The "man" had been seen going down the road, and at last getting over the bars into the fields, and hiding himself among the bushes, lying in wait for the children, whose home lay that way. There was hardly a doubt in their minds that he was not fully prepared to emerge from his hiding-place, swoop upon them as they crept trembling past, and bear some of their number to a remote gypsy encampment, whose locality was no less real to the children than the woods in which the babes were lost.

As the poor things chattered and shivered around me, they begged that I would go down the road and defend them from the assaults of the monster hidden in the bushes. Of course there was not a word to be said. Nothing human could have refused the prayers of those children. Bertie, with his alpenstock, led the advance-guard, and I followed in the rear, with two or three of

the children, and one little, warm, trembling palm slipped into my own.

Who was "Bertie?"

A bright, whole-souled, fun-loving boy, always ready for a lark or a tramp, the son of a physician, whose family had come up to the Catskills to pass the summer, and who had been comfortably domiciled there long before I had taken my quarters over the wood-shed. Bertie was, I should fancy, not far this side or the other of his baker's dozen of birthdays. He was stout and strong. In case of assault, I did not believe that he would show the white feather; and so we bravely advanced up the road.

It was a new experience for me, and had the freshness of a novel sensation. I suddenly found myself impressed into service on the roadside, and advanced to a position which required some pluck and steadiness of nerve. The thing might be pure and simple comedy, or it might end in something very like tragedy.

These thoughts flashed through my mind as we went up the road, while I listened to the thin, eager voices of the children and tried to reason with and soothe their fears. But this was, as I soon found, a matter not easily accomplished. How the little tongues did run!

"You know about that poor little boy in Philadelphia who was abducted—" said a little girl, her palm tight in my own, to her frightened mate.

"Oh, no, what was it?" asked the other.

"Why, that boy—I heard my nurse telling about it last night—who was abducted—" The little tongue always halted before it finished the inflection, and the small people were hardly wiser than before.

It was high time for me to interpose. "I presume, children, the man was quite harmless, and you have given yourself a great deal of foolish trouble. Gypsies—nonsense! Some stranger, probably, searching for insects or plants. The most innocent man alive, I've no doubt; and you have made him out a monster, a hobgoblin, the man-in-the-moon come down through the air to swoop you off! I should have supposed you were quite too sensible little people to swallow whole any stuff of that kind!"

But the small folks stood their ground with me as thoroughly as they had abandoned it with the man who had taken to the bushes.

One of the little voices piped up resolutely enough: "Oh, well, but you don't know! It was just awful—the way that man looked, and acted, and talked to us! He was something dreadful; and he is hiding now in the bushes, waiting for us; and who knows what he will do when we get there!" Lowering their tones, and drawing closer to me.

It was very still—only the little buzzings and whispers of winds among the leaves; before us the brown road with its fringes of bushes; at our back the great, solemn Catskills shouldering the sky. We were a long way now from any house; and nobody knew what awaited us in the bushes by the roadside. I confess, as we drew near them, to a little tremor of uneasiness, and half a dozen possibilities flashed through my mind.

What was awaiting us? The children's fears might not be altogether groundless. The man in the bushes was perhaps an escaped lunatic, or some drunkard in a frenzy of delirium tremens. It was not impossible that he was armed, and lying in wait for our approach, and that he would suddenly emerge from the bushes with the yell and fury of a madman.

At all events, it was best to be prepared for emergencies. Like an army general, I took a rapid survey of our forces. It was evident there was nobody to be depended on, in case of sudden assault, but Bertie. I debated with myself whether, under the circumstances, discretion would not prove the better part of valor, and I was half determined to face about, return to the farmhouse with the children and seek further reinforcements before we passed the bushes in which the redoubtable stranger lay concealed. But Bertie was marching along valiantly at the head of the line; there was no dismay on his face, only he was listening with a boy's curiosity to the foolish, frightened talk of the children. But I knew perfectly well that in their present condition, the least demonstration on the part of the strange man would result in a terrible panic, which a woman and a boy could hardly control.

A whisper on my part, even a sign to Bertie to be on his guard, would have thrown the children into fresh spasms of terror. My air of skeptical contempt, my cool imperturbable demeanor alone gave me some moral superiority over the small humanity which had taken frightened shelter under my wing.

And it seemed half ignoble to draw back. Having undertaken the championship of the children, my secret pride rebelled, and probably Bertie's would also, at delegating the service to stronger nerves and muscles. I made up my mind to make no sign, to turn no back to the enemy, and marched bravely toward those bushes in which the concealed mystery was supposed to lie in wait.

I cannot say my heart was in my mouth, yet I think I breathed a little freer when the bushes were passed; there was no sound nor rustling nor movement as we went by, the children silent, and holding their small breaths in suspense and terror.

A little later, Bertie and I consigned the whole group to their nurses, and returned home with a good deal of the triumphant feeling of conquerors!

I shall never forget the air of profound earnestness, as though he had suddenly come upon a great general fact, with which the boy said to me, on our return: "Oh, well, you never can do anything with girls. They always will go right off into scares and panics, and not know what they are about."

When Bertie has doubled or trebled his birthdays, will he have the same opinion?

That evening we learned that the mysterious stranger was an entirely harmless foreigner, who had taken board in the neighborhood, and was studying the soils and searching for insects. The cloth which enveloped his neck and shoulders was only an innocent white handkerchief to screen them from the sun, and the net which he carried was not intended to ensnare tender children, only—butterflies!

Perhaps he had tried to have a little practical joke in scaring the small people; or, perhaps, quite innocently on his part, his foreign accent and manner had first given them the alarm.

Well, would you believe it? I confess I did actually plume myself a little on my show of courage! I thought it did prove some slight nerve and pluck on my part that I had not turned back at the last moment with my group of scared youngsters, that with no protection but a boy of about thirteen, whose mettle, like my own, had not been proved, I had marched with tranquil front past those bushes in which a possible enemy, more alarming from the vagueness and mystery which enveloped him, might be concealed.

But I certainly did not once think of Jeanne d'Arc on her white horse, or Elizabeth Tudor on that day when, clad in armor, she rode among the shouting thousands of her soldiers at Tilbury, and the shadow of the great Armada had passed forever from the green coasts of England.

But a few days later I thought of both those women in connection with a story which I heard from a friend, himself an eye-witness as well as one of the principal actors in the scene he related.

The heroine of the story was an Indian woman, a full-blooded Modoc! Her name was Toby. She had married a white man, a Kentuckian, between whom and herself there existed the strongest attachment.

My friend, a colonel in the United States army, stationed on the plains, had used his influence to promote the marriage of the Indian woman and the white man, and thus earned the profound gratitude of Toby.

There are reasons why I cannot, in this hasty sketch, reveal the names of any of the parties principally concerned in it, but I can vouch for its entire truthfulness.

Toby, the Modoc woman, had learned through one of her tribe that a plot had been formed for the assassination of some of the principal officers of the army whose camp lay less than a mile from that of the Modocs. In her gratitude to my friend, and in order to warn him of his peril, she revealed the plot. He, in turn, communicated it to his brother-officers, and at last, no matter how—the story is too long to tell here—the Modocs learned that their dreadful secret had transpired, and that the Indian woman had revealed it.

Toby was safe with her husband and boy in the camp of the white men—she had acted as interpreter between the soldiers and her tribe—when a messenger arrived demanding her immediate presence in the Modoc camp.

It was an ominous message. Toby at once saw the danger and declined to go; and her husband and the officers sustained her in her refusal.

There was only one dissenting voice. The officer to whom Toby had revealed the plot had acquired an intimate knowledge of Indian character and habits during his long experience on the western frontiers. It was of immense importance that the white men should know the temper of the tribe and whether Toby's informant had told the truth. He did not believe that the Modocs would break the peace for the life of a woman—one of their own tribe, too—and against the unanimous opinion of the others, he entreated Toby to return with the messenger and test the disposition of the Indians toward the whites. He had proved himself Toby's friend; he set before her now the issues which hung on her decision, he reaffirmed his solemn conviction that the Modocs, however exasperated, would not dare to take Toby's life, protected as it was by a flag of truce, and then he boldly demanded of her whether she would not be willing even to die, if she knew that she could thus save the lives of many of her husband's people?

The Indian woman was silent. That was a terrible question. How many of her fair, white sisters would have shrunk at the test, and life was as sweet to her as to the rest of us. But, at last, Toby looked up and said that she would go.

It was a cool morning in the early spring, I believe. Over the wide, sullen landscape of the plains the winds moaned dismally, and the coarse sage-bush bent and shivered in the sudden dash and leap of the gale.

The colonel lent Toby his own horse, placed his trusty

rifle in her hand—he knew she could use it like a frontiersman—and wrapped her in his warm overcoat for the ride. But his heart almost failed him at the last, when Toby, on the point of setting out, returned again and again to embrace her boy, a fine, promising little fellow of nine or ten years.

Amid her sobs, the Indian woman strained her child to her breast, while she made the colonel solemnly promise that, in case she never returned, he would see that her boy was educated like the sons of white mothers.

And then she took her rifle, mounted the colonel's horse, and rode away after the escort through the dismal winds and the low sage bushes.

I suppose those who saw Toby go out that morning from the white men's camp, hardly expected ever to see her face again. She was only a Modoc woman, and yet I think that hour she fairly deserves to stand in her heroism by the side of Jeanne d'Arc, of Elizabeth Tudor, of any white woman in the world!

The colonel and Toby's husband—the latter nearly distracted with fears for his wife's safety—followed her as far outside the white camp as they dared to venture. They could see her with their glasses as she rode in at last among her tribe, and the Modocs closed around her.

The hour which followed was a terrible one for Toby. Dark faces, full of wrath and vengeance, glared on every side. They insisted on knowing how she had learned of the plot to murder the white men.

With true Indian cunning, she first answered that she had dreamed it.

But the Modocs would not believe her. And then, trying to work on their native superstitions, she told them that a spirit clothed in white had come down from the mountains and revealed the whole plot.

At the first this statement made some impression, but the wiser heads among the tribe were not to be deceived. With terrible threats they closed thicker around her; they swore they would have the truth.

Then the brave Indian woman threw off all disguises. She looked steadily in the dark, angry faces of her tribe. She told them no dream of the midnight, no spirit of the mountains, had confided the plot to her, but one of the men of her tribe.

She would not betray him. She smote her breast and bade them kill her. She was only a woman. The blood of her heart was pure, and she could die as a Modoc woman should. But white soldiers lay encamped all around, and they would take long and bitter vengeance for her death.

Toby's friends had judged wisely. When the votes of the tribe were taken, it was found that the majority were in favor of Toby's returning to the white men's camp, and she rode away calmly and triumphantly as she had entered, in the colonel's great overcoat, on his horse, and with an escort.

I tell you she was a brave woman—she was a grand heroine; it was for the white men she had risked her life. The relief of the colonel, the joy of the husband, are things best left to the imagination.

Toby is living now out on the frontiers with her boy and his father. I have seen her picture. It is only that of a broad, pleasant-faced, honest-looking Indian woman. Sometime, I hope, I shall take her hand; but if that hour ever comes, I shall feel very small when I stand before, and remember how she risked her life for my countrymen, that brave Modoc woman!

ABSENCE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

UPON untrodden places grass will grow,
Time always marks its changes;
This is the saddest, truest truth I know—
Absence estranges!

Dear hearts, wherein I held so warm a place,
Ye cannot help forgetting!
Ye cannot always think to miss the face
My tears are wetting.

The lives that seemed to twine around my own,
And blossom but about me,
Through these long day of absence must have grown
To bloom without me.

The happy circle, where a missing link
Brought for a season sadness,
Has grown accustomed to the loss, I think,
And found new gladness.

Ye thought the days would evermore seem long
And sad when I departed,
But now again ye sing the olden song
All lightsome hearted.

I am remembered, but not missed, I know,
And am contented—only
The knowledge helps these foolish tears to flow,
And makes me lonely.

How sad this world, if eyes grew always wet
At sight of vacant places;
Far better that we can, in part, forget
The absent faces.

A FRAGMENT.

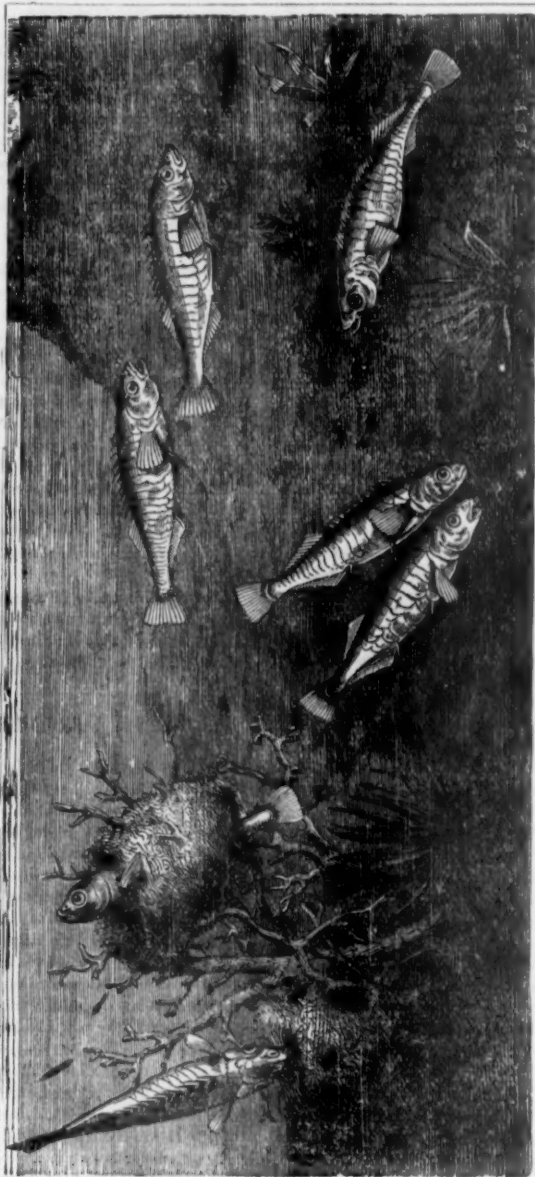
BY W. E. W.

WE had no riches; our daily labor
Was all the wealth we could hope to win;
But we built in our hearts a royal palace
For love's own angels to enter in.
Our lowly future we fondly painted
With tender dreamings of household joy—
Sweet thoughts that thrill in a woman's bosom,
And a true heart's service without alloy.

Three days of leisure we roamed together,
One golden summer, by rock and wave,
But when the leaves fell with reddening rustle,
The church-yard grass grew above his grave!
And I, who had thought to rest securely
On the brave young heart that was all my own,
Had to bury my grief, and go forth unshielded,
To toil in the weary world alone.
But he never knew me worn and faded,
My brown hair silvered, my eye grown dim—
To the last he saw me through love's own splendor,
And he took that image to Heaven with him.
So I fondly think when my task is ended,
And the longed-for rest shall my brow enfold,
He will meet me first on the hills of Eden,
And I shall be fair as in days of old.

THE STICKELBACK.

THIS curious little fish has attracted considerable attention from naturalists. It is found in fresh and brackish waters, and in the sea; as well in cold as in temperate regions. Its habits are very interesting, and its colors often singularly beautiful, changing in a remarkable manner, according to the hues of surrounding objects, or through the influence of its own passions. Stickelbacks caught in a river readily accommodate themselves to a salt water aquarium. They seldom exceed two or three inches in length. The common salt water species are very abundant in the ponds and rivers of some parts of England. They are seldom used for food, though said to be excellent for this purpose. In the aquarium, or in their native waters, their combats are very amusing. The larger often devour the smaller, and they destroy the fry of fishes to a great extent; they feed also on aquatic larvae, and are probably of great use in preventing the excessive multiplication of many kinds of insects. What makes them particularly interesting is their nest-building. They collect small pieces of straw and stick, with which the bottom of the nest is laid among water-plants, and these they cement together by an exudation from their bodies, which forms a thread through and around them in every conceivable direction. This thread is whitish, fine and silken. The sides of the nest are made after the bottom. The nest of the fresh water Stickelback is about the size of a small hazel-nut, and the eggs which are deposited therein about as large as poppy seeds. The male fish constructs the nest, and after the eggs are laid watches it with great care—a care that is needed, for the eggs will be eaten by other Stickelbacks if permitted to get at them.



AUGSBURG.

IN no country are the quaint old relics of the middle ages more frequently met with than in Germany. Cities and country places are made interesting by them. The City of Augsburg is in one respect quite unique in its aspect, having pictures on the outside of the tall old houses; they are frescoes, and it is plain that they are very ancient, but still in an excellent state of preservation. They are to be seen in some parts of the city on almost every building. To come unexpectedly upon such a spectacle, constitutes one of those exquisite pleasures of travel to which the pen can never do justice. It seems as though the spirit of an earlier time, more quaint, child-like and simple than our own, had left a colored impression of itself, and of its manner of thinking, on everything. It is like wandering about the streets of a city of dreams. The pictures, though grotesque, are suggestive; while viewing them, the mind seems entangled in a labyrinth of curious enigmas. On one house, in a narrow street, were painted a mass of images, some puzzling some fantastic, and some easy to be understood, that were very interesting, as we get glimpses of the past from them.

This City of Augsburg is of great antiquity, as the Emperor Augustus established a colony there twelve years before Christ. The people took a conspicuous part in the Reformation, with which, for a long series of years, it has been the birth-

place of many eminent artists.

Augsburg is a city of Bavaria, and the capital of the province of Swabia. It stands on a rising ground, in a fertile plain, at the angle formed by the junction of the two rivers, Wertach and Lech. It is not so important a

place as formerly, but it still has extensive manufactures, and is even now distinguished for its commercial spirit, and for the activity and industry of its inhabitants. It is celebrated for its banking and its stock exchange operations, to which the city owes much of its modern importance. It is connected by a railroad with Munich,

and, in the opposite direction, with Nuremberg and Saxony. It has extensive libraries, where many rare books are to be seen, and ancient manuscripts, which are valuable and unique, also many paintings by the old masters.

Dusseldorf, New Jersey.

The Women of all Nations.

THE WOMEN OF EUROPE.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFY.

IN those nations of Europe which have attained the highest degrees of civilization, women are found enjoying the greatest number of privileges, mingling freely with the other sex, most respected and honored, and most worthy of respect and honor. This is especially true of Germany, England, France, Sweden and Norway.

Russia is just passing from a semi-barbarous state into a civilized one. With the reign of the present czar, the nation awoke to a new life. The serfs are already set free, and next follows the emancipation of women. In the higher ranks, women are already permitted to enjoy peculiar privileges; and the emperor has given his voice in favor of the higher education of women. In truth, many Russian women were allowed to depart from their country and become students in German universities, until, for political reasons, it was deemed best (whether wisely or unwisely it is not for me to say,) to recall them.

Sweden and Norway have, until a few years past, presented a strange contrast in the condition of their women. Mayhew tells us that "women in Norway occupy a position of superior honor. They have, perhaps, more to do with the real business of life, and more share in those occupations which require the exertion of intellect and study, than in England. They enjoy less compliment, but more respect, which all the sensible members of their sex would infinitely prefer. She, indeed, who provides for a household, under the peculiar domestic arrange-

ments of the country, and presides over its economy, is held in high estimation. Women, in fact, hold a very just position in Norway, having that influence and participation in its affairs which develop their mental and cultivate their moral qualities. Yet it is far from true that they occupy themselves entirely with the sober busi-

ness, paying no attention to the elegant arts of life. Many of them adorn themselves also in those lighter accomplishments which gracefully amuse a leisure hour; but they certainly do not exhaust on song or dance, or the embroidery-frame, the most valuable powers they possess. The able and observant traveller, Laing, supplies a true picture of their character and position, observing that among the wealthier merchants the state of the female sex is less natural and less to be admired than among the humble classes, which compose the general mass of society. Generally speaking, therefore, women nowhere play a more important part in the affairs of social life than in that remote and romantic part of Europe. Among the poor the division of labor between the sexes is ex-



RUSSIAN PEASANT GIRL.

cellent; all the in-door work is assigned to the women, all the out-door labor to the men. * * * With respect to the actual morals of Norway, we may assign them the highest rank."

The same author from whom I have just quoted, gives the following as the great difference between the institutions of Norway and those of Sweden: "In the former, manners influence the law; in the latter, law attempts to regulate every detail of public manners."

The position of women in Sweden has hitherto been an

exceedingly inferior one. Fredrika Bremer uttered her heartfelt protest against the wrongs done her sex, and others have spoken and are still speaking, so that already these abject conditions are becoming somewhat modified. The present king and queen hold exceedingly liberal ideas, and, as a consequence, under their rule, progress is more rapid. What the condition of women has been in Sweden, and what it no doubt still is, in some degree may be discovered from the following quotation, also from Mayhew:

"Men, says the public law of Sweden, attain their majority at the age of twenty-one years, but women remain in tutelage during the whole period of their lives, unless the king grants a privilege of exemption; widows, however, are excepted. Men cannot legally marry before the age of twenty-one. Even to this rule there is an exception, for among the peasants of the north it is lawful for a youth of eighteen to take a wife. Women may marry immediately after their confirmation, which never takes place before fourteen. * * * A man may marry without the consent of any one; but a woman must obtain the sanction of her parent or guardian. * * * The condition of women in Sweden is low in comparison with the other countries of Europe, and offers a strong contrast with that which we discover in Norway. Tasks are assigned among the humble orders to the female sex against which true civilization would revolt. They carry sacks, row boats, sift lime, and bear other heavy labors. Among the middle classes they hold an inferior situation; but among the higher, though little respected, they are comparatively free."

I have had some conversation with a Swedish lady of intelligence concerning the present status of women in that country, and am gratified to learn that there has been a marked improvement in the condition of women during late years. Those women who show talents in either literature or art, receive great encouragement and the genuine respect of the community. This lady related to me a significant incident concerning higher education for women in Sweden which is really worth repeating. Upsala University was opened to admit women, and recently a woman bore off the highest prize which had been accorded to any student for years, if not for a generation, whereupon it was immediately decided by those having control over the university that it was not expedient to admit women to its privileges in future. The lady said she thought the popular voice would be so strong in protest, that they would be obliged to revoke this decision, especially as royalty was in favor of giving women the best educational advantages.

There is a marked contrast in the condition of the women of Germany in the different classes of social life. In the higher classes they are intelligent, refined and exceedingly domestic in character. They show an aptitude for study, and since some of the universities have been thrown open to them, they avail themselves eagerly of the opportunity for thorough education. The present crown princess of Prussia, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, is, in that country, exercising a strong and most beneficial influence upon society in favor of the higher elevation of women.

In the middle classes the women are notable housekeepers, and, perhaps, more or less the servants of the men with whom they are connected by marriage or ties of blood. The peasant women are mere slaves and beasts of burden. In this lowest rank in life they perform all the drudgery, while their husbands sit idly by, smoking

and watching them. Women in Germany may be seen carrying the hod, wheeling handcarts, plowing, hoeing, chopping wood and engaging in all the menial offices of life from which they are exempted elsewhere. They are even harnessed to the plow and made to do the labor of horses and mules. A traveller in Austria tells us all this, but goes on to say that these women are strong-minded as well as strong-handed, and that their nominal masters suffer in every respect in comparison with them; and that if ever the time comes when political equality shall be extended to the lower class, the women will demand their rights at the same time with the physically and mentally weaker men, and will know how to make a good use of them.

In all social revolutions this lowest class is always the hardest and the last to reach; but we may hope for a speedy improvement in the condition of the women of the upper and middle classes, so that Germany will not long stand behind other nations in this certain evidence of advanced civilization.

It is difficult to give any definite idea of the condition of the women of France. It is in many respects most favorable, and in others most unfavorable. The *Salic* law, which rules in France, and which totally excludes women from the throne, or from any political power whatsoever, has worked disastrously throughout society. Women are unconsciously degraded in the minds of men by the knowledge of this seclusion, and the laws are in many cases unjust to them. As a further consequence, those women who have aspired to political power have been forced to seek it in unrecognized channels and by unfair means. Forbidden to be stateswomen they have sought to influence statesmen, and to acquire by craft that power which they were forbidden to seek directly. Thus, less than a century ago, we had the spectacle of France ruled by an unscrupulous woman through a weak and dissolute monarch.

In business relations women in France stand on an exact equality with men. The husband and wife are partners in business, the wife usually the head of the firm, and evincing her capabilities by the superiority and discretion of her management. Nearly all avenues of industry, for which they are physically fitted, are open to women. In home-life, if we go out of that great, boiling, seething cauldron of immorality—Paris—we find great happiness and fidelity. Husbands live for the love of their wives just as in certain other countries wives are enjoined to live for the love of their husbands without any hint of a mutual obligation. The family tie is very strong in France, and domestic happiness is, perhaps, the rule.

The education of women is not yet all that it should be. The girl is a prisoner by her mother's side until she is sent to the convent, from which she issues to go to the conjugal roof. Even the book education is narrow and superficial—a mere smattering of accomplishments; but of human life and the grand interests of science and the world, the girl knows absolutely nothing. She has been kept jealously from this knowledge as though it would contaminate her. Until this false system of education shall have been superseded—until convents shall be no longer the training schools of young girls, and they shall find, instead, a broader life within co-educational institutions, we shall never know the full capabilities of the French woman. Until that shall be done, and young men shall be taught to look upon all women with respect and consideration, it will probably be found, as it is now,

unsafe for any woman to walk alone in the public streets of a town or city in broad daylight even. Men and women need alike this education in fellowship.

Among the peasant class, French women like German women perform much of the drudgery. Indeed this may be said, the world over, of that class which is yet the farthest removed from complete civilization. I have even seen, in this enlightened America, the wife of a farmer get up at daybreak on a summer morning, chop wood, build fire, draw water, milk one or two cows, and then get breakfast for three or four men who sat idly waiting, and never offered to help her in any way. When I have seen such instances, I have been forced to reflect that we would all be savages still if circumstances had not made us, and that these circumstances seem yet to bring no force to bear on some individuals.

The position of women in Spain is one especially humiliating and false. They are kept in ignorance and under restraint, and regarded with suspicion. A recent English writer, who has had ample opportunities for witnessing social life in Spain, gives the following account:

"In the lower walks of life, the Spanish maiden is absolutely a prisoner—the prisoner of her madre or 'tea' or aunt—until a kind Providence gives her a husband. No Spanish maiden, however poor, or however low her rank, can ever walk alone in the street, even for a few paces; if she do so, her character is gone. She cannot go out to service unless her madre or tea be in the same service; and hence all the 'criadas,' or maid-servants, are widows, who are allowed to have their children in their master's house under their own eye; or unmarried over forty. The Spanish maiden has her choice of only two walks of life, until married life and a husband's protection become her own. Up to the time of her marriage she may, if her father and mother be alive, go to a tailor's shop each day, returning at night, thus earning a few pence a day, and learning a trade. She is escorted thither and homeward by her mother, whose tottering steps and gray hair often contrast strangely with the upright carriage and stately walk of the daughter by her side. If the Spanish maiden, however, have a mother who is a widow, or who has no settled home with her husband, and is for this cause obliged to go out to service to earn her bread, the maiden will probably be with her mother, and, receiving little or no wages, take an idle share in the household duties, and receive each evening—of course in her madre's presence—the visits of her lover. * * * As to saying a single word, or, at least, having a walk or a good English 'chat' alone, the young couple never even dream of such a thing. * * * The mother during this period treats her daughter quite like a child. If she does wrong—no matter though she be on the very eve of marriage—the mother administers a sound beating with her fists, and sometimes even a sound kicking. * * * The Spanish mother has no idea of trusting her daughters; nor does she ever attempt the least religious or moral culture. Her system is to prevent any impropriety simply by external precautions. * * * Mother and daughter, though constantly quarreling, and even coming to blows, are very fond of each other; and the old woman, when they go out shopping together, will carry the heavy basket, or cesta, under the burning sun, that she may not spoil her daughter's queenly walk. Her dull eye, too, will grow moist with a tear, and her worn face will kindle with absolute softness and sweetness, if an English senor express his admiration of her child's magnificent hair or flashing black eyes. * * * The moment, however, that

the daughter is married, all this is at an end. The mother, to use a vulgar but very expressive phrase, 'washes her hands of' her care. From the moment of the completion of the marriage ceremony, the mother declines all responsibility, seldom goes to her daughter's house, and treats her almost as a stranger.

"Among the higher classes, although different in kind, the treatment of the young unmarried maiden is almost as strict. She, too, like her humbler sister, can never have the privilege of seeing her lover in private, and very rarely, indeed, if ever, is he admitted into the sala when she is sitting. He may contrive to get a few minutes' chat with her through the barred windows of her sala; but when a Spaniard leads his wife from the altar, he knows no more of her character, attainments and disposition, than does the priest who marries them, and perhaps not so much."

With the above graphic description of the life led by Spanish women, and their total want of moral and intellectual culture and discipline, can we wonder that Spain, as a nation, is so degraded, so superstitious, and so unstable? The mothers mould the men, and give character to the State.

How shall I describe the condition of women in England? In many respects it is so similar to that of women in our own country, that it needs no absolute description, only an indication of points of difference.

Among the abject poor, both women and men sink far below the level of degradation and suffering common to the lowest class in this country. If women in that class have no respect paid to their womanhood, and become mere human machines, the same is true of the men also, with this difference, that between individuals of the two sexes the man is always the master, the woman the slave. That is to say, there is always one step below the man which the woman occupies.

I need not speak of the injustice which the English common law is guilty of toward women in nearly all instances in which it recognizes her specially. Every intelligent reader is already familiar with its various details. Besides, public sentiment is fast outgrowing this relic of a barbarous age, and already acts of special legislation are doing the sex tardy justice. But woman's position before the law in England is far inferior to that in the United States. Among the higher classes, women have many social privileges accorded them, and many of them display rare literary and scientific attainments. Some of the choicest scholars, artists and literateurs of the age are English women, whose abilities and performances compare favorably with those of the other sex.

The English woman, however, of average attainments, and in the middle walk of life, must lead, as viewed from an American point of view, a monotonous existence. Shut out, as she is, by popular sentiment, from all participation in active life, forbidden in the name of her womanhood to seek a career of her own, her mental growth is stunted, her moral nature developed in abnormal directions, and her energies paralyzed. If she be married, and living in the country, her life must be strictly a domestic one, which can only be varied by indulging in the frivolous pursuits of society, or in the highly enspiriting pastime of district visiting and almoner to the poor. I do not wish to speak lightly of the latter task, only, when viewed as the sole mental and moral relaxation in an otherwise humdrum and narrow life, it seems a little dull, to say the least.

But the married woman is, after all, exceedingly fortunate.

nate compared with her single sisters. The unmarried gentlewoman, if left unprotected and without means, has no choice whatever in regard to her future occupation. She must go out as a governess or starve. She would certainly rather do the latter than venture into any of the many occupations which her more independent and (shall I not say it?) sensible American sisters adopt without loss of self-respect or esteem of friends. If she have a little means—even if she be an earl's daughter or the daughter of a millionaire, she is not likely to have much, unless she is an only child, as the law of primogeniture secures all real estate to the eldest son; the personal property is needed to start the younger sons in life, and daughters are not supposed to need more than just enough to secure them from want—she settles down in a narrow home with her maid, and her cat, and vegetables; becomes intensely respectable, and more narrowed in mind and contracted in ideas as the years roll around. There are tens of thousands of English gentlewomen leading this selfish, aimless life, forced thereto by the false ideas of an artificial society, to whom a profession or even a trade, to take their minds and thoughts out of the mean centre of their own little worlds and give them an objective interest in life, would awaken them to undreamed-of energies, and add a vital force to

the physical, intellectual and moral power of the nation.

Yet England, with all her conservatism, has taken one step toward radical reform in advance of this country. I refer to household suffrage, in which all possessing a certain qualification, irrespective of sex, are entitled to vote in municipal elections. In these elections women have voted quite as generally as men, and no disastrous results seem to have followed. On the contrary, the positive advantages have been so marked, that the fact has proved a strong argument in the mouth of the advocates of female suffrage. However, in a country over which a woman rules, it does not seem incongruous that other women should take active part in politics. The strangest thing is that there should be any doubt about the propriety of it.

Well, the world moves. What we look forward to today as a goal to be reached, may to a future generation be only a landmark of the past. One thing is certain, as the world goes round, and as nations move in ever ascending circles of progress toward perfect civilization, we behold woman becoming freer and freer, and more and more completely recognized as her own mistress, the arbiter of her own fate, and as holding the destiny of the world in her hands. Free men must be mated by free women, and wise sons descend from wise mothers.

The Story-Teller.

LETTER FROM KITTY TRACY.

(Our own Correspondent.)

BY ANNIE L. MURPHY.

IT was the first chilly day of the season, and we were all gathered around the open fire, chatting over our trifles of work, with the exception of Lu Merrill, who sat back by the window with head bowed over the rich fabric through which she was darting her needle with an energy and concentration of purpose that would not admit of talk beyond the merest monosyllables of reply.

But all at once, with a profound sigh of relief, she sprang up, and, shaking out the heavily-embroidered tunic, upon which she had triumphantly set the last stitch, held it up to the admiration and envy of her three dear lady friends, who simultaneously lifted their three pairs of delicate, jewelled hands with gushing exclamations of surprise and delight.

"Perfectly lovely!" breathed Ag Dennis, with a rapturous expression.

"So sweet!" hissed Lill Brooks, poising her head upon one side with a pretty, critical air.

"Just splendid!" gushed your correspondent, clapping her hands with boisterous but characteristic enthusiasm.

Nell Merrill never looked up, but with her black brows gathering in a frown and her fine lips curling with scorn, she scribbled away more furiously than ever at her letters, in which, I dare wager, the recipients could find no trace of the soft, sweet, sad, sighing, dying, dreamful, delicious, delusive sentimentalism of young ladydom.

"Hateful thing!" ejaculated Lu, piqued by this too evident lack of admiration and appreciation of her accomplished work. Another contemplative survey of the elegant garment, however, soothed her ruffled temper, and she let it fall with a sigh of infinite satisfaction, rubbing her itching eyes suggestively.

"It has taken me just twenty-five days," said she, with laudable pride in her industry and perseverance.

"Dear me! but it pays you," I responded, with just the suspicion of a doubt dampening the ardor of my assurance.

"It will be so lovely with your new green silk," pronounced Ag, who professes to be a critic in the art of dress.

"I tell you what, girls," broke in Lill, coming with sudden animation out of her momentary meditative mood, "I mean to have a black velvet with border of heart's-ease and lilies of the valley, and lace a quarter yard deep."

"Elegant!"

"Superb!"

"Splendid!"

"Won't it be sweet?"

And with this chorus of expletives we went off ecstatically into a discussion of possible and supposable costumes and combinations, with innumerable exclamations and interjections of astonishment and delight at the wonderful and visionary effects produced.

"Bless my soul, girls, one would think you a set of chattering monkeys just put in red jackets," suddenly struck in Nell Merrill, diving her pen viciously down into the standish, and dashing a blotting-pad on her last frantically written page. "Is there anything in life of possible interest to you but something stylish to wear?"

"Yes—something good to eat," responded Lill, promptly. "I'm spoiling this minute for a paper of choice confectionery."

"I'd as lief be a chattering monkey as a spiteful old cat," retorted Lu, more pointedly than politely. "If you would pay more attention to appearances, and not go about in such dull, unattractive, unadorned dresses and plain, prim, poky hats, it would be quite as much to your credit, and save me a great deal of mortification."

"And I was thinking," returned Nell, with recovered serenity, "that if you had taken the money expended on that fussy and inartistic garment, and invested it in books of scientific and practical information, and given the time, patience, energy and perseverance to the mastery of their contents that you have devoted to the decoration of a rag that you will not wear as many hours as it has already eaten out of your life, it would have been not only more to your credit, but it would have been a greater benefit to your friends."

"Nobody cares for your opinion," flouted Lu, in a rage, that her adored drapery should have been called—a rag. "One bookish woman is enough for a family—the men all despise 'em. It's a wonder you haven't frightened away all my admirers, and spoiled my market as well as your own."

"Fortunately I have not drawn down that awful calamity on your head," answered Nell, good-naturedly; "and your market is made, if by market you mean your bargain with Mr. Phillips, whereby you promise to give your body for victuals and clothes—fine quality understood, if not directly specified. Still, I dare say that he would be secretly delighted if he should find you well enough instructed in the laws of physiology to keep his property in good condition, and sufficiently interested in the welfare and progress of humanity to open your mind to the light of this nineteenth century, and to give some thought and study to the culture and development of the young souls that you will summon, unconsulted, to the race and struggle of life."

"Nell Merrill, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" exclaimed Lu, with virtuous indignation.

"Why?" interrogated that young lady, simply.

"To suggest such a thing!" said Lu, in a tone of mingled injury and severity.

"You do me too great honor. Nature, the mother of us all, is responsible for the suggestion," returned Nell, composedly. "Since people are born, I suppose there is no indecency in speaking of it, nor in making an exact and sacred science of what, if worth doing at all, is worth doing well. A woman who affects to be shocked at the reverent mention of the holiest mystery and highest mission of life, I mark as one who will seize on the slightest occasion for vulgar slurs and low innuendoes."

There was a little shriek from Lill at this juncture, and, looking up, we saw Mr. Russel standing in the front parlor, and with faint feminine outcries of dismay, the girls, who—it being a stormy, unpropitious day—had lounged down in curl papers and dilapidated wrappers, made a simultaneous rush for the door communicating by a back passage with their rooms, while I, scattering my gay wools right and left, slipped into a cosy recess out of notice, and went on with my knitting, not without curiosity as to how Miss Nell, left solitary, would deport herself.

Quite naturally, of course. I need not have wondered. With her neat-fitting prints, snowy frills and short ring-letted hair, she was always in order and always at ease, and the king himself coming in state would have found her ready to receive.

"I beg your pardon," said the familiar visitor, advancing in obedience to her inviting nod. "I have been an unintentional yet highly diverted listener to a part of your conversation this morning."

"You will have to be excused," returned Nell, quietly, bowing him to a seat, and folding her last letter serenely.

I had thought she might have something sarcastic to

say about our disgraceful retreat; but however sharp she may be in reproof of our follies when we are alone, she is too generous, I find, to make capital of them with our acquaintances.

"You were talking with spirits, evidently," continued the gentleman, looking unconsciously around the empty room, as though he had not heard the scampering feet of the stampeding party.

"Very likely," assented Nell, smiling.

"Please forgive my interruption, and renew your discourse," urged Russel, maliciously.

"Sister Lu says I have not the faculty of entertaining gentlemen agreeably—excuse me," said Nell, carelessly superscribing her letter.

"Oh—that may be because you make them feel their inferiority," replied the visitor. "A man, when he seeks the recreation of ladies' society, does not expect, and is not prepared for, an intellectual contest or measurement of mental powers; and when he falls in with a woman whose first remark challenges him to that, he is apt to draw back with an appearance of displeasure and aversion; not that he does not in reality respect and admire her, but she is such an anomaly that he doesn't know how to deal with her. He could talk freely enough with a man on the same subjects, but her views are so novel and startling—she flashes such subtle, searching lights on points which he long ago settled as beyond discussion and dispute, that he feels all shaken up and uncertain of the integrity of his argument."

"Perhaps, had he, in the formation of his judgment, admitted the influence of those flashing lights, they would have been more rounded, perfected and evenly balanced, and less easily unsettled," suggested Nell.

"Likely enough," assented the gentleman, affably.

"But you see it is so seldom that a lady has an opinion on any serious matter of life, that he must really be excused for not forming his judgments on the plan you suggest. After all, perhaps, as a rule, we do like the dear creature best without any positive convictions beyond the imperative need of a hat more stunning than that of her next friend, Matilda, and an establishment more glittering with tinsel and silver plate than her rival neighbor's. It is less troublesome, on the whole. A woman who looks all over a thing, and straight through it, and on every side of it, and has decided opinions concerning it, is an awesome being, and we self-indulgent, easy-going devils naturally fight shy of her. She sees our faults and foibles so plainly, you know—she seems to exact so much of us—to recognize our ability to do and be so much more than our record shows—and it is so impossible to deceive her, or cast dust in her eyes, by any of the bland, masculine subterfuges and diplomatic flat-teries which we use so successfully with the majority of her sex, that, in general, we prefer to keep at a respectful distance. Yet we have the profoundest reverence and admiration for her; we feel that if she had been our mother, or our elder sister, or our maiden aunt, our characters might have been fashioned on a more heroic model, and our ambitions whetted and directed to higher ends and nobler triumphs; and in any awful strait or stern emergency of life, we would like to run to her with faith and supplication, as the good Catholic runs to his saints. But when it comes to marrying—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Nell, tapping her forehead thoughtfully with her penholder; "was there anything said about—marrying?"

"No, confound it!" ejaculated Mr. Russel, turning in

his chair, and coloring to the roots of his hair. "There it is—just as I told you. A woman of your sort, with three words, in her cool, quiet, superior way, will make a man feel like an absurd simpleton. It is just as if you had said, 'I beg your pardon, my little sir, but are you a fool! When it comes to the matter of marrying, would it not be well, before making your objection, to consider whether, by any possibility, the woman you decide against could be persuaded or coerced into acceptance of any such makeshift and miserable apology for manhood as you?' I am properly rebuked. Pray, is there any crevice smaller than the key-hole where I may hide my diminished head, Miss Nell? I wish those young ladies who fled, shrieking, at my entrance, would hurry on their false hair and pearl powder and hasten down to receive me. They never out a fellow up in this horrid, cruel, smiling, sardonic way. Talk of marrying to them, and they blush, and simper, and grow animated and interested at once, and a man knows that he holds the trump card and may finish up his little game with them whenever he pleases. They make him feel that his faults are splendid virtues, that he is a magnificent chap altogether, and has it in his power to confer a great honor on some lucky one of them—when he can be cajoled into fixing his choice."

The wretch! I muttered to myself, with clenched fists. Was this the way he talked about us behind our backs? I was on the point of rushing out from my hiding-place and denouncing him to his face as a traitor and a hypocrite, but the chatter of the girls coming down in their hastily-donned finery deterred me, and with a weak attempt at Nell's imperturbable coolness, I sat still and waited further developments.

Russel jumped up with extravagant expressions of pleasure as they came, greeting each with a profusion of compliments, in which there seemed a lurking sarcasm I had never detected before. The girls were in exuberant spirits, and the talk ran off at once in a noisy, bubbling, effervescent stream which, no doubt, had I been aloft in it, would have been vastly entertaining and exhilarating—jolly, as we say—but sitting one side, I could distinguish nothing but incessant exclamation and uninterrupted giggling from the feminine trio—Mr. Russel was so funny, you know. I could not but mark the difference between his bearing toward Nell and toward the others, though I think he felt more at ease with them and really enjoyed their admiration and pretty, transparent coquetries better than the wisest utterances of more sensible and brilliant women.

It turned out that a long-talked-of excursion over the mountains was at last decided upon, and the day appointed, and Mr. Russel had come to solicit the honor of our company on the occasion—an honor very promptly promised, the dazling prospect drawing even your servant Kitty from her hiding-place with extraordinary manifestations of delight. It would be so gay, grand, glorious, splendid, lovely, sweet, jolly, magnificent, refreshing and inspiring, we all voted and then we paused, not because our vocabulary of expletives was exhausted, but because we were out of breath and Nell and Mr. Russel were laughing at us.

We could hardly wait until the gentleman was out of the house before we began to discuss our costumes for the novel expedition—what we shall wear always, of course, being our first consideration after our decision of the question, shall we go?—the consideration, in fact, often going before the decision, and materially influencing it. This was an occasion, however, so out of the ordinary

run of our experience that we felt a profounder anxiety and a greater degree of responsibility than usual in our choice, and our consultation on the vitally-important matter was protracted and intensely exciting. Nell, calm and unruffled under the embarrassments of the situation, tried to help us out of our perplexities by sundry common-sense suggestions, as she said, but as they were nothing to the point, in our estimation, we treated them and their author with silent and merited contempt.

"After all," concluded she, nothing daunted, "what does it matter, my dears? Only wear something that will leave you untrammelled—something that you will utterly forget, so when you get up there under the electrical airs of heaven you will be able to draw an unfettered breath, and catch a glimpse, however brief, of a life broader, higher and serenest than that bred in the false, feverish, frivolous, conventional atmosphere of drawing-rooms."

And with this our mentor gathered up her belongings and went out, leaving us to continue our pleasantly-painful conference, the results of which became apparent on the eventful morning of our expedition. Unfortunately, the mandate of fashion that skirts should absolutely clear the ground, came several weeks too late for our benefit on this occasion, and being still under the decree of trains, nothing could have induced us to curtail their length by the fraction of an inch, or to acknowledge the slightest inconvenience therefrom. As a consequence, we came down attired for our mountain adventure in elegant and stylish carriage costume, with the splendors of flounce, and ruffle, and puff sweeping out beautifully behind us, with pannier expanded to exactly fashionable dimensions, tunic artistically draped, sashes carelessly looped and gracefully streaming, hair carried up to the proper altitude, with friz, curl, coil and braid as the law imposes, and crowned at the highest apex with helmet of plumes and falling flowers, and floating laces and flying banners, leaving the backs of our devoted heads and the tips of our aristocratic noses exposed to the merciless will of capricious weathers.

Surveying ourselves and each other with the supremest satisfaction in the effects of our laborious toilet from the tops of our marvellously-gotten-up heads to the toes of our excruciatingly tight-fitting French kids, we turned to mark how Nell, sitting about in busy superintendence of our supplies, had apparelled herself for the extraordinary excursion, and were struck with amazement, not to say horror, at the spectacle presented to our astonished yet fascinated gaze. Her costume of some heavy greenish-lined cloth, like grass faded by frosts, was cut with skirt just reaching the knees, and full trousers disappearing in the tops of high boots, buttoning closely over her symmetrical leg, a warm, long shawl, with glowing lines of color, draped Highland fashion, about her shoulders and knotted at the waist, and her free, falling hair surmounted by a little black hat guiltless of any adornment but a simple band of velvet.

"Not very pretty, I admit," she said, meeting our horrified look, and for the first time seeming to remember her dress, "but the best I could do, you know, under the restrictions of the law," she added, with her cheerful good humor.

"Nell Merrill, you are a living disgrace to us," burst forth Lu, in a grievously-injured voice, tugging frantically at the buttons of her number six, lavender gloves.

"Don't fret, my dear," returned the living disgrace, soothingly. "You will have burdens enough of your

own to bear before we get home from this trip without troubling yourself to carry mine." And she smiled significantly at our trailing skirts with their superfluous weight of trimming, then sighed and clapped her hand upon her side, and threw up her eyes, and gasped like a fatigued and dragged-out lady.

"Poor, suffering, martyred, enduring dears! how I pity you," she said, springing back to her work among the hampers, looking so bright, and piquant, and picturesque, and cheery, and free, that a sharp, burning pang of envy struck through our hearts, though we knew of nothing that could have tempted us to the attainment of such freedom at such fearful risks.

For what would the gentlemen say? An all-absorbing question in any case; but we felt sure how it would be answered in this. And we were not disappointed.

They said nothing, of course; yet we knew by the meaning glances exchanged, and by the admiring survey they gave our own womanly attire, that Nell's daring innovation had brought her under the ban of their disapproval, and elevated us proportionately in their esteem—a consciousness which put us in wonderfully good humor with ourselves, and made us exceedingly complaisant and amiable toward her.

In the highest possible spirits permissible for well-bred ladies to indulge, we started on our trip, which was to be made in greater part by carriage, though we were promised some hard climbing at the last where the mountain road grew inaccessible save by foot or horseback travelers. We looked forward with entire faith, however, to this portion of our enterprise, for were not our natural protectors close at hand, and were they not equal to the care and delightful burden of weak and helpless womanhood in any emergency?

Still the prospect did look a little dubious when, alighting from our vehicles, we began our ascent up the steep, rough, brambly way, holding on to our voluminous appendages, at which every briar, and straggling branch, and upturned root, and sharp projection of rock, caught with sheer spitefulness, as though taking delight in our discomfiture. Our plight was the more discouraging because of the excess of the feminine element in our party—our particular set furnishing at this period only a small corps of cavaliers—so we were very nearly in a condition to fulfill the scriptural prophecy of seven women taking hold on one man—though I'm not just certain as to the number. At any rate, it will be a very embarrassing situation, as it was for our gallant escorts, for there is no place where a man appears so ridiculous as with two or three helpless pieces of feminine merchandise hanging to him for support; but then, you know, when chance doesn't vote us the whole of a "natural protector," as Nell says, we have to divide him. The brave fellows did the best they could for us, unless, indeed, they had constructed a litter and carried us up bodily to our destination; but the strain, and drag, and fetter, and absolute torture of our skirts, our corsets and our boots was something fearful, and in spite of the valiant efforts made to assist us in our toilsome struggle, we panted, gasped, faltered and nearly fainted from exhaustion before we gained the point at which we were to feast our eyes on the grandeurs of nature, and our appetites on the contents of our hampers.

With all our difficulties and embarrassments, it was most exasperating—perhaps the most exasperating thing of all—to see the ease and grace with which Nell cleared the rough mountain way, as though it were no hardship

whatever, springing from point to point, from rock to rock, with the lightness of a bird, her feet seeming magically winged, her cheeks glowing, her eyes blazing like stars, her blithe, caroling laugh ringing out between the snatches of song and gay, good-natured badinage that she floated down to us from the heights she was first to scale. It was too humiliating, for the roving eyes of the fickle men would go after her with the same look of flattering approval that had been bestowed on us earlier in the day, and many an admiring exclamation burst from moustached lips as their owners tugged heroically up the ascent with a repining lady dragging on either arm.

But the terrible ordeal was over at last; the summit we had toiled for was reached, and we sat down panting before the glorious panorama of hills and vales, of towns and forests, of streams and clouds, which we had come to view.

Of course, with what breath we had, we exclaimed at the picture, that being the legitimate and proper thing to do, but inwardly we thought the prospect rather barren, despite the glow of autumn foliage; and, shivering with cold, we heartily wished, without daring to say it, that we were down in our warm, cosy rooms at home, curled up comfortably on the lounge, with a dear, delightful novel full of passionate love and thrilling, critical situations.

Yet, beyond doubt, it was a magnificent scene—the gentlemen said so—and as for Nell, she stood poised on a lichen-covered rock, silent, breathless, pale, gazing, gazing, until her bosom began to heave, her face to glow and her eyes to dim with tears; and all at once, as though she could not help it, she lifted her clasped hands, and breathed with low, fervent voice: "I thank Thee, O my God!" And all the gentlemen raised their hats, bent their heads and murmured, "Amen!" as though a prayer were said.

It was awfully solemn and uplifted, and we were glad when the service of rapture and praise was over, and we could get our escort back again into our little world of woes, and wants, and weaknesses. For the fact was, we were ravenously hungry, and the hampers were coming up at snail's pace. Trust the noble, manly nature, however, for appreciation of and ready response to the stomach's needs, and having ascertained that lunch was next on the programme, the supplies were ordered up at double quick, a rocky table found, and, under Nell's personal direction, bountifully spread, and we all gathered at a feast as delicious as was ever tasted, though there was an utter absence of finger glasses and napkin rings, and we had even to share our plates, have our drinking-cups in common, and fraternally borrow our neighbor's knife while we leaned him our fork. It was all shockingly informal and improper, of course, but we enjoyed it hugely, growing jolly and hilarious over the odd manners and customs of our primitive table, and quite forgetting the pains that were past in the pleasures present and to come.

Satisfied and comforted in our inner woman, we were ready and eager to take a survey of our surroundings, which, in our more appreciative mood, we found romantic and delightful enough to quite exhaust our dictionary of superlatives.

But the chief attraction of the spot, in local point of view, was a lovely little lake sunk like a shining mirror in the plain of the mountain—a sort of wayside resting-place for streams that trickled down from heights above,

and found a tortuous, winding outlet through the rocky passes below.

Charmed by the beauty of curiously-tinted leaf, of delicately-veined pebble, of brilliantly-dyed bush, of emerald tuft of moss and of gorgeous autumn flower, we wandered on, exclaiming at each new wonder until, all of a sudden, we came upon some fishing-boats stranded in a sheltered cove, and, clapping our hands gaily, declared that now we must have a sail! before all things a sail! and wouldn't a sail be so delightful! splendid! jolly! just gay!

With an affection of nautical wisdom, the gentlemen overlooked the weather-beaten, disused craft, pronouncing only one of the boats seaworthy, and into that, with Russel as oarsman, two or three of us had scrambled, when Nell came along and hailing us with "ship ahoy!" stood looking at us a moment, critically and questioningly.

"Jump in, messmate," called Russel, heartily, nodding invitingly to her.

"So I will: the boat is not sufficiently manned," said she, obeying his order and seating herself at one of the oars.

At the first plunge of the old canoe in the water we all screamed with fright, and began to jump about, catching hold of Russel and begging him to put us back on shore; but commanding us sternly, on peril of our lives, to sit still, he rowed stoutly out toward the middle of the lake, and having got accustomed to the motion of the crazy craft, we yielded ourselves to the fullest enjoyment of the situation, laughing and chatting merrily, and watching the sweep of the uplifting and descending paddles.

"Our oars keep perfect time, Miss Nell, and our ship 'walks the water like a thing of life,'" said Russel, coming out of a long silence, in which he had been furtively watching the graceful play of her arm. "I had expected that we should work at cross purposes and make our voyage in a circle, but see, we are shooting straight as an arrow to the other shore. Truly, now, it seems that we might even take the trip of life in the same boat and make a smooth passage, but it is only left for me to say 'Barkis is willin'."

Nell, seeming not to have heard, suddenly rested her hand upon the oar and sat staring down into the bottom of the boat, over which our voluminous skirts were spread, her eyes widening and her face paling, as though with apprehension of danger.

All at once she slipped, with a quiet movement, out of her place, gave her oar to Russel, snatched off her little felt hat, and bending down began to scoop up the water which we saw with dismay, as we gathered up our skirts, had risen over our feet.

With wild shrieks of terror, we all three sprang up in a body, nearly upsetting the rocking vessel by the violence of our action, and laying hold of Russel, cried out all together:

"Oh, mercy! mercy! Mr. Russel, the boat has sprung a-leak! Save us! Save us!"

"Oh! oh, dear! oh, dear, Mr. Russel, we shall all be drowned!"

"Oh-h! oh! what shall we do? what shall we do? Mr. Russel! Mr. Russel! Oh, dear! Oh! There, we're going! Save us! Oh, Mr. Russel!"

The gentleman, so besieged, made a desperate effort to free himself from the clasping arms of beauty that threatened to drag him into the ravening jaws of death.

"For Heaven's sake, ladies, sit down!" he commanded, sternly, shaking us off and tugging desperately at the oars. "Unless you can keep quiet, we shall go the bottom as surely as pebbles sink!"

And Nell, rising up with a white, determined face, pushed us back into our seats, and tearing off her scarf, twisted it lightly, and thrust it firmly down at a point in the boat where the water gurgled up with a soft, malicious purr that made us shudder and gasp with dread.

Being forbidden to move as we valued our lives, we did make out to sit still, but we vented our excited feelings in wringing of hands, and crying: "Oh, dear, we shall all be drowned!" and, "Oh, Mr. Russel, what shall we do?" while Nell continued silently to ladle out water with that wonderful hat of hers, and Russel, with great drops of perspiration starting from his stern, set face, paddled with all his might for the nearest point of shore, toward which the rest of the party, seeing that something was wrong, were running with anxious yet cheering shouts.

Still, with all these desperate efforts, the boat was surely sinking, and at every sudden lurch the water dipped over the sides, adding to the stock which Nell was steadily striving to lessen.

"It's no use," said she, finally, pausing an instant in her labor.

Whereupon we screamed afresh: "Oh, what shall we do?"

"How far are we from the shore, Mr. Russel?" questioned Nell, calmly.

"Perhaps a hundred yards," he answered, with a backward glance and a sweep of the oars that was meant to make us at least ninety-nine.

"Can you carry double?" was the next mysterious and whimsical query.

"Yes, but not treble and quadruple," Russel returned, with a grim smile.

"No need of that," Nell said, cheerily. "I am equal to the care and burden of one."

"Can you swim, Miss Nell?" Russel asked, with a look of surprise and relief breaking like a gleam of sunshine through the clouds that had darkened his face.

"Like a dolphin," she responded, brightly, as though rejoicing in the prospect of plunging in her native element.

"It will have to be done," Russel said, rising up with a grim countenance and pulling off his coat.

The boat sunk quite to a level with the water as he moved, and we all screamed with terror at the awful prospect before us, reaching out our hands to him in pitiable weakness and despair.

Nell seized bravely hold of me.

"Now, Kitty Tracy," she said, binding me to to her with the heavy silken sash that I wore, and which for once had a use, "keep your mouth shut, my dear, and breathe only when I bring your head above water; and if you struggle or drag me, remember, I will loosen this knot and let you go the bottom as sure as I'm a live woman."

And we slid over into the cold flood at the same moment that Russel, with similar orders, plunged in with a pallid and draggled girl lashed by Nell's useful scarf to either side.

I kept my consciousness and tried to heed my preserver's counsel, but it seemed as if a whole eternity had gone over us before our feet touched the sandy bottom and we were dragged, half fainting, to the shore, by sympathetic friends, who had also rushed to the assistance of Russel and the others.

We were, of course, in a most deplorable condition, and, with the exception of Nell and Russel, so completely fettered by our wet, clinging, trailing garments that we

could not have moved even had we summoned strength and courage to try. But our helpful comrades did the best they could for us; and the more thoughtful having brought along a goodly supply of shawls and waterproofs, we were warmly wrapped up and conveyed to the carriages, and with a fresh accession of robes and afghans, made as comfortable as possible, under the circumstances, for our rapid drive home. Arrived there, wetter if not wiser women, we were satisfied to be put to bed with warm flannels and hot teas; but Nell went off into a series of the most extraordinary exercises, and dropped to rest glowing, happy, and, as she said, deliciously tired.

Next morning we heard her up and singing about the house as gay as a lark; and when, late in the forenoon, I—first of the invalids to rise—crept down into the parlor and curled up with the poodle on the sofa, she was reading industriously, and looking as bright, fresh, cheery and purposeful as though yesterday's adventure had been the rarest and most exhilarating sport.

I had only just got comfortably established, and ready to drop again into dreamy slumber, when Russel came in, and, not noticing me, or thinking me asleep, or perhaps not thinking of me at all, went over to Nell, and falling down on his knees, reverently kissed her hand.

"Brave, beautiful woman," he said, "let me worship you!"

"Why, I have no gifts to bestow," she answered, with pointed sarcasm.

"We worship with thanks for blessings received as well as with pleadings for mercies desired," he said, reproachfully. "Do you know that it was the inspiration of your heroic courage and cheerfulness yesterday that nerved me to the performance of my duty, and sustained me under circumstances, that put my boasted chivalry and manhood to severest tests? Do you know that if you had not been just the brave, grand, noble and unselfish woman you are, there would have been in this house to-day wailing and weeping over the dead instead of laughter and rejoicing over the living? And yet you sit here quiet, smiling, unfitted and unhonored, as though you were resting on the most common-place labor in the world."

"Well, so. A woman does not care to be fêted and honored for uncommon performances, when the million ordinary everyday efforts and sacrifices of her life are unrecognized and unappreciated," she said.

"I do not believe a woman like you can do anything 'ordinary,'" Russel affirmed, with a fervor that went beyond mere gallantry. "The nobility and grandeur of your character glorifies every action, and lifts it above the trivial and common place, however simple it may be. Under your influence, it seems to me, a man might always be heroic, and feel inspired to splendid deeds."

"Do you think so?" Nell queried, doubtfully. "That is because you are wrought up by yesterday's excitement to a pitch of enthusiasm above the level of your common thoughts, aspirations and impulses. When you have had time to cool off, and your tensely strung nerves are quieted down, and narcotized by your day's usual allowance of wine and cigars; when you have talked over the affair with your club-fellows, and looked on the vulgar and comical side of it; when this icy pinnacle from which you take observations this morning is melted down into the dirty slush of your daily walk, I might put forth all my powers of persuasion, and fail to win you from a single vicious habit, or to make other impressions on you than that of an exacting and unsympathetic shrew, who

would rob you of your pleasures, and fill your life with struggles and sacrifices."

"Try me," he said, earnestly.

"No; I have no ambition to prove my weakness, nor test the strength of your resolutions," she answered.

"Swear me," he urged. "I will do everything you shall ask."

"No," she said, "I do not want to hurt myself on the jagged points of broken oaths. Make covenant with your manhood. Exact of and answer to yourself. Be noble and true from inbred principle, and not from extorted promise. A man who refrains from evil because a woman asks it, will yield another time because she is indifferent or invites it. It is purpose, Mr. Russel, and not pliability, that wins in the battle, and bears off the triumphs of life."

There was a flutter and a shuffle outside the door just then, and Russel arose from his unsatisfactory "worship," and turned around to meet and greet the languid girl, who fell upon him at once with tears and blessings as their "preserver" and deliverer. "I think their soft gratitude, and devouring admiration, and tender flatteries, were infinitely sweet and soothing after his close buffeting with Nell's glacial points; and musing with my face to the wall, I came to the conclusion that, after all, for everyday wear, men like our type of woman best, because we take them as they are, and are glad to get them so, without too much cavilling and questioning as to things done or undone; and further, that women of Nell's pattern are in fearful danger of being old maids. And this, if you find no better, may be the moral of my tale.

THE GENTLEMAN.

EVERY man may be a gentleman if he will—not by getting rich, or by gaining access to that self-appointed social guild that claims the exclusive right to give the badge of gentility—but by the cultivation of those unselfish, kind and noble impulses that make the gentle man. It is too rarely that we find among those who vote themselves the gentlemen and ladies of the day, anything to warrant their assumption. There is but little of the true metal about them. Personal contact reveals arrogance and pride; and too often a meanness of spirit, and a littleness that disgraces human nature.

So far as our observation goes—and it covers many years of contact with high and low, rich and poor—we are constrained to say, that, while among the poorer classes there is, as a general thing, a sad lack of external culture—of attention to little personal habits that are not agreeable to others, and which ought to be corrected—there is, really, in the lower and middle ranks of society, so called, quite as many true gentlemen and ladies as among those who claim the exclusive right to these honorable designations.

The apprentice and the errand boy; the man who digs a ditch or carries a hod; the mechanic and the artisan; the shop-girl, the seamstress, the cook and the waiter, may be as truly gentlemen and ladies as the richest and most cultivated in the land. The qualities that make the lady and gentleman are qualities of the soul, and there is no monopoly or exclusive right to these.

Reader, no matter what your condition in life, resolve to be a gentleman or a lady. Cultivate not only the external amenities and grace of true gentility, but the inner graces that give these outer signs their glory and their strength.

WINDOW-CURTAINS.*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXII.

"SPEAK, man!"

I had continued to move, or, rather, stagger back until I stood leaning against one of the houses, strength having gone suddenly out of me.

"Speak! What's the matter? What's the meaning of all this?" cried Baldwin, as he laid his hand on me again. "You start like a guilty thief!"

The word "thief," coming from him, threw a wave of anger across my feelings. I was partially self-poised again in a moment.

"Oh! it's you," said I, in a tone that but half concealed the relief of mind I experienced. A vague terror had seized me as I felt a hand laid suddenly on my arm. The guilty flee when no man pursueth.

"Yes, it's me. But what's the matter? Nothing wrong, I hope." His voice betrayed anxiety.

"I wish I could say so," I replied.

"What's wrong?" he demanded, in a startled voice.

"Garnish is at the bank," said I.

"At the bank! Now? To-night?"

"Yes."

"What is he doing there?"

"Waiting for me to bring him the keys of the vault."

"What for?"

"In order that he may, and before to-morrow morning, see for himself, how the bank stands. He proposes that he and I spend the night there in a thorough examination of the accounts and assets."

It was several moments before Baldwin replied. I hardly recognized his voice when he said: "Do you intend meeting him, and going through this farce of an examination?"

"I have not yet decided. The thing has come on me too suddenly. There is no chance to turn myself," I replied, groping darkly in my thoughts.

"How long has he been waiting for you?" asked my companion.

"Over half an hour. I pretended to go for the keys, though I had them in my pocket. I wanted time to think."

"Where are the bonds and securities of the bank usually kept?"

"With the money in the inner vault."

"And the account-books in the outer vault?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Open the vault, and take out the books. Call his attention to these first. Let him examine to his heart's content. You can easily mystify him, and make him see what isn't to be seen, if you have your wits about you. Keep him at this work as long as possible. If he doesn't ask to see the securities, the wool may still be kept over his eyes. If he does ask to see them, pretend that you did not bring the keys of the inner vault, thinking he only wanted to examine the books. It will be too late, then, to go for them. Come to my house the moment you get free from him. I shall be up waiting for you."

I hurried back to the bank. It was now past nine o'clock.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"What kept you so long?" Garnish asked, with unusual impatience of manner.

"It always seems longer to those who wait than to those who walk," I replied, affecting a lightness of tone that in no way accorded with my feelings. He looked at me sharply.

I opened the vault and brought out the books we needed in our work of getting at the condition of the bank. First, the assets were summed up—bills receivable, coin and currency on hand, indebtedness from other banks, and the collaterals we held (or were supposed to hold) as security for special loans. Next came our liabilities, in the shape of deposits, post-notes and demand-notes in circulation, indebtedness to other banks, etc., etc. The figures were by no means reassuring. We had on deposit over five hundred thousand dollars, a large proportion of it the savings of the poor. Our circulation, including post-notes, reached the large sum of eight hundred thousand dollars, nearly one-half of which was in post-notes. Against this our assets showed two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in bills receivable, thirty thousand in coin, thirty thousand in the bills of other banks and about nine hundred thousand in various securities, bonds, stocks and mortgages on real estate. In other words, we had sixty thousand dollars in available funds, to meet our deposits and circulation, which, excepting the post-notes that were maturing every day, showed an aggregate of over eight hundred thousand dollars.

This was the actual condition of affairs; but not so did Mr. Garnish see it. I was too skilled in the part I was now playing to let all this appear to him. In the beginning of our examination, he was very particular about adding up and taking off figures for himself, and verifying everything as we went along. But his head soon got weary and confused. I was quick to see this, and at once began to mislead him. I found it easier to do so than I had expected. In his absorption in the work, I noticed that the air of suspicion and doubt at first exhibited was gradually dying away, and his manner toward me taking on the old, familiar confidence; and at the end, when I laid the result before him, he was almost himself again.

"Better than I had hoped for," he said, almost cheerily; "but," he added, his graver manner returning, "we are safe only so long as we can hold the public confidence. Should that fail, through any cause, we are gone. We could not sustain ourselves against a run for twenty-four hours."

If he had said a single hour, he would have been nearer the truth. As he understood the situation, our bill circulation was less than three hundred thousand dollars, and our liability for maturing post-notes not over a hundred and fifty thousand; when the truth was, that the circulation was four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the post-note account nearly as much more. Of these post-notes, over two hundred thousand dollars had been used by me.

There was not a line of figures in the result I laid before our president that told the truth. He studied it for some time, evidently in great relief of mind.

"You are sure all this is right?" he said, turning his eyes upon me with, as I imagined, a flash of suspicion.

"Right, unless figures lie," was my steady answer.

"If," I added, "there is any part of this exhibit about which you have any question, we will go over it again, and verify every figure."

He did not take me at my word.

"And now," he said, "we will look over the securities and see that they are all right."

My heart gave a quick bound, and then went on beating heavily. Turning from the desk where I had been standing, I went to the vault, fumbling in my pockets as I did so. Taking out a key, I rattled it against the door of the inner chamber of the vault, and spent a few moments pretending to make an entrance. At last, with an expression of disappointment, I came out of the vault, and examined the key by the gas-light.

"Strange!" said I, as if speaking to myself. "It can't be possible that I failed to get the right key."

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Garnish.

"I'm afraid I've brought the wrong key."

"I hope not," he replied, in evident disappointment.

I went back again into the vault and made another trial, but with no better success. Coming out, I said, with well-assumed sincerity: "I am very sorry, Mr. Garnish, but I haven't the right key. If you will wait here, I will go home for it; that is if you are particular about looking over the securities to-night. They are all safe, I can assure you; as you will find in the morning." The great town clock pealed out the hour of twelve.

"To-morrow will do," said Mr. Garnish. "I didn't think it was so late. Be here at eight in the morning."

I found Baldwin waiting for me. We had agreed upon a signal, so that I did not have to ring the bell. We passed quietly into his library, and he shut the doors. His movements were slow, and he had lost all marks of agitation.

"What's the result?" he asked, as he took a chair in front of the one in which he had seated me. There was no eagerness in his manner; but I could see that he was under strong repression.

"We have a breathing spell until to-morrow morning," I replied. "Then Garnish must see the securities."

"He'll have wonderfully sharp eyes!" Baldwin returned, with a grim smile.

A shiver, that I could not repress, ran along my nerves.

After I had given a minute relation of all that occurred at the bank, Baldwin sat, with closely knit brows, thinking for a good while.

"A bad business; and I don't see the way out of it," he remarked at length, gloomily. "It's only a breathing spell, as you say. To-morrow morning all will be known; and then—"

What then? The shiver went deeper. My heart felt like lead. It was as if I had suddenly gone down into a pit.

Baldwin drew out his watch and looked at it, his eyes resting for some time on the dial.

"Half past twelve." He spoke like one thinking aloud. "Too little time," he went on in the same musing way. "Too little time. Melchor!" Voice and manner changed instantly. He drew himself up, almost trembling with excitement. "Melchor! it won't do to falter and hesitate now! You stand on the edge of a frightful precipice! A step forward, and you will be dashed to ruin!"

My heart stood still. A cold wind seemed to sweep through the room, and press against my forehead like the touch of a clammy hand.

"To-morrow morning will be too late," Baldwin continued. "You must make your decision to-night."

My decision! What decision? My brain was in a confused whirl.

"Before the bank opens to-morrow morning, Garnish will know all. What then?"

Ah, yes! What then? Out of the darkness and confusion into which I had fallen, an answer to this question began to take form. I saw myself in the attitude of a discovered defaulter and criminal, confronted with the law and in the grasp of its un pitying hand. The howl of a cheated and incensed community was in my ears. I started from my chair in the terror of one who feels a strong impulse to fly. A white face gleamed upon my sight like a spectre. It was a reflection of my own, cast back from a mirror; but I did not know it—so changed, and ashen, and ghastly!

"You must be calm, Melchor," said Baldwin. "If you lose your head, it's all over with you. Sit down. And now let me ask you a question."

I sank back into the chair from which I had risen.

"Have you any hold on Garnish? Is he in any way mixed up in transactions that he dare not have come to light?"

"He has borrowed heavily of the bank, as you know," I replied. "But for every dollar he has left security, such as it is."

"A cunning old fox, and not to be caught. No hope in him, I fear."

"None whatever," I replied.

"Then it will be madness for you to meet him at the bank to-morrow morning. It hurts me to say this, Melchor, but we must look the truth in the face. We may call your removal of the bank's securities 'borrowing,' but the public and the law will call it 'theft.' To go to the bank to-morrow morning is to go to prison. I say it sorrowfully; but to say less would not be to act the part of a friend."

I sat shrinking in my chair, feeling the weight of a vast mountain crushing down upon me. I tried to answer, but my tongue would not move. I was paralyzed for many moments. And so the great retribution, the day so long dreaded, had come at last. Its steadily advancing shadow had been on my path for years. I had seen its sure approach, and knew in my heart that sooner or later it would find me out. Every desperate expedient by which I had sought to keep it afar off, only made more desperate expedients necessary, thus increasing my peril, and making disaster hopeless whenever it came.

"Come! Rouse yourself!" Baldwin said, his voice growing imperative. "This is no time for weak hesitation. You must act, and that quickly."

"Act! How? What?" I tried to rally myself.

"Act like a man, and not like a foolish woman," he replied, almost angrily. "If you are in the city to-morrow, you will be under arrest as a criminal before twelve o'clock. Are you ready for that?"

"O Baldwin! Arrest! A criminal!"

"That will be as you choose to have it. The other alternative is flight. At ten o'clock to-morrow, when the bank opens, you may, if you will, have two or three hundred miles between you and immediate danger."

I saw it all clearly enough. My coward heart said, "Fly."

"Where can I go?" I asked, helplessly.

"Anywhere to get out of sight until the storm blows over," replied Baldwin. "Run over into Canada. That will be safest."

"But what is to become of my wife and daughter? O Baldwin! This is awful!"

"It is bad enough, I know; but there is no use in

fretting over it. When a man sees an avalanche moving, he's a fool to think of anything but his own safety. You can't do much for your wife and child inside of a penitentiary. Keep that in mind. Your best way to take care of them is to take care of yourself; and there is only one way to do that now."

"But I have nothing to go upon. Not a hundred dollars out of bank. If I could have had a few days for preparation."

"It's very unfortunate; but necessity knows no law, and time is passing." He drew out his watch. "The first train leaves at five o'clock. Only a few hours left. You must decide quickly. I can let you have five hundred dollars." He took out his pocket-book. "That is all you will need until things get settled. As for your family, I will see to them."

I felt the force of Baldwin's figure of speech; the avalanche was moving and I dared not wait.

It was past two o'clock when I stole noiselessly into my own home. I found Marion asleep. The agony I suffered no words can describe. It was awful. I sat down by the bed on which she lay and looked into her quiet face. How calm and peaceful it was! All the love I had felt for her in earlier and better days—days of innocence and unworldliness—came back like a flood upon my soul. I bent above her, trembling with excess of tenderness. It was only by the most resolute self-repression that I could keep from gathering her into my arms and clasping her wildly to my heart.

To what sorrow, and shame, and agony, must she not in a few brief hours awake; and I would be afar off—a fugitive—and unable to speak an assuring word, or to stand between her and the flood of disgrace and disaster that would sweep down upon her and bear away the house we had builded upon the sand!

O death! how welcome would your ghastly face have been at that moment.

"If I could lie down beside you and die," I said in my anguish. "If we could both sleep the sleep that has no waking, how gladly would I accept this way of escape."

Then there rushed into my soul a dark and deadly impulse. In a moment I could escape, and bear with me the wife I loved. A pistol shot, and all would be over. No bloodhound of the law could track my way; no shock of disgrace and disaster bruise and crush the heart of her who lay so calm and unconscious before me. She would feel no pang. There would be neither fear nor pain. It would all be over in an instant.

"Better so! Better so! a thousand times!" I said to myself, while the fiend held my thought and purpose to a single point.

"Poor, poor Marion! To this at last!" I said, bitterly, as I moved back from the bed, shutting my eyes so that I could shut away her face.

Noiselessly I went down-stairs and entered the room I called my library. Unlocking a secretary, I took out a revolver. It was loaded. For a moment or two I grasped the murderous thing; then it dropped from my nerveless hand and fell upon the floor. No, no, that was impossible! Poor Marion!

Murder! Suicide! An appalling sense of the crimes I had meditated came over me. My knees shook; the sweat stood in beads on my forehead; I became weak and nerveless, sinking down upon a chair.

I did not go back again to our bed-room. I had not the courage to look on Marion's face again. Shutting the doors of the library, so that no sound I might make could

issue therefrom, I spent the next two hours in destroying papers and writing letters. One of these was to my wife, in which I told her the story of my "misfortunes" in as guarded terms as I could use. What was simple stealing on my part, I called a temporary use of securities, which I meant to replace. In the strongest terms I asserted my innocence of any purpose to do wrong. I had been imprudent, but not criminal. "You must believe this, dear Marion!" I said. "It would kill me if you lost faith in me."

Then I advised her to sell our horses immediately, and to send the best and most valuable portion of our furniture to auction. "Turn all you can into money and shrink out of sight as quickly as possible," I wrote. "Act promptly, my dear wife!" I urged, "and before the vultures have time to pounce down and take everything out of your hands. It may be that you will not hear from me for months. I go I know not whither. The hounds will be after me, and I must get beyond their reach."

At four o'clock, without another look at the face of my wife and child, I went out from my home, a fugitive.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In disguise, and at a safe distance, I read the story of my dishonor and disgrace. The bank closed its doors on the day I fled; and the whole responsibility of the failure was laid to my charge. There was scarcely an epithet in the vocabulary of crime that was not heaped upon my name. I was a "thief," a "wicked despoiler of the widow and orphan," a "black-hearted villain who had robbed the poor." The police, it was said, were on my track, and hard after me. It was stated that I had carried off fifty thousand dollars of the bank's cash, besides over half a million of its securities. The papers teemed with accounts of my extravagance. My two horses were magnified into a stud; my wife's diamonds valued at thousands of dollars; and my style of living designated as almost princely!

One paper gave a history of my career. There was enough of truth in it to give the whole an element of credence. It opened the narrative by calling me a shrewd and cunning adventurer, with a singular power of winning the confidence of unsuspecting people; and then proceeded: "A gentleman who knows all about him, says, that, when a clerk in a large mercantile firm, he was detected in certain transactions that were hushed up and compromised, on his making restitution; but not before a life was sacrificed. If we could tell the story of this sacrifice, every heart in the community would burn with indignation; but there is a widow and orphan children in the case, and on their account we must be silent."

"Had this firm," the narrative went on, "been just to the community, so great a disaster as that which has just fallen would have been prevented. Every member of that firm knew Melchor to be a shrewd and unscrupulous villain, and yet saw him leave their service and take the responsible position of treasurer in The Tradesman's and Mechanic's Savings Fund, without a word of warning. Indeed, if we are not misinformed, one of the members of that firm is, or was, a director in the bank, and known to be on intimate terms with the late treasurer."

"Melchor was always disposed to be a fast man, and always lived ahead of his income. When a clerk, on a small salary, he furnished on credit, it is said, beyond his means, and when the bills came due, paid them. He had

no duns—not he! Didn't like the tribe! His taste for fine furniture and extravagant living grew as the means for a larger gratification came into his hands; and of late years he has dashed considerably—on other people's money, of course; the money of widows, and orphans, and hard-working mechanics, with whom his name will hereafter be a synonym for all rascality."

And all this my wife and daughter would read in sorrow and shame! I, a fugitive and afar off, with the hunters in pursuit; they, in the midst of a wild storm of indignation, cast down utterly, helpless in their distress, paralyzed by the sudden shock that had fallen like a bolt from a sunny sky. No one to counsel them; no one to speak an assuring word; no one to contradict the foul aspersions cast upon the name of husband and father. There were moments when I repented of the weakness that had held me back from the fatal remedy of murder and suicide. "The dead care not!" I said to myself, bitterly. "The crowd may seethe, and rage, and excrete; but the dead have deaf ears! It is nothing to them."

In all that I read of the affairs of the bank, nothing was said of the "ring" operations, and its use of the funds and securities I had abstracted. So far as Baldwin and his associates were concerned, not a scrap of evidence appeared against them in the accounts of the bank. I had been the secret and silent agent; and they were shrewder and more far-seeing than their tool. I was now the scapegoat, fleeing to the wilderness, homeless and friendless. They had the property of the bank, and, unless I were arrested and brought back to the city, suspicion would hardly lie against them. In this property, or rather the wide range of investments made therewith, I had a proportionate interest, but not in legal form. For prudential reasons, understood among ourselves, my name never appeared in any of the "ring's" extensive operations. Only in honor had I any rights. "In honor!" I have heard of the honor of thieves, but from my own experience do not hold it in high regard.

The bank never opened its doors again. Its failure created great public excitement and alarm, and a run was made on all the banks in the city, which was kept up for several days, resulting in the suspension of four or five institutions, and the loss of several millions of dollars to the community. A number of serious defalcations were discovered, and more than one cashier or teller followed my example, and sought escape from prison and criminal prosecution in flight. Millions more were lost through a sudden depreciation in stocks, and the failure of merchants and brokers. For a short time it looked as if a great panic and commercial crisis were imminent. But in a few weeks all passed over, and confidence was restored.

The police did not find me. How vigorous the search they made, I never learned. I have my own ideas about the matter. I do not think the leading men in the board of directors—not even the president himself—were particularly anxious to have me arrested and brought to justice. As a scapegoat, I was of more use to them than as a victim. They could make a great show of trying to find me, in order to satisfy public clamor, and yet leave the best means of doing so unused. If I were brought back, and a searching inquisition made into my disposition of the bank's securities, facts must necessarily come out that would implicate some of them very unpleasantly. They could manage things better with their miserable

tool afar off; and so I was not pursued with any vigor, if pursued at all.

For weeks and months I remained in hiding, not getting a single word or sign from home. I dared not write, for fear a letter passing through the post-office might betray me. I dared not return, even in disguise, lest some one should penetrate my disguise. What had become of my unhappy wife and daughter? I was in the most agonized suspense. All the while my heart ached for them with a deep, sickening pain. Night after night I would lie awake, imagination crowded with all sorts of wild, sad, mournful and distressing fancies. Their anguish of uncertainty in regard to me; their bitter shame and sense of humiliation at my wrongs and crimes; their hopeless fall from the social level to which I had lifted them; all, and more than this, haunted my thoughts continually.

At last I grew desperate. Four months had dragged their weary days along, and I was getting half beside myself with suspense and anxiety. The money I had taken with me had rapidly wasted away, and ere long I would be without a dollar in my pocket.

About this time a city paper fell into my hands. I had not seen one for many weeks. My first anxious look was at the list of deaths. No familiar name met my gaze, and with a feeling of relief I turned to the news and reading columns. As I did so, my eyes rested on the name of "Howard Martindale." It was in the local column, and occurred in an article which read:

"We note with pleasure the removal of Mr. Howard Martindale into his new and handsome store, No. 438 — Street, where his many customers will find a choice stock of goods. From a small beginning, Mr. Martindale's business has steadily increased, until he is now forced to seek more extended quarters. It is the healthy growth of a little over ten years, and is the result of prudence, economy and industry. The recent failure of Peter Lark & Co., whose large stock of goods is to be sacrificed at sheriff's sale this week, stands in striking contrast with Mr. Martindale's success. Mr. Lark and Mr. Martindale commenced business about the same time; the one with considerable show and prestige, the other in a small, quiet way. People could not see much promise in Martindale's venture. He didn't show the vim and dash, the push and energy, needed for a success in our time. His style of doing business might answer forty or fifty years ago, but wouldn't give salt to his porridge now. So the talk went. As for Lark, he was a representative young man, who had caught the spirit of our progressive age, and was bound to take his place among the merchant princes of the future.

"Ten years are generally long enough to test a man's theories of business, and to give him success or failure. They have tested those of Howard Martindale and Peter Lark, and the result is seen. Let young men who are about starting in life for themselves, take profit from the lesson. Better patience, economy and self-denial for a few years, and assured success at the end, than dash and extravagance and the failure that is almost sure to come."

An invisible hand turned back to a long-shut page in my book of memory. I stood talking with Martindale about his future, and heard again his calm but earnest expressions of faith in the right. His very words, that I had scarcely heeded then, stood out clearly remembered now: "Whoever builds on any other foundation, builds on sand."

How literally had the prophecy been fulfilled in my own case! In my argument in favor of utter selfishness, of grasping and greed in business, as the only hope of success, he had replied: "No wall is good, no foundation safe, if a single stone be lain in wrong to the neighbor. We might almost as well build castles in the air and hope to dwell in them safely, as build our worldly fortunes out of material gained by injustice or violence."

I scarcely heeded the utterance then. Now I saw its retributive force. I stood a living witness of its verity.

"Slow and sure is better than fast and dangerous." It was a dull platitude coming from Martindale's lips ten or twelve years before; but a living truth now, repeating itself in my thoughts—but, alas, too late!

"It is because men are so eager to get rich in a short time that they lose their integrity."

One after another snatches of that conversation came back to me with a power of rebuke and conviction most vivid and painful. I had argued still for the reckless and dishonest side, prophesying failure if he were foolish enough to venture into business with the Golden Rule for his guide. His answer, uttered with a light of sweet confidence in his face, made a strong impression on me at the time. If I could only have taken heed! But my feet had already gone astray; and it is easier to take two steps forward than one backward.

"If, keeping the golden precept always in view," he returned, "I am just in dealing with my fellow-men, I have no fear for the result. He who rules in human affairs will see that I am prospered in the degree that is best for me; and if I know my own heart, I desire no greater prosperity—for that would prove a curse and not a blessing. I think," he added, impressively, "that I shall be safer in God's hands, doing right, than in my own hands, trusting to human prudence and foresight, doing wrong. He is wiser, better and more powerful than I am. He is the great Disposer; and if I obey Him, if I keep His laws, shall I not dwell in safety? Will not my lines be cast in pleasant places? Will He not give me all the good things I can use without hurt to my soul? I am as sure of this, Hiram, as that I have life."

It was all plain to me now. How blindly I had walked! I lifted the paper again, and let my eyes run along its columns.

"FAILURE OF A LARGE JOBBING HOUSE." The caption arrested my attention. I read: "The mercantile community were startled a few days ago by the announcement of a failure in — street. It was that of the large jobbing house of Link, Royal & Co. It is now said that the failure is going to be a very bad one, and far worse than at first anticipated. A junior member of the firm, it is alleged, has been engaged in stock and other speculations on his own account, using the funds and credit of the firm to a very large extent. It is also said that he has disappeared."

"Baldwin!" The name dropped involuntarily from my lips. I let the paper fall from before my face, and sat motionless in a kind of dumb surprise. How strangely was time, or fate, or providence, call it what I would, compassing retribution!

(To be concluded in next number.)

TO ALL men, and at all times, the best friend is virtue; and the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

GOOD TEMPER.

THE comfort and value of good temper are things not so often taken into account as they should be. The *Scientific American* calls good temper the great moral lubricator, which makes everything in human life run without friction. As soon as this is exhausted, the journals of the human machine begin to heat, and wear, and screech, and the entire mechanism becomes noisy and ruinously wasteful of power. So admirably expressed is an article on this subject in the paper we have named, that we transfer it to our columns:

"The horse that frets is the horse that sweats," is an old saying of horsemen, and it is just as true of men as of horses. The man that allows himself to get irritated at every little thing that goes amiss in his business, or in the ordinary affairs of life, is a man that, as a rule, will accomplish little and wear out early. He is a man for whom bile and dyspepsia have a particular fondness, and for whom children have a particular aversion. He is a man with a perpetual thorn in his flesh, which pricks and wounds at the slightest movement; a man for whom life has little pleasure, and the future small hope.

"To 'keep jolly' under all provocations is perhaps a task which only Dickens's Mark Tapley could perform. We never have met Mark Tapley in our experience of human nature, but we have seen him closely approximated; and it would be well if people in general could approach more nearly that inimitable character.

"In all the phases, emergencies and occupations of human life, good temper is a commodity for which there is great demand; but in those which bring an individual into daily contact with many others, it is perhaps in greatest demand and most limited supply.

"To foremen in shops, and superintendents of large manufacturing establishments, good temper is a most valuable qualification. Indeed, this article was suggested by a notable want of good temper, in the treatment of subordinates, by a foreman in an establishment recently visited by us. It was evident that this establishment was pervaded by a spirit of revolt, begotten by the brow-beating, insolent language and manner of the foreman. The men were sulky and obstinate, being undoubtedly rendered unmanageable and restless by the total disregard of amenity in the man placed over them. Surely, thought we, whatever skill in his profession this man might possess, it was dearly purchased at the expense of willing service on the part of the workmen.

"When, from any cause, a man is forced to add to his physical toil the burden of a discontented mind, he will neither do as much nor as good work as when his heart is light and his mind easy.

"It requires more than technical knowledge and skill to make a good foreman. The power to manage and control men is an essential, which can never be found apart from good nature. Of course, we do not mean that sort of 'good nature' which results from want of firmness, but that broad, wholesome, breezy heartiness that feels good itself, and loves to have others feel good, and which shows itself as much in rebuke as in praise."

GREAT works are performed not by strength but by perseverance.

WE owe the greatest debt of gratitude to those who tell us the truth.

DEACON GRIFFITH'S SON.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY SARAH HART.

IT was Sabbath afternoon. Deacon Griffith and his wife sat reading in their comfortable arm-chairs. The deacon's feet were elevated on the back of the sofa, and he was deep in the columns of the weekly newspaper. His son, a lad of about ten years of age, shuffled about the room or lounged on the floor, but betrayed in every action a nervous restlessness. Soon a merry whistle escaped him; but it was instantly hushed by his father, in a stern voice.

"Do you know it is Sunday, sir? Go and sit down and keep still!"

"I can't," answered the lad.

"Such a pest as you are, any way," said his father.

"Why are you so restless, Charlie?" asked his mother, with a frown, as she looked up from the magazine which she was reading. "You annoy me almost to death with your restlessness and everlasting questions."

"Well, I can't have my playthings, nor hammer, nor do anything, because it's Sunday. I hate Sundays," said the boy.

"That's because you're a boy, and don't like anything but making a noise," said his mother. "Why don't you take a book and sit down and read?"

"I hate books, too, only in school. That's the place for books," answered the boy, pettishly.

Both parents resumed their reading.

"Let's all take a walk," said Charlie, after what seemed to him a very long silence.

No answer. Another silence.

"May I take a walk? Say, father, may I?"

"Yes. Take a walk, and we shall be glad to be rid of you."

He was a handsome lad. His form was lithe and slender as a reed, his blue eyes full of fire, and his frame full of restless activity. His every motion told you of quick perceptions and keen, eager insight. Had he been anything else but that unfortunate being—an only child—he might have been less restless; for there was enough inventive genius about him to amuse a dozen little ones. But he had no such outlet for his tireless thoughts, so he worried, and teased, and asked questions of his parents until their small stock of patience being exhausted, they threw open the highway and let him walk therein.

Free to act as he pleased, Charlie Griffith stepped lively down the street.

"It was so nice to be out-doors," he said to himself. "I don't see what God made Sundays for, any way. Just for big folks to read, and smoke, and find fault with boys, I guess. If I could only have my tool-chest and tools, and just hack away, and make sleds and ships and anything else, I would just as soon have it Sunday as Saturday. But, no, I must sit still and read—how I hate books to read. They're all about those good boys who are always saving somebody's life, or getting killed for telling the truth, or dying or something of the kind."

"Hello, Charlie Griffith. Is that you? Does your mother know you're out?"

Charlie looked around, upon hearing his name called, and saw Joe Stewart.

"Where are you going?" asked Joe.

"Oh, just down here a ways," said Charlie, stopping for Joe to overtake him.

"Just out for a walk, eh? Well, so am I," said Joe. "Suppose we go together."

Joe was about three years older than Charlie, and was not just such a boy as Charlie had been taught to associate with. He played truant sometimes, and some other acts of which Charlie had heard at school, made him a suspicious character. But Charlie only gave that a passing thought, if, indeed, he thought of it at all. It suited him so much better to have company than to go alone, so he readily consented.

"Let's go down to the pond," said Joe, as they walked along. "It's real nice down there. There's lots of minnies and other fish, too."

Charlie made no objection, so to the pond they went.

It was "real nice down there," as Joe had said. A beautiful sheet of water lying quietly in a valley, its clear depths reflecting the trees and the shadows of the hills. Not a ripple disturbed its surface until the boys began amusing themselves by throwing pebbles across it. Soon tired of this, Joe suggested that they wade in, asserting that he had been in there a-swimming many a time and knew its depth, and pulling off his shoes, he waded in, urging Charlie to follow. Charlie was not loth to obey. It was new fun for him, and he relished it as one of his eager temperaments would.

"If we just had my fishing-line, we'd have some bully fun," said Joe. "This catching polywogs and wading in only ankle-deep is only baby's play."

"But you wouldn't fish on Sunday, would you?" asked Charlie.

"No; of course not," answered Joe, with pious indignation. "But we might come next Saturday."

The shadows of the hills had gone from the face of the water, and Charlie knew by the cool stillness that it was growing late, so he suggested a walk homeward.

"Say, Charlie, we've had a good time, haven't we," said Joe, as they neared Mr. Griffith's house.

"Yes. Lots nicer than staying at home in the house," answered Charlie.

"Let's go again next Sunday?" and Charlie said "Yes," quite heartily.

"Well, you've got back, have you?" said Mr. Griffith, as Charles sauntered in.

"I've had a real nice walk, too," said Charlie, his face all aglow with excitement.

There was no guile about the boy, and had his father questioned him regarding his absence, he would have told him the truth. But either he was too short-sighted or negligent to give it a thought. He only knew that he had enjoyed the luxury of a quiet house; he was not reckoning the cost.

"Charlie," said Joe, the next day, as they met at school, "you didn't blow to the commodore about yesterday, did you?"

"What do you mean?" asked Charlie.

"I mean you didn't tell your folks where we went yesterday, did you?"

"They didn't ask me," answered Charlie.

"Oh, they didn't!" said Joe, as he recalled the falsehoods he had told when interrogated by his parents, for Joe's parents made a point of always asking where he had been, but here their vigilance ended.

The next Sabbath, Charlie again gained permission to take a walk, and again Joe met him, and together they visited the pond. Joe had been careful to provide fish-hooks and lines, poles could be cut from the surrounding trees, and as soon as they reached the pond he very easily prevailed upon Charlie to try his luck at fishing. It was something new for Charlie, and after a few quails of

conscience, he entered upon the sport with a zest such as boys of that age usually do.

It would be useless to follow the boys through every Sabbath of that summer. They soon lost their relish for the pond, and found other places. The beer-garden, the bowling-alley, became familiar resorts to them. As the season advanced, the race-course became their chief delight. Here they found every excitement that their restless natures craved. The betting, the racing, the jovial company had a strong attraction for them.

Meantime Mr. and Mrs. Griffith were in total ignorance of their young son's career. They regularly attended the Sabbath morning service, and required their son to do the same, also the noon Sabbath-school. But here their duty ended. The afternoon nap was such a luxury; the sacred hours must be filled up by reading, and Charlie was so noisy, it was such a relief to have him away. So they napped and read in perfect security, while Satan, far more watchful, was laying snares for their noble boy.

So the summer slipped by, and with it much of Charlie Griffith's native frankness. The cold weather put an end to much of their Sunday recreation, but occasional stealthy visits were made to the pond during the skating season. Charles suffered most during the long, dull, winter evenings, while his father read and his mother sewed, each unconscious of the many desires and ambitions springing up in the heart of their restless boy. Desires and ambitions which, if properly directed, might have made him an ornament to society. Occasionally, Mr. and Mrs. Griffith spent the evening abroad; then Charlie had full license to do as he pleased. One evening, while alone, he spent his time in making a checker-board. His native accuracy had assisted him and the squares were as evenly laid as if coming from the practised hand and eye of a mechanic. He was proud of his work, and early the next morning hastened to show it to his father.

"Where did you ever see such things, sir?" was the stern question, and the next moment his beautiful work was consigned to the flames.

Tears filled the eyes of the boy as he answered: "I saw them at Mr. Kent's, and they all play them, too; Mr. Kent and all."

"I am surprised that Mr. Kent should allow such things about his house. But that's no matter. There shall be none about mine. I'll buy you a new book about birds and animals," added Mr. Griffith, a little more softly, as he saw the child's sorrow.

"I hate books," said Charlie, emphatically, "and I wish you wouldn't ever buy me another," and the boy went out of the room in an ungracious mood.

Five years later. Deacon Griffith sits in his warm, pleasant sitting-room in much the same attitude as when we first saw him. His wife sits quietly by, engaged in some needlework. The house is very still. No noisy, restless boy disturbs them; still, there is something indefinable in the atmosphere of the room. The deacon is nervous—his wife thoughtful, yet neither disturbs the other until the silence is broken by the town clock striking the hour of ten.

Then the deacon folds up his paper and says: "Ten o'clock, and Charlie not in. I declare, Margaret, he grows worse and worse."

With true mother-instinct she replies: "Charlie is not bad, I think, but he loves a change, and it is dull here with only himself and us."

"Himself and us! As if the house was not literally

cramped with books, some of them with the leaves still uncut."

And the deacon gets up and nervously begins pacing the floor, as his wife adds: "He never did like books. He says they're too tame for him. Keep him in the house too much."

At this the deacon sniffs and his wife sighs, as she folds by her work preparatory to retiring.

Meantime where is Charlie? The restless, active, energetic boy we knew five years before?

The town has grown much in five years; and with its growth have sprung up many of those society-blasting upas trees, that spread their poisonous breath over nearly every village and hamlet in the country. In one of the most glittering of these, stand two lads. They are watching with eager eyes the billiard-table. Coarse jests and bawdy jokes go round, and the lads catch the drift of all and join in the laugh. Presently, a man, evidently the keeper, approaches them and smilingly asks if they would not like to try their hand at the game. "They have no money," is the answer. "That need not make a bit of difference, they can learn as well without money as with," he says, at the same time urging them to take their places at some one of the tables, which they do, entering upon the game with a delight unknown to them as mere lookers-on.

"I say, Charlie, isn't this better than playing cards down in Neally's store?" said Joe, for these boys are Charlie Griffith and Joe Stewart.

"Yes, I should think it was. I wonder what time it is. They don't keep a clock here, I guess," said Charlie, looking around.

"What's the use fretting about the time?" said Joe, impatiently. "You'll be sure to catch a blessing from the gov'nor whether it's eight o'clock or ten."

"That's so," answered Charlie, as he resumed the game.

It was eleven o'clock when Charlie Griffith went in his father's yard and stealthily crept along past the sitting-room window and softly opened the door. A flood of angry words, threats and inquiries met him, which Charles met with silence.

After the storm had subsided, Charles crept moodily off to bed; and soon the entire household had retired—but not to sleep. The deacon's mind was disturbed by emotions of anger, his wife's by both anger and sorrow, while Charlie's mind was a tumult of anger, repentance, remorse and stern defiance, which set at naught his father's threatenings and warnings. But out of all this chaos there came, at last, a sense of shame and its attendant—good resolutions. "If things were not so stiff and set to rule here, I don't believe I should want to run out as I do. If I could just get rid of Joe, I would try and get used to things, and make up my mind to quit such places as I have seen to-night. If they knew all, though!" With such thoughts as these Charlie at last fell to sleep.

The next morning only intensified his sense of shame. Sometimes he thought he would make a clean breast of it, and tell his mother everything; but he was uncertain as to how he would be received. Oh, he did so long for a sister or a brother to act as mediator between him and his parents. But his good impulses vanished before the united frowns of his parents, and he kept his own counsel.

That day he diligently avoided Joe, and did not stir out of the house that evening, nor the next, nor for almost a week. He struggled hard to create a love for

the dull home and its surroundings. He used all his powers of conversation to try and draw his parents' attention to himself. But their only response was a "humph," or "do be still," until he gave up in despair, and longed with eagerness for the excitement of the corner grocery or the billiard-room. But he battled on, trying, oh, so hard, to overcome the tempter.

O father, with your parent heart! O mother, with your latent sympathies! can you not see how your boy is struggling? Can you not reach out a hand to help him?

No, they do not see. They attribute his restlessness or moody silence to an unsubdued spirit that *would* be rebellious if it *could*; and so they nap, and read, and work wholly oblivious to the strivings of that poor soul to free itself from the meshes by which it is surrounded.

So after a week of trying to break off, Charlie's good resolutions were growing very weak.

One evening as he stood by his father's gate, he saw one of his comrades approaching. He had carefully avoided all his associates during his week of repentance—a fact which they had not failed to notice. But now he stood still as a lad of about his own age came up.

"Hallo, Charlie Griffith!" said he. "Haven't seen you around for a coon's age. Where have you kept yourself?"

"At home; and a miserable, dull place it is, too," answered Charlie. "What are the fellows about?"

"Oh, they're all wondering about you. Some say your mammy's tied you up; others, that your father has bound you out to some trade. But we've been having good times this week. There's a theatre here, you know; and us fellows have slipped in free every time."

"A theatre!" said Charles, kindling with enthusiasm at once.

"Yes, come go. You look—shall I tell you what you put me in mind of when I saw you to-night?"

"What?"

"A girl in her teens kept in by the old folks, and wanting to get out the very worst way. Come on; what's the use of moping around here? Where's the gov'nor?"

"Both gone to prayer-meeting," answered Charles, referring to his parents.

A little more coaxing and bullying, and away went the last of Charlie's good resolutions.

Looking back in after years to that night, he dated his future course. Strength of purpose in all that affected right doing, failed him from this time on, until it seemed that only the power to do evil remained.

Ten years later. We look into Deacon Griffith's house again, and for the last time. The deacon sits in his arm-chair, but not in the attitude familiar to our eyes. His form is perfectly erect, as though he totally ignored the high, comfortable chair-back. His hands are clasped tightly over his knees, his stern brow is sterner than ever, and his pale, dull eyes are gazing straight before him with an expression of anguish which seeks for no pity. Only ten years older than we last saw him, and even now scarcely past his prime—but, oh, how changed! Surely something more than age has wrought this in him. Opposite him sits his wife. We cannot see her face, for it is bowed in her hands, and she is rocking to and fro in an agony of grief. Anon a cry bursts from her lips, and the burden of that cry is: "O Charlie, Charlie! If you were lying cold and stiff before me, I could bear it! But this—O Charlie, Charlie!"

And Charlie—the bright, restless, noble-hearted Charlie?

A noble ship is plowing the sea. A crest of white foam marks her track through the bounding waves. Groups of travellers dot here and there her deck; some roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, some awed into stillness by the majesty of the scene, while others, less influenced, chat gayly with their companions. Apart from the rest, and apparently indifferent alike to the grandeur of the scene and the company about him, sits a young man of less than thirty years. His hat is pulled down over his eyes, and partly hides his features. He wears no beard; and you wonder, as you look, at the beauty and fineness of his complexion. Occasionally a flash of the eye, or an impatient moving of the foot, betrays the fact that his thoughts are all-absorbing, and that there must be a tumult going on beneath that calm exterior. And well there may be, for this person is one of a gang of counterfeiters which has recently been discovered and caught in one of our cities. He has managed to escape, and is now on board the vessel a fugitive from justice, and hunted from his own country. It is for him the wail goes up from broken hearts in Deacon Griffith's home.

Oh, well for them if there comes no drop of remorse in their cup of sorrow! Oh, well for them if in their awful bereavement there comes no remembrance of the beautiful child that, full of life and gay spirits, gambled about their knees in the days gone by! Well for them if they do not recall the time when the young heart, with its ardent passions and restless longings, turned to them for bread and they gave it a stone! But the past cannot be again; and they listen now while sympathizing neighbors pray that "this dispensation" may yet be blessed to them. Then they go away from them much as if the occasion is a funeral, and the house is, oh, so still. No restless boy disturbs them, no stealthy step comes creeping past the window, no muttered words reply to threats and warnings. Yes, it is all still now, for an ocean divides the parents from their child—an ocean of crime as well as an ocean of water.

WHAT PATTIE HAD.

BY MARGE CARROL.

"WHAT all had she?" inquired Sophie Fairley. "Things nobody ever got for me, I'm certain, or she couldn't have been so happy."

"Being ill most of the time, I didn't see a very great deal of her," replied Aunt Isabel; "but she hadn't much, I guess."

"Who is it that hasn't much?" asked Mrs. Fairley, entering the room. "Not Sophie?"

"No, indeed, not Sophie. Pattie Morse, the granddaughter of Mr. Arnott, with whom I boarded before going to the Springs."

"Near Burnamsville; oh, yes. Frederick and I were there after baby Freddie died, and before Sophie was born."

"Ma, auntie says Pattie is the only child, just as I am here, and yet is always happy. She must have something I never had, to make her so. Maybe it's a big cook-stove, like Mellie Ream's."

"Whatever it is, I'm sure I should be tempted into getting it, at any cost, for the sake of seeing you always happy," returned Mrs. Fairley.

"If I could only go and find out," whined Sophie.

To her surprise and delight, her mother seized on the idea. The fact is, both parents were growing anxious about their little girl. She had been looking very pale

since the excitements of school were over, and the hot weather set in. A change was desirable, might really become a necessity, yet neither of them could, by any possibility, leave the city. Mr. Fairley on account of his business, and his wife on account of her mother being in a feeble, almost dying, condition.

It did not take them long to decide that Sophie should go, to write to Mr. Arnott, receive his answer, and see the impatient child safely started. Aunt Isabel, travelling that way, found it convenient to hand her out of the car to the stage-driver, who was Pattie's father. With auntie beside her to beguile the journey, the two hours' rail-ride was not tedious. In the stage, Sophie was seated face to face with the cunningest baby she had ever seen, and the three miles were gone over all too soon. She was not half ready to take leave of baby Robbie, who, with his parents, were bound for Burnamsville. There being no help for it, however, she allowed Mr. Morse to lift her out, which he did, and stood her beside a little girl with the roundest face she ever laid eyes on.

After reaching home, Sophie described her in this manner: "She had a knob of a nose, round cheeks, round eyes, round chin, round mouth, I declare, she was round all over!"

"Are you Pattie Morse?" she inquired of this roundling.

The ball of a head nodded. "Are you Sophie Fairley?"

"Yes. How old are you?"

"Eight going on nine."

"So am I. Will you let me see all your play-things?"

"There won't be time before dark, and, beside, grandma said we must come right away in, get our suppers and go to bed, for you'd be tired."

Alone among strangers, Sophie made the best of her disappointment, and was quite ready to retire after eating her supper of bread, milk, berries and a dainty cup-custard. Pattie crept in beside her, and was telling a wonderful story of a nest outside the window, when both fell asleep.

Sophie was awake bright and early next morning, asking Pattie what she had, as they sat together on the floor buttoning their shoes. Had she a play-room? Oh, yes, two; play-houses, she called them; one was for rainy weather, one for clear. Which should they go to first? Sophie decided on inspecting the rainy-day house, and they ran down-stairs, and out into the sweet morning air. Genuine farm-life was something Sophie Fairley knew nothing about. She gave a great gasp of delight on seeing the cows, just off from the milking, filing along the greenest of green lanes, and chickens, turkeys, geese, here, there and everywhere. She was too eager, then, to take it all in. There would be plenty of time after seeing all that the little girl beside her had to make her happy.

"Here's my rainy-day quarters," said Pattie, throwing open the door of a snug-looking tool-shed.

Sophie entered and surveyed the place. "Where's your furniture?" she asked.

"Some of it's at the other house."

"I guess it's all there. I see nothing here but men's things, and rubbish."

"Oh!" exclaimed Pattie, with the greatest good nature, "why, see, here's a chair," dragging forward a crippled milking-stool, "these boards are my table, and just look here, lifting the lid of a small box, "grandpa lets me

use this for a closet if I put everything carefully back again. I stand it up on end, you know, and open and shut the door this way. It's elegant."

"I've got a real closet, shelves, drawers and all," answered Sophie, looking indifferently on the showing up of this poor make-believe. "Where's your best things? At the other house?"

"Yes, all but Dora Copperfield, she's in grandma's drawer. I don't have her every day. Little Dorrit's somewhere 'round, if Drag hasn't dropped her in the creek."

"Drag?"

"Yes, my terrier. I do believe he is jealous of little Dor', he's drowned her ever so many times."

Pattie's clear-day house was a dell in the orchard, with what she called a "scooped out" rock overhanging it. A pleasant place, half shade, half sunshine, with a soft-voiced stream slipping past.

"I put them into the scoop for fear of a shower in the night," explained the little girl; "to be sure, rain wouldn't hurt any of them," and she laughed as she went on dragging them out, "but, then, you see, I pretend it will."

Sophie's eyes fairly pounced on each article as it came forth. For a table there was a broken chair, for dishes two cups, three plates, a cream-pitcher and some broken china. Then came a bucket, broom, brush and dust-pan, a child's chair and stool, a battered band-box, containing baby clothes and patches, and a cane with a woman's apron around it, and a peaky, little, pink sun-bonnet on the head. These were what Sophie saw, and, with the exception of her dolls and dog, these made up the sum and substance of happy Pattie's possessions.

"I feel very much like making remarks," said Sophie, with her head very high up in the air.

"Well, make 'em, I want you to talk," answered Pattie, cheerily, darting her little broom at some stray leaves "on the carpet," as she called the grass.

"Ma won't let me, she says it isn't polite."

"Oh!" Pattie stopped her sweeping, while her round mouth and eyes grew rounder still, "rude remarks, grandma tells me sing them out of your mouth, Pattie; so, sing them out of your mouth, Sophie. Here comes Drag, and I do believe he's got little Dorrit! Yes, he has. Oh, you naughty dog, rightly named, my pa says, give me that dear, unfortunate child directly."

One armed, and no legged, without hair, eyes or color, her face a mass of stains, scars and bruises, little Dorrit was indeed an unfortunate child. Pattie began hunting for clean clothes, and Sophie, won over by the good nature nothing could shake, became interested in the toilet.

"Do tell me," she asked, "what that cane's dressed up for."

"Why, that's Caddie Dorsey. She was here last month. After she'd gone, I was so lonesome I had to pretend her. That's the way I do. I've had several here. When you go it will be you. Come to me, Caddie," and Pattie seized one of the tape arms, "you can go to your mother now," jerking off the apron and funny little bonnet. "I've got somebody else. I won't maintain you any longer."

Pattie got the wrong word, as many little girls—and even big ones—do, she meant detain.

After that first day, the children got along nicely. At home, in her play-room, Sophie had almost everything that grown folks have for housekeeping. Here at the

farm all was so different, that first impressions were not pleasant ones. However, when she found out how Pattie played, she enjoyed herself heartily. There had been no fun at all in her prim little stove at home—so much less than Mellie Ream's, she thought that must be what ailed it—but here, building a brick range, was just the nicest thing in the world. The getting in of a grate, made of sticks, and the contriving of frying-pans and stew-pans, was the delight of an entire day. If there was anything needed the place of which it was impossible to fill, Pattie pretended they had it, until she could think of something that would do, and it was all right.

No, there was no fun in her stove, with everything complete, as ma had it, excepting fire. Nor was there any in her wash-tub and board, or that stiff, little clothes-horse. Not a bit of fun, even when she was allowed to have water. But, oh, the happiness of sousing little Dorrit's dresses in the stream, of sometimes seeing them carried away, of racing after, until a tree-root, or a stone, stopped and held them while somebody got a stick, why Sophie had never known anything equal to it in all her life! Then how bright the bushes looked, dotted all over with the gayly-colored garments. Prettier than any Christmas-tree she ever had.

One day, soon after her arrival, Sophie felt very homesick. She wanted her mother, and told Pattie so.

"Just you wait a minute," exclaimed that busy little bee, and away she went.

Near the clear-day play-house was a lithe young pear-tree, growing up beside a stump. When Pattie returned, she carried some garments selected from the soiled clothes near grandma's wash-kettle.

"I'll make you a mother," she said, assuringly, folding a large neck-handkerchief about the tree, spreading a dress over the stump, and tying an apron a short distance above it. "Now," stepping aside, "there's your mother, run and climb into her lap."

Sophie refused, rather inclined to be angry.

"My mother's in Heaven," said Pattie, gravely; "she went there when I was no bigger than my little Dorrit. I often make her that way, then get up in her lap, put my arms around and kiss her. I pretend, you know."

The little one never having known a mother's love and care, might well be satisfied with this wooden substitute; not so Sophie. She stood a moment gazing at the ridiculous figure, then burst out laughing, the idea of comparing that with her own graceful, fond mamma, was too absurd. She laughed so loudly and long, that when she got through, her homesickness was all gone, and after that scarcely troubled her at all. Indeed, as the time for her departure drew near, she felt very sad.

"I've nobody to play with at home," she said, sorrowfully.

"Have me. Pretend me," answered Pattie. "I mean to pretend you after you're gone. It goes hard just at first, but gets all right after awhile."

"And then," sighed Sophie, "I'll have to play in the house. There'll be no grass, no trees, no water."

"Pretend them; I have to do that in winter," answered Pattie, brightly.

"Ma," exclaimed Sophie, after reaching home, "what do you think Pattie has that makes her so happy?" Mrs. Fairley could not guess. "Why, it's a pretend!"

Two summers have passed since then, and during some three or four weeks in each, Pattie has a real Sophie, and Sophie a real Pattie. Whatever else they pretend, there's no pretence about that.

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HOW A LAD WHEELED HIMSELF INTO FORTUNE AND INFLUENCE.

AT a meeting of the stockholders of a prominent railway corporation, recently held in Boston, there were present two gentlemen, both up in years, one, however, considerably the senior of the other. In talking of the old times gone by, the younger gentleman called the attention of his friends, and told a pleasant little story, which should be read with profit by every poor, industrious and striving lad. We use his own language:

"Nearly half a century ago, gentlemen, I was put upon the world to make my living. I was stout, willing and able, considering my tender years, and secured a place in a hardware store, to do all sorts of chores required. I was paid seventy-five dollars per year for my services. One day, after I had been at work three months or more, my friend there, Mr. B., who holds his age remarkably well, came into the store and bought a large bill of shovels and tongs, sad-irons and pans, buckets, scrapers and scuttles, for he was to be married next day, and was supplying his household in advance, as was the groom's custom in those days. The articles were packed on the barrow, and made a load sufficiently heavy for a young mule. But more willing than able, I started off, proud that I could move such a mass on the wheelbarrow. I got on remarkably well till I struck the mud road, now Seventh Avenue, leading to my friend B.'s house. There I toiled and tugged, and tugged and toiled, and could not budge the load up the hill, the wheel going its full half diameter in the mud every time I would try to propel forward. Finally a good-natured Irishman passing by with a dray took my barrow, self and all on his vehicle, and in consideration of my promise to pay him a 'bit,' landed me at my destination.

"I counted the articles carefully as I delivered them, and with my empty barrow trudged my way back, whistling with glee over my triumph over difficulty. Some weeks after I paid the Irishman the 'bit,' and never got it back from my employers. (Mr. B., I am sure, would have remunerated me, but he never before heard this story; so if he is inclined he can compromise the debt by sending me a bushel of his rare, ripe peaches next fall.) But to the moral. A merchant had witnessed my struggles, and how zealously I labored to deliver that load of hardware; he even watched me to the house and saw me count each piece as I landed it in the doorway. He sent for me the next day, asked my name, told me he had a reward for my industry and cheerfulness under difficulty, in the shape of a five-hundred dollar clerkship in his establishment. I accepted, and now, after nearly half a century has passed, I look back and say I wheeled myself into all I own, for that reward of perseverance was my grand stepping-stone to fortune."

The speaker was a very wealthy banker, a man of influence and position, and one universally respected for many good qualities of head and heart. Boys, take a moral from this story, and be willing and industrious. You do not know how many eyes are upon you to discover whether you are sluggish and careless, or industrious and willing, or how many there are who, if you are moral and worthy, will give you a stepping-stone to wealth and position.

THE temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular; and all his life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON.*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

CHAPTER XI.

THE next day was Sunday, which was well for Rachel. It gave her a little more time to adapt herself to the altered aspect of her life, before she took up its actual burdens again. It gave her a little more time to collect her thoughts and to settle herself. She went to church in the morning as usual, partly from habit; partly because she felt that her regular attendance induced others to go, who perhaps derived more direct and tangible good from the temple ministrations than she did herself; and partly because, whether the sermon had a word for her or not, God always had, and she wanted to hear it. Sometimes it came to her in the prayers; sometimes in the low, trembling swell of the organ; sometimes in the holy silences; but it was always waiting for her, somewhere, if she chose to listen.

Neither were Mr. Forde's sermons to be despised. He was not a great man, and he was entirely unpretentious. But he had rare tact and rare tenderness, and it was true of him, as of the Master he served, that "the common people heard him gladly." Most of those who attended service in the little church at Woodleigh, were plain, unlettered (not ignorant) men and women, who earned their daily bread by their daily labor. They did not go to church to hear abstruse speculations, learned arguments, flowery discourses, or theological treatises. They did not want dogmas, but the bread of life; and Mr. Forde broke it to them with no sparing hand. He comforted and counselled them; he showed them the face of the loving Father; he led them to the "rock that was higher than they," and some at least of those who heard him were glad to cling there.

You would like to know what church this was, and to what particular branch of Christ's family it belonged?

It does not matter; and you would be none the wiser if I were to tell you. You cannot tell, now-a-days, what a man believes, because you know to what church he belongs. Do you suppose that the woman who sat in the pew next yours last Sunday, who joined in the same hymns and prayers, and dropped her alms-money in the same plate, thinks just as you think, and believes just what you believe? If it is necessary for your peace of mind that you should believe this, you had better not ask her. It might prove a rash experiment. Our own natures have much to do with our beliefs; and we translate our creeds, each one of us, according to our own idiosyncracies. We find in the Book of God, as in the books of men, what we take there; and he who takes nothing—no faith, no hope, no prayer—will be very apt to find nothing. The words of Jesus mean one thing to you and another to your neighbor; and yet the voice that "spake as never man spake," may whisper its blessed message just as fully, just as truly, in the ear of the one as the other.

In the afternoon Rachel took little Roy, precisely as was her wont, and strayed over the hills to the graveyard. It cost her a struggle at first. She hardly knew whether it was harder to go or to stay. But she had no bitter or resentful feelings against the man who slept there under the shadow of the tall shaft of marble. She had been his true and loyal wife, and she loved him still.

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If he had erred, was that any reason why she should refuse to lay a flower on his grave? Did not God make His sun to shine alike on the just and on the unjust?

So she sat there by the green mound that still summer afternoon, just as usual, twining a wreath of roses and forget-me-nots, while Roy smoothed the soft, thick turf, and removed every dry stalk or withered leaf. But hidden under one of the lovely pink sprays, there was a single sprig of rue.

The sun was just going down in a blaze of glory as they went home; and when they were a little way from the house, a sharp turn in the road brought them face to face with Katy Brion, looking as fresh and sweet as any rose, in her Sunday gown of white cambric. A sudden spasm of self-reproach seized Rachel. She had been slow in keeping her promise to Michael.

"Why, Katy!" she said, unconsciously putting out her hand as if to stop the way. "It is growing late. Where are you going, child?"

"Only just a little way, ma'am," she answered, with a bright blush and smile. "Only for a little walk up the hill, ma'am."

"But it is nearly dark—too dark for so young a girl to be out alone, even in this quiet place," said Rachel. "See! the sun has quite gone down, and the valley is all in shadow. Come to the house with me, and after Roy has shown you the garden, I will send some one home with you."

"Oh, no, indeed, Mrs. Dilloway! I would not be giving you so much trouble. I could run back in a minute, if I wanted to. But I shall not be alone," continued Katy, while the glow upon her cheeks deepened, and she twisted her bonnet string in a pretty embarrassment. "I am only just going up here a little bit, and I shall find one who will go home with me if it gets dark. And the moon will be up presently. Sure the evenings are as light as the day these times, ma'am."

"There are no houses beyond here, Katy," said Rachel, gravely. "What friend do you expect to meet?"

The girl hesitated and stammered, seeing that she had unwittingly betrayed herself.

"It's just—just—a comrade of mine," she said at last. "One—of the girls—who was going to be walking this way, ma'am. I think I see her now waiting for me over the bridge yonder. Good-evening, and many thanks to you, Mrs. Dilloway."

Rachel was very sure that the shadow she, too, saw beyond the bridge did not belong to "one of the girls." However, she could do nothing more. She could not compel the child to go home. So she said kindly: "Well, tell your father the carnation is the finest I have seen this season. Will you be sure to come for the cuttings to-morrow morning, Katy?"

"Yes, ma'am," she answered courtesying. "My father was speaking about it to-day. I will be sure to come." And off she went, her pretty curls tossing about in the soft west wind.

But before she had gone ten steps she paused and looked back.

"To-morrow morning, was it you said, ma'am? Maybe I could not come till the evening, for I'm in the mills now, ma'am."

"Very well; come after you quit work, then. Which mill are you in, Katy?"

"In the North Mill, ma'am, where Mr. Johnson is overseer. I'm tending two looms now."

This "Mr. Johnson" was a comparatively new-comer.

He had made his appearance in Woodleigh about three months previous to this, with good recommendations as to his skill as a workman; and as a competent overseer happened to be needed in the North Mill just then, he had been hired forthwith. He at once took high rank in the good graces of Mr. Deane and Mr. Lampson; but Rachel had never liked him. Something in his dark, handsome face, or in his wily, insinuating manner, repelled her. He was quite too obsequious, she thought; with an obsequiousness that was altogether unlike the loyal deference for her, which blended so finely with Mr. Deane's manly self-respect. Besides, his being there in the position he held, was an innovation upon the old, long-established system of promotions that ruled in the Dilloway Mills. They had for many years trained their own lieutenants, and the presence of this outsider was not quite agreeable to Rachel. She distrusted him, and yet she could not tell why; and she said nothing because her distrust seemed too much like a woman's unreasoning prejudice.

But something in Katy's voice, something in the quick, conscious glow that swept over her face as she spoke his name that night, startled the young mistress of Dilloway Place. She resolved to have an earnest talk with the motherless girl to-morrow; and on the next Mill-Day she would advise Michael to take her out of the mills. That would be wise, at any rate.

Late that evening—very late, for Rachel could not sleep, and sat at her window till long past midnight—she saw two figures, a dark and a light one, steal down the hill, keeping close in the shadow of the trees. The moon was shining brightly, but they were so far off that it was impossible to distinguish faces. Yet she knew that the slight, girlish form clinging so closely and confidently to its tall, dark companion was that of Katy; and there was something in the height, the carriage, and the poise of the man's head that, to say the least, strongly resembled the overseer of the North Mill.

The morrow did not bring Katy according to her promise. Whether the child had taken the alarm at something her father had said, or whether something in Mrs. Dilloway's own manner had aroused her suspicions, it is impossible to say.

Robert was expected on Wednesday, and Thursday was to be the holiday. Rachel was like other women—she was apt to feel what she could not reason about; to reach conclusions without quite knowing how she got there. Now she felt certain that there was mischief in the air, and that Johnson was the source of it. Yet a young girl's foolish blush, and a glimpse of a dark figure going down the hill at midnight, afforded scarcely sufficient grounds for bringing any charge against the man. But as Katy would not go to her, she would go to Katy that very night—which was Tuesday.

So she went, leaving Roy at home, much to his discomposure. He was his lady's own true knight, and he regarded it his duty as well as privilege to be her escort on all occasions.

But Katy was not at home. Michael sat in the door of the little cottage that his pretty, wayward daughter kept with such dainty neatness, smoking his short clay pipe. He snatched it from his lips, emptied it hastily, and crowded it into his pocket just in time to remove his hat, and straighten his tall, gaunt figure as Mrs. Dilloway walked up the narrow path, with the small parcel of cuttings in her hand.

"No, yer honor, she's not in, the naughty callant," he

said, wiping a chair which was as guiltless of dust as it well could be. "Will yer honor be plazed to sit down? Sure, it's too condescending of a lady like yourself to be looking after the likes of her. It's sorry that I troubled ye, I am."

"Oh, no, Michael!" she answered, cheerily. "And you must not be down-hearted, my man. You will surely drive the young thing away from you if you wear a dark, cloudy face from morning till night, and have no bright words for her. She has never given you cause of complaint before, has she?"

"Never, yer honor. Since her poor mother died, she has been the joy and the pride of my heart till now—as quiet and modest and well-behaved a lass as there was in the whole town. But now—I ax yer pardon, yer honor—but I can't talk about it! I cannot sleep o' nights, and it's wearing the life out of me, it is."

"Are you willing yet to tell me the name of her lover, Michael?"

He shook his head. "It's not well for a poor man like myself to be bringing charges against his betters, yer honor. I'll do my best, Mrs. Dilloway. I'll stop fretting at her, and try if I can get a holt of her again. Sure, an' if her blessed mother—Heaven rest her soul!—were livin', there would be no trouble. But an old man the likes o' me does not know what to do wid a young girl. You'd be plazed to excuse me from mentioning any names just now."

"Very well, then," she said, cordially. "I hope it will not be necessary for you to tell me. But if it should be, you must answer my questions, Michael, whether it involves those whom you style your 'betters' or not. Here is a blue riband for Katy. Thursday is to be a holiday, you know, in honor of Mr. Robert's return; and you are all invited to take tea at the Place. The table will be spread in the grove back of the house, and I want Katy and a few of the other girls to assist as waiters. Will you tell her?"

For a while after his mother left him, Roy sat in a disconsolate attitude upon the steps of the veranda, feeling quite injured and abused. Janet invited him to go home with her, offering a strong inducement in the shape of a wonderful tortoise-shell kitten that was waiting for its supper. But no. Roy, like some older folks, rather enjoyed being miserable once in awhile; and he preferred to sit there, with his head on his hand, pensively gazing at the lengthening shadows. It took him some time to get settled to his entire satisfaction, for his arm was not quite long enough, and his curly pate would slip out of place in spite of his herculean efforts to support it. And then when he had just succeeded in striking the proper attitude, a la boy in one of his picture books, his little black-and-tan terrier came bounding up the path and undid it all. For Roy forgot his woes, and, accepting Jip's challenge, raced down the gravelled walk, his feet flying like the wind, and—blind madcap that he was—ran straight into the arms of a gentleman who had just entered the gate.

The gentleman picked him up, silently laying his bearded face to his. But Roy had seen nothing but a coat-sleeve; and that, according to his reasoning, belonged to Mr. Forde.

"Put me down, please! Jip will get away from me!" he cried, struggling to escape; his straw hat, meanwhile, being pushed further and further over his eyes. "Don't trounce me around so, please, Mr. Forde! There! you've made me drop all my pennies out of my pocket!"

The gentleman put him down as requested, saying, in a voice that Roy said afterward sounded as if "there was something in his throat." "There, my boy, now that you are on *terra firma* again, suppose you look at me and see if I am Mr. Forde, whoever he may be."

"You've come to the wrong place," answered the child, pushing up his hat, tossing back his thick, crisp curls, and looking up with wide, audacious eyes. "This isn't *terra firma*. This is Dilloway Place."

But as his gaze fell upon the gentleman's face, his chin dropped, a pretty, shy air of embarrassment stole over the rollicking little figure, and one finger crept up to the corner of his mouth.

The stranger said nothing, but stood waiting his advances. Presently Roy half extended his hand and drew it back again.

"Are you—are you—are you my Uncle Rob Roy?" he said at length, looking at him askance from under his curved lashes, while he swung one foot round in a half-circle, the toe just sweeping the gravel.

Robert—for of course it was he—caught the little fellow in his arms again, with a quick thrill of emotion that came to him as a sudden surprise. It was as Rachel had said to Janet. This child of his brother's, born after that brother's death, and when he himself was hidden deep in African jungles—this child of whose very birth he had been ignorant so long, had never taken strong hold of his heart, or his imagination. It had indeed seemed more like a myth, a creation of the fancy, than a living, breathing reality.

But this rosy little creature, half baby, half boy, with its rounded curves and dimples, its smiles and blushes, its advances and retreats, its sweet shyness and its sturdy self-assertion—was this, indeed, Royal's child, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh?

He caught him in his arms, then, clasping him to his heart in a warm embrace as he cried: "Your Uncle Rob Roy? Who taught you that? Where, in the name of wonders, did you ever hear that name, child?"

It was as if the dead had spoken to him out of the grave of the unforgotten years.

Roy looked at him deliberately, as if taking his measure. Then one arm stole round his neck, and one little cheek nestled against his own.

"Oh! I know all about it," he said. "My mamma told me. You were Rob Roy, and my papa was Rob Roy when you went to—to—college," making a great effort to pronounce the unfamiliar word correctly. "That was because you were so much alike, you know. It was funny, wasn't it? My name is not Rob Roy. It is just Roy now; but it's going to be Royal Ainslie Dilloway when I grow a little bigger."

His uncle laughed and sighed in a breath.

"A royal name it is, my boy," he said, tossing him up to his shoulder, where he sat like a king on his throne. "A right royal name. But where is your mamma? Shall we go and find her?"

"Oh, there's no hurry," said the child. "She isn't anywhere now. She's gone down to the village." Then he added confidentially: "I was very unhappy because I could not go, too, and I thought I never should laugh again. But Jip barked and jumped, and then something inside of me—here"—laying his hand on his breast—"just laughed right out, and I had to run like everything!"

"And you ran straight into your old uncle's arms, did you not? Strange," he added to himself—"strange that

the tricky elf should have saluted me on the instant by that old, half-forgotten name—Rob Roy!"

It was like a breath of youth's fresh morning air. He had come back with some scars from his long encounter with the world. He had returned with a soberer and and less vaulting ambition. He had learned, as we all do sooner or later, that it is easier to aspire than to achieve, to dream than to do, to plan castles than to build them. Yet, as he stood there in the dewy twilight, under the magic of that word the ten years seemed but as a dream of the night, and he and Royal were boys again. A silence fell alike upon the man and the child as they went slowly up the path.

"There she is!" shouted Roy from his airy perch. "There is my mamma! Now don't you wish you hadn't gone and left me?" he called, triumphantly. "For here's my Uncle Rob Roy, and I've got acquainted with him first!"

They went back to meet her, Roy slipping from his uncle's shoulder, but keeping fast hold of his hand. A hot flush mounted to Rachel's forehead, and her heart beat quickly.

"Not your Uncle Rob Roy," she said, speaking to the child, even while she placed her hand in that of her stranger brother. "It is your Uncle Robert. You must not say 'Rob Roy.' That is not his name."

Robert Dilloway was about to protest against this, with the assurance that the name the boy had given him was all right, when the look upon Rachel's face checked him. Just what it meant he could not tell, but it was a look of pain. She turned to him then with a few low words of welcome, her soft color coming and going, and her voice trembling. He bent over her hand for a moment, a sudden and unlooked-for mist of tears gathering in his dark eyes. Then he pressed his lips lightly to her forehead.

"Royal's dear wife and my sister," he whispered.

They went into the house. Roy bounded off to carry the news to Janet.

"The fatted calf is not killed yet, because we did not expect you till to-morrow," Rachel said, with a little attempt at the levity so often assumed to hide some deeper feeling. "But what ever possessed that boy to call you 'Rob Roy' is past my comprehension."

"Do not let it trouble you," he said, deprecatingly, utterly unable in his man-like ignorance to understand the womanly feeling that made the united names so distasteful to her. "It does not matter. Indeed, I rather like it. It makes me feel as if I were a boy again."

But Rachel mentally resolved she would explain to Roy that night that his uncle's name was not Rob Roy, but Robert; and that by his own name he was to be called.

CHAPTER XII.

"HO!" cried Roy, as he hurriedly clambered into his chair at the table Thursday morning. "Ho! I'm going to eat my breakfast just as quick as ever I can, for we are to have a holiday to-day because my Uncle Rob Roy—Robert has come home."

Robert, who was not yet seated, caught him up and tossed him high above his head, till the merry face was all aglow with laughter.

"We?" he said. "We? Is not every day a holiday with you, you rogue? One would suppose you were a man of business."

"Why, so I am!" Roy answered, earnestly. "Bridget, please break my egg, quick! Why, so I am! This would be Mill-Day if it wasn't a holiday, and mamma and I would have to go down to the office, and carry my dinner in a little tin pail, and work like everything. You would not know how to get along at all, if you did not have me to help, would you, mamma?"

"No," she answered, with a smile that was partly glad and partly sad. "I should not know how to spare my little helper, that is certain."

But Robert noticed that she did not contradict the child's assertion. Mill-Day! what was that? Did this fair, dainty woman, who seemed the embodiment of shrinking grace and delicacy, really have anything to do, or even to *say*, about the business?

He was a man of books rather than of affairs. He knew a vast deal more of what was going on above the earth, or around it, or under it, or within it, than he did of the ordinary life of man on it. When he had received a packet of letters, one day, in the heart of Africa, and had learned from them that the Dilloway Mills were still running, with no change of name or owners, he had been glad. It had seemed right and fitting. But it had never occurred to him to ask how the business was carried on. It went of itself, of its own momentum; or as the earth revolves on its axis, without the aid of human intervention; or as the tides ebb and flow, because they cannot help it. Of course, he had not consciously reasoned in this way. He had taken everything for granted and thought nothing about it. Deane was there, without doubt, and Lampson; sterling old fellows, both of them; and things would go on, as they always had.

He asked no questions now. If he had not been over-wise in this matter, he was quite too wise to betray his folly. But he began to look at this newly-found sister of his with a curious interest; and to wonder if she did not belong to a type of womanhood that had never happened to fall under his observation before.

The grove, so called, where the tables were to be set that afternoon, was not a mere bit of woodland, but a large, well-kept lawn thickly dotted with trees. Mrs. Dilloway's holidays were *à la* days as well, and she did not leave her people entirely to their own resources. Through the long forenoon the hours were strictly their own. But for the late afternoon and evening, she always had some pleasant plan of her own devising. Sometimes, in the winter, it was a Christmas-tree in the large, pleasant school-room; sometimes it was a merry sleigh-ride in improvised sleighs of all shapes and sizes, with plenty of bells and a good, hot supper. Sometimes it was a bright, stirring lecture from some speaker who knew how to touch the heart as with a live coal from off the altar; or it was a magic-lantern, with its marvels, for the children; or a gay dance in the reading-room; or an exhibition of the school children themselves, where the young actors trod the mimic stage, all smiles and blushes. But in the summer, the entertainment, whatever it might be, was always out of doors.

This morning there was a pleasant hum of preparation in the grove. Mr. Forde was there, hammer in hand, helping Mr. Deane put up swings, and drive the bases for the ball-players, and extemporize seats under the great trees for the older people, who were past frolics. Andrew and Janet were putting in place the long, pine tables that were kept in the loft of the carriage-house for just such emergencies as this. Roy was rushing about with his wheelbarrow and an empty oyster-keg, the

busiest man among them, while Jip barked at his heels. Rachel moved quietly around, making a suggestion here, and lending a helping hand there. Robert, feeling strangely distraught and isolated, notwithstanding Roy's constant appeals to him, and Rachel's gentle, hospitable ways, leaned against the trunk of one of the large maples, looking at the busy scene. It was so old and yet so new; so unchanged and yet so changed; so much the same and yet not the same. And this life—so real, so earnest, so vital, that seemed to come so near to the very heart of things, and yet that was so unlike the life that he had been leading for a whole decade—it impressed him strangely. Had he been making any mistakes? Which was the real thing, after all?

The afternoon train from Linborough brought Mr. Vaughn and his pretty wife, and half a dozen others, mostly old friends of Robert's in his boyhood. Mr. and Mrs. Forde were there, of course, and a few others from the village, besides the operatives and their families, who came trooping up the hill about four o'clock, in pairs, by households, or one by one, as the case might be. Old Morris—the patriarch of the mills—was there, leaning on his staff. Mathews, pale from the suffering and confinement consequent upon his broken leg, moved slowly about on his crutches. There were aged women in their decent gowns and caps; younger ones with their babes in their arms; some with worn, tired faces, who evidently found the burden of life too much for their strength; and others, rosy and vigorous, who looked as if they could carry the world on their shoulders and not feel it. There were young men eager for the fray of bats and balls; there were bright-faced maidens, some shy and timid, some quietly self-possessed, some bold and loud-voiced. There were merry children swinging and shouting and laughing. In short, it was a mimic world, where the good and the bad, the just and the unjust, mingled together. Rachel's largess was like a god's—she did not discriminate on such occasions.

Prettiest by far of all the bevy of girls was Katy, in her clean, white dress, and the blue riband Mrs. Dilloway had left for her. Five of her companions, who were to share with her the honor of assisting the house-servants to wait upon the tables, under Janet's supervision, wore the same uniform of blue and white. If she had had any suspicions that her father and the sweet lady on the hill were in league against her, the conferring of this honor had laid them to rest.

Among the happy throng, leading, directing and overseeing all, moved Mr. Deane and Mr. Forde. Rachel was there, too, and Robert—the latter receiving warm hand-clasps, earnest welcomings and congratulations on the right and on the left. They stirred his heart strangely. At last, he drew Rachel's arm within his and led her toward the verandah, where the "gentry-folk" were gathered.

"I cannot stand this any longer," he whispered, with a little quiver in his voice. "Let us go up to the house. I am too near the condition of that man of Byron's, who was a 'pendulum between a smile and tear,' to be quite comfortable. The oscillation is too great. I wonder, now, if Maynard Vaughn could not unwind me and let me run down for an hour or so?"

Rachel looked at him, earnestly.

"I wonder if that fancy has come into your head, too?" she said. "If the clock could be unwound, so that the wheels would stand still, and the hands pause in their monotonous round, and the ticking cease, it would be

such a comfort when one's brain and heart are tired." Then, as they ascended the steps, she added, lightly: "Mr. Vaughn, this gentleman wishes to know if you have any key with which to unwind a brain, or a heart, and let it run down?"

"Not a key," he answered, gravely. "If I had, it would have been worn out long ago. But it is my province not to unwind people, but to wind them up—and a fearful job I make of it, sometimes, too."

"I'll tell you what he does when he wants to unwind himself," said Mrs. Vaughn. "He goes to work on his commentaries. I suspect—"

"The dust of ages has settled on my commentaries, Mrs. Vaughn," interrupted her husband. "Don't dare to brush it off with your irreverent hand, or I shall be forced to tell the company here assembled what you promised me, three or four years ago, on that very point."

"Tell us! tell us, Mr. Vaughn!" cried half a dozen voices in chorus.

"No," he said. "It is just a little secret between us, the threat to betray which never fails to tame this Katharine of mine," bending a laughing glance upon his wife.

"Do not boast, my Petruchio," she answered, with a shrug of her shoulders. "It is not that your weapon is so sure, but that your Kate is a poor craven of a shrew and easily tamed."

Mr. Vaughn's eye was wandering over the lawn, studying the various groups.

"There are some new faces here, I see, Mrs. Dilloway. Who is that tall and rather handsome man yonder, watching the ball-players?"

"His name is Johnson," she said. "He is one of the foremen."

"Has he been here long?"

"Only about three months."

The gentleman said nothing more, but presently strolled off down the lawn in the direction of the players, with his hat drawn over his eyes. It was half an hour before he came back. When he did, he met Rachel just coming round the house, fresh from a consultation with Janet.

"Mrs. Dilloway," he said, in a low tone, and leading the way toward the garden-gate, "I am sure I ought to put you on your guard. I have been watching that man Johnson, for I felt certain that I had seen him before under a different name. His real name is Wilson, and his family are in Graysville, more than half supported by charity. I should like to strip that fine coat off his back and send it to his poor, heart-broken wife, that she might sell it to buy bread for her flock of little children."

"His wife!" exclaimed Rachel. "He passes for an unmarried man. Are you sure you are not mistaken in the person?"

"Perfectly sure. This is the third name under which he has figured, to my certain knowledge. He is a bold, bad man, who can wear the garb of an angel of light when he chooses—a wily, dangerous character. He'll be in state's prison yet; and would have been there long ago, if he had been a little less cunning. You had better get rid of him before he stirs up a rebellion in your camp."

"But tell me about his wife," said Rachel, with a quick thought of Katy. "When did he desert her? Does she know where he is?"

"She does not think he has deserted her," he answered, with a strong accent on the *she*. "Woman-like, she believes in him and will to the end, I suppose. She thinks him an unfortunate, greatly-to-be-pitied man, of whom the world is not worthy; and believes him in California at

this very minute, toiling under a burning sun for her sake. He promised to send her money to go to him as soon as he could raise enough, and the poor creature watches every mail. And there he is round the corner, whispering soft nonsense in the ear of that pretty little girl with the long curls!"

"I wonder how he dared come here, within one hundred miles of Graysville," said Rachel.

"So do I. But he has shaved off his side-whiskers, and by the aid of that elegant moustache has transformed himself into quite a youthful Adonis. How that child smiles and blushes!"

"Has he seen you, do you think? Would he recognize you?"

"Probably not. I never spoke to him; but I have seen him in court, and I know all about his wife, who is a sort of a pensioner of my sister's in Graysville. His name is George Wilson, just as surely as mine is Maynard Vaughn. I rarely forget faces; and his is a marked one, any way."

Just then Katy passed them swiftly on her way to the tables. The bugle was sounding and Janet was marshaling her troops.

The collation was simple but abundant, with plenty of cold meats, fruits and cream, and the board was bright with flowers. At its head stood Rachel, with a kind word for all and an especial smile for the old people and the children, pouring the fragrant tea and coffee with right good will.

The last loiterers were leaving the tables when the lady caught a quick, significant look as it passed from Johnson to Katy, who was standing behind her; and presently the latter strolled carelessly off with a light shawl thrown over her arm, moving here and there among the trees in a negligent fashion. But as Rachel's eye followed her, she noticed that she was quietly nearing the wall to the south, on the other side of which a horse and carriage were in waiting. Johnson had vanished from the scene, as if the earth had swallowed him up.

No—there was his jaunty straw hat with the broad, black riband, moving behind the wall.

Rachel, on the alert before, was thoroughly alarmed now. She looked round in search of Michael, but he was not in sight. She glanced at her watch. In half an hour it would be time for the train which was to carry her guests back to Linborough. Yet, there was Katy slowly nearing the wall, and there was Johnson waiting on the other side. There was no time to deliberate. She drew her scarf closer round her shoulders, and quietly but swiftly passed round the outer belt of trees.

Katy was not to be seen, but she heard voices close at hand—Johnson's voice urging the child to take a drive with him to a town several miles distant.

"But it will be so late before we can get back," said the girl. "My father would be so angry he would not let me into the house. Indeed, I do not think I can go with you, Mr. Johnson."

"Never mind about your father," was the answer. "I'll make it all right with him. You see, Katy, darling, I have set my heart on this ride with you in the beautiful moonlight. If it should be too late to come back to-night, I will take you to my sister's, and we will stay there till to-morrow."

"You never told me about your sister," said Katy, simply. "I never heard of her before."

"Is it possible I have never mentioned her? Well—it doesn't matter—she lives over there just in the edge of

the town, and she will be right glad to see you for my sake."

Rachel waited eagerly for Katy's answer. This Wilson, Johnson, or whatever his name was, should be discharged to-morrow. But she did not wish to reveal herself, or to have a scene if it could be helped. One about would have brought half a dozen men to the spot; but that would have compromised Katy—the thing of all others she was most unwilling to do.

But no answer came. She heard the murmur of soft whispers and low love-words; there were flatteries, and pleadings, and protestations. The poor little moth was fluttering about the candle. Would its wings be singed without her intervention? Then came reproaches on Mr. Johnson's part, and tears on Katy's.

"Oh, I don't think I ought to go!" she said at last. "I don't want to go! I don't know your sister; and it will make folks talk, and father will be so angry!"

"But you shall go, you silly child," he answered, grasping her arm roughly. "You shall go, or I will let folks know what you have done already. You've been out nights with me enough to ruin your character before this time, if it had been known. So don't go to putting on airs at this late day."

"But I never meant any harm," sobbed Katy. "And you coaxed me so; and you said you loved me, and we were going to be married, and it was all right! You never talked so to me before, any how."

"Hush! hush!" he said. "Never mind now. Some one will hear you. There, dry your eyes, child, and be my own dear girl again; and I will put you safe in my sister's arms before eleven o'clock. Get in, dearie, and we'll have a nice ride."

Rachel threw open the gate, and stood before them like a young lioness.

"What is your sister's name, Mr. George Wilson? Is it Wilson, or Johnson, or both?" she said, putting her arm around the sobbing girl and drawing her to her side.

"Please call at the office early to-morrow morning, and Mr. Deane will give you a check for whatever amount is due you. Or, if you prefer, it shall be sent to your wife at Grayville. As for yourself, sir, if you are not out of Woodleigh before noon you shall be taken into custody."

Before he had collected his senses enough to speak, she had drawn Katy inside the gate and locked it.

She glanced at her watch again. There was still ten minutes to train-time, and the twilight shadows were fast gathering. The grounds were nearly deserted. Keeping fast hold of Katy's hand, she hurried the bewildered girl to the house by an unfrequented path, in at a back door, and up a flight of stairs, before she spoke. Then she said, opening the door into her own room: "Stay here for a few moments, Katy, for I must have a talk with you before you go home. I have much to tell you. Do not be afraid of me, my poor child."

Yet she took the precaution to turn the key noiselessly in the lock, ere she sped away to do the parting honors to her guests.

When the last one had departed, she returned to Katy. The child was crouching on the floor in a perfect abandonment of grief, sobbing: "What will become of me! What will become of me! Oh, what will my poor father say!"

Rachel raised her and placed her in a low chair, seating herself beside her, and occasionally passing her hand with a quieting, caressing motion over the long curls of

tawny gold, until the storm of tears had somewhat abated. At last she spoke.

"Now quiet yourself, Katy," she said, "and listen to me. I—"

"Oh, I can't, I can't!" she cried. "I can't look at you, Mrs. Dilloway! I wish I was dead and in my grave, indeed I do, ma'am!"

"But we cannot die when we please, child," said the lady. "We have to live and to make the best of things; and if we have gone wrong we must try to find the right path again. That is all we can do; and it is what we must do, if we would be at peace."

Much more she said in a gentle, quiet way, not touching directly upon Katy's experiences, until at last the girl took her hands from her tear-stained face.

"Is he—that man—married?" she asked, with a shudder that shook her frame, and a pitiful, wailing accent on the last word.

"Yes, my poor child, he has a wife living and several children. But do not cry so. You have shed tears enough. It is all over now; all the danger—for you were in deadly peril to-night, Katy—and the worst of the suffering, I hope. For this shall be your secret and mine, and there will be nothing to mortify or annoy you."

"But—I loved him!" said poor Katy, her lips quivering. "We were going to be married before long."

"Yes, I know," was the sympathetic answer. "I know; and it is very hard. But you will not love him long when you once realize that he is a cruel, bad man, who was only bent on your ruin. He did not love you, Katy; for love is a holy thing, and seeks the good of its object, not merely its own pleasure."

"He said he had been very unfortunate," whispered Katy, "and had had a great deal of trouble. And he told me he had no friend in all the wide world but just me; and how very lonely he was. He has money enough, ma'am; and he worked in the mills only because he fell in love with me the first minute he set eyes on me; and he wanted to be near me. Those are the very words he said to me. Indeed, if he has a wife, I think she must be a very bad woman, ma'am."

"Katy!" said the lady, severely, "you surely are not going to believe in this man any longer? No friend in this world but you? Yet he was going to take you to his sister this very night; and he told you she would be glad to welcome you for his sake—this sister of whom he had never once spoken to his promised wife!"

Katy's rosy cheeks blanched to the hue of marble; and a look of amazement and horror crept into her eyes. Then she clasped her hands over them.

"I see it is all true, ma'am," she said at last. "I humbly ask your pardon if I said anything wrong; but it was so sudden like, and I could not believe it just all at once. I must go home now to my father."

She stood up, trembling with excitement, and a certain vague terror. But Rachel gently put her back into the chair again.

"No, you are not fit to go home to-night, my poor child. I will send word to your father that you are here, and you shall sleep in this little room next mine. Then to-morrow I will take you to him. Would you like to leave the mills, Katy?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" she cried, clasping her hands impulsively. "I never want to see them again—never! never! I hate the mills!"

"You will get all over that in time," said Mrs. Dillo-

way. "But how would you like to come and live with me for awhile?"

"What, ma'am, here? At the House?"

"Yes, here."

"Why I think that would be Heaven," she said, simply, her eyes wandering about the lovely room; for this untaught child loved beauty as well, if not as intelligently, as the mistress herself. But in a moment she spoke again, the quick tears starting afresh—soft tears that had healing in them.

"But I cannot leave my poor father, Mrs. Dilloway. I've been very bad to him, I'm afraid, and I would take my own course. I thought it was cruel and foolish of him to stand in my way when I had a chance to marry such a fine gentleman, like, as Mr. Johnson. He was always warnin' me, and telling me he had no thoughts of marrying the likes of me—and no more he had, I suppose," she added, plaintively; "but the girls was all jealous and envied me!"

Rachel smiled involuntarily; but she was not sorry to hear Katy speak thus. It proved pretty conclusively that her fancy for "Mr. Johnson" was chiefly the outgrowth of a girlish vanity, and would soon be a thing of the past. Her moods were like the changes of a kaleidoscope.

"I don't believe father will ever love me any more," was her next remark. "I've not been a good daughter lately."

"I know it," said Mrs. Dilloway. "You have made him suffer very much. But he loves you still. How old is the sister who is next to you, Katy?"

"Norah, ma'am? She is fifteen, just. I'm seventeen."

"Could she not keep house for awhile, if your father is willing you should come to me? And I think he will be, if I ask him."

"Maybe so, ma'am. She's two years older than I was when my mother died, and I first began to keep the house. She's but a young thing, though," said Katy, out of the large experience of her seventeen years.

"Well, go to bed now, and I will have a talk with your father to-morrow. Good-night, my child."

Katy stood in the room, her cheek flushing, her eyes downcast, until Mrs. Dilloway reached the door. Then she sprang forward.

"Oh, ma'am!" she cried, "may I kiss your hand just once? For I am a poor, ignorant girl, and I have no right words to thank you. But surely I know God sent you like a strong white angel to save me, ma'am!"

(To be continued.)

THE EIDER-DUCK.

THE Eider-Duck, especially remarkable as being the source from which is derived the eider-down, so valuable in commerce, is native to a region extending from about the forty-fifth degree of north latitude to the highest Arctic tracks as yet explored, both in the eastern and western hemispheres. It is found most abundantly, however, in Iceland and Norway, where its breeding grounds are carefully protected and handed down as precious heritages from father to son. Some of the Icelandic proprietors of such grounds, in order to attract the birds, cut out rows of holes in the smooth, sloping banks, where, otherwise, they would not breed. Like many other sea-birds, eiders almost always choose small islands for their breeding-places, probably on account of their greater quiet and security. The Icelanders are well aware of

this, and have expended a great deal of labor in actually forming islands, by separating from the main land certain promontories joined to it by narrow isthmuses. To encourage the birds to locate on these islets, all cattle, dogs, foxes and other animals likely to disturb the birds, are scrupulously removed.

In size, the eider approaches nearer to the goose than our common duck. The male is larger than the female. The latter is of a pale-brown color, tinged with red, and varied with transverse marks of dark-brown. The males, in the breeding season, have the under parts black, the upper parts and the neck white, the crown of the head velvety-black, and the cheeks greenish-white. After the breeding season, the upper parts resume almost black without any change of feathers.

Both the male and female work together in building the nest, which is formed of fine sea-weeds, mosses and dry twigs, if they are to be had, matted and interlaced. Upon this mattress the eggs, from five to seven in number, are laid. They are first deposited without any down, but, as incubation proceeds, the mother strips the down from her breast and places it about them, heaping it up so as to form a thick and puffed roll quite around the nest. When she is compelled to leave the nest during her setting, she carefully turns this marginal roll over the eggs to keep them warm till she returns. The down seems indispensable to the hatching of the eggs, for if it be removed a first and a second time, so that the female cannot afford a further supply, the male comes and contributes his share. It is known by its being paler than that of the female. The common practice in Norway and Iceland is to take away the eggs and down twice, leaving the third nest of eggs to increase the flock of birds. The eiders of the Icelandic and Norwegian breeding-grounds evince little alarm at the approach of visitors, the females even permitting themselves to be touched as they set on their nests. These are often placed so close together that considerable care is needed to keep from trampling upon them.

The quantity of down in each nest is about half a pound, which, by cleaning, is reduced one-half. Its elasticity is such that three-quarters of an ounce of it will fill a large hat, though two or three pounds of it may be pressed into a ball and held in the hand. Only the down taken from the nests possesses this elasticity; that from the dead birds being much inferior in every respect.

The down taken from the nests becomes a valuable article of commerce. Little or none of it is used in the countries where it is found. It is extensively employed, especially in Germany, for stuffing the bed-coverings, which there usually supply the place of blankets.

The eggs are remarkably fine. The flesh of the birds, also, is not unpalatable, and is said to become excellent when the birds are partially domesticated and fed on grain, in addition to their natural diet of marine mollusks, crustaceans, etc.

The King Eider, or King Duck, also yields a considerable portion of the eider-down of commerce. This bird belongs to still higher northern latitudes than the common eider. It is about the same size as that species, to the female of which the female of the king duck bears a strong resemblance. The male bird, however, has a remarkable large protuberance over the base of the upper mandible. Skins of king ducks are made into winter garments by the natives of Siberia and Kamchatka.

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 11.

BY PIPSESWAY POTTS.

"A GIRL wants to see you, Pipesey," said granny, the other day; "she is waiting now."

"Wonder who she is?" said I.

"Don't know; it's nobody I ever saw, I'm sure," was the reply.

I was busy putting away the tender plants in the cellar, and supposing the girl was one of the many book or picture agents who call here, I washed my hands leisurely and took off my wide apron before going into the house. She was a very pretty, sad-faced girl, about nineteen years of age. There was no sprightliness about her, no brightening up, or laughter, or smiles, or breaking out of hidden dimples, or of sparkles in the down-cast eyes. I saw all this at a glance.

"Could I speak alone with you a few minutes," she said, softly, as though she were afraid to trust her voice, for fear it would falter and fail in tears.

I led the way to the library, and we sat down on the lounge.

"Now we are alone, my child," said I; "you can say whatever you want to with all the freedom in the world."

"I have always heard about you being such a kind woman, and such a good friend to people in trouble," here she broke down, and putting both thin, little, white hands up to her face, she cried like a grieved baby.

I let her cry awhile, and then said: "I think I am no kinder than women in general, but it may be, for all that, that I can do you a kindness or favor that nobody else could do. I will be glad if I can do anything for you, dear."

With sobs, and tears, and broken sentences, she told me her story. I wish I could give it in her own words, her language was so pure and unconstrained, so like a little child would sob out its grievance.

Her lover, after an injudicious engagement of two years, had grown tired of her, or had, while away from home reading law, met with young women who pleased him better than did his uncultured, little, blushing, country girl, and he had, in a note of a few lines, asked release from the engagement. It was cruel—but such things are common, and mothers who permit their daughters to have lovers and to form hasty and sacred engagements, are the ones to blame, the ones meriting censure of the severest type.

"Well, seems to me, if I were you I could give up such a recreant lover with proud pleasure," said I, smiling. "I would show such a fellow that I deemed him unworthy a tear."

"That is the way I feel sometimes," said she, her eyes growing bright for an instant, "and then, first thing, I see is something to remind me of John—a picture, or a book, or the tree he admired, or the lilac he planted, or the ring he gave me. Or, maybe, some one will whistle the song he loved, or if I sit down to play, all the old pieces remind me of him, and he seems to be sitting near enjoying the music. If I walk out, the path, or the moss, or the willows, or landscape, or something, is sure to remind me of him. It is just like being tied down, with

the privilege of going only a few steps away. Indeed, Miss Potts, I don't believe I can stand this very long," said she, raising her sweet face up in such a pleading, pitiful way that my very heart was touched with the tenderest sympathy. "What would you advise me to do? shall I go away off from home, and teach, or make dresses, or study music, or visit at my aunt's in Michigan, or what shall I do?"

"The discipline," said I, "will do you good, it will make you womanly, and strong, and brave, and positive, it will open your heart to the nobility of nature and make it tender toward the faults and shortcomings of others. This will prove a blessing, if you do not run away from it and hide yourself from its pains and smarts. Why half the ills that afflict women, mentally and physically, can be cured by their own treatment, if they will only submit cheerfully and take the right medicine—and that medicine, containing all the curative powers, is only *occupation*! Why, my dear, there are women worse than dying all over the land from lassitude—laziness. They are intellectually lazy, physically lazy, morally lazy. Grief comes to them and they are so slow, and poky, and porous, and lazy, that it soaks into them, and they are permeated thoroughly with this selfish grief. They think nobody ever had such a killing sorrow—they can see no further than themselves—their grief is like a wall around them that reaches away above their heads. Sorrow should purify, ennoble, enrich, lift up and open the heart in sympathy to the woes of others; instead of that, how often it is just the reverse—it narrows, contracts, hardens, embitters and renders hateful and obnoxious.

"Sometimes when I see women who are good for nothing, and are only burdens to their fathers and husbands, who are discontented and fault-finding under all circumstances, who do nothing but eat and drink and put in the time as though it was a drag on their hands, I wonder if 'the mills of God which grind slowly and grind exceedingly small,' will not have some grinding to do for them sometime.

"Women naturally have capabilities for doing good that are not given to the sterner sex, and they should cultivate those capacities, and bless God that the fine seal of His approbation was set upon them.

"No, don't go away from home, hugging your sorrow to your bosom. Bear it bravely. Go to work, and work for a purpose and with a will, and do it cheerfully. Profit by your youthful experience. Let it make you more liberal-minded, let it broaden your views, let it mellow and make tender and loving your heart. Don't make dresses—make dinners, for the reason that housework is the healthiest and most varied domestic employment for a woman. Draw nearer to your brothers, help to make noble men of them, win their confidence and give them yours in return. Learn to be a good housekeeper, and how all kinds of housework are done and the best ways of doing everything. Have an aim in life. Many women live for Sunday, some for the next party, or picnic, or for the newest fashions, or for the next chapter of the serial story they are reading. God will hold all such accountable for abuse of time. This little experience of yours will, in time, grow to be something very small and of no importance, you may live to smile over the incident of

to-day—a sweet, wise, serene, matronly smile. You are young, and, I doubt not, would have grown away intellectually from the frivolous John who has jilted you. It is very likely that he has attained his growth mentally already, while you are only budding. You will soon outgrow this disappointment.

"The prettiest tree in our yard never grew a foot after it was transplanted, until we all began to take hold of its top and swing ourselves down the steep bank by its help. The pulling and wrenching did it good and made it grow."

And ugly Pip and pretty Lu kissed each other a kind good-bye.

If you want to dye moss for making pretty things—say a base for a cross or a base for a winter bouquet—gather the richest and prettiest that you can find. Remove all dirt and sticks and loose, dead atoms from it; let it be perfectly clean. Then take half a pint of water and dissolve in it half an ounce of gum arabic and one ounce of chrome green. Heat the mixture, but do not allow it to boil. While it is warm, dip the moss in it, and then lay it on a paper to dry. The paint is poisonous, and care should be taken. If you have a large quantity of moss to dye, and the green does not seem dark enough, make a new dye and dip the moss again.

We frequently have toast for breakfast, made with cream and butter warmed and poured over it. I varied from the usual way this morning. We had a plate of cold fried steak, a little tough; I put it in the chopping-bowl and minced it fine, then put it in a spider, with pepper, butter and two beaten eggs, stirred it all up together and spread it on our hot buttered toast. It was very nice, and was an agreeable change from the old way.

An industrious, economical woman, one of my neighbors, told me how she managed when she had large washings and ironings to do. When rinsing the clothes the last time, she folds towels, tablecloths and coarse sheets in the shape they are usually folded, sets the wringer close, and passes them through it. Then she unfolds and hangs them out to dry where the wind cannot flit them around much. They need little or no ironing after that. Clothes iron much easier soon after they are dry than when they are allowed to dry two or three days. If dry, they should be taken from the line and sprinkled and folded in the evening of washday, and ironed the next morning. If the shirt fronts were not starched before being hung out, they should be starched and folded down with the rest whether cold or cooked starch is used. To give any fabric a good polish, the starch must be carefully prepared. Flour starch made for calico dresses should be nice and smooth and free from lumps.

This is my way of making it. I boil water in the tea-kettle; then when I am ready I pour out about a gallon into a little copper kettle, kept for handy uses. I put it into the stove and let the water come to the boil in it. I take out into a basin about the amount of flour I need, and pour cold water enough on it to make a thin paste. I stir this lightly with the ends of my fingers until it is all mixed in nicely. There will be some little lumps then, and I skim them up into my hand and mash them, and keep on stirring and mashing until the paste is smooth. Then I pour it slowly into the boiling water on the stove, stirring with a big spoon all the time. It will be as smooth as the glair of an egg when it boils. Just as soon as it reaches a boil I set it off, stir it awhile, pour in a little cold water, stir more, and then cover it up

closely to prevent a thick skim coming on the top of it. If it is too thick it is easily thinned with water.

Now I am sure this is a good way of making common starch for coarse white clothes, tablecloths and dresses. I often watch other women to see how they make starch. I find that one way—the commonest one, too—is to stir up flour and water with a spoon hurriedly, and then pour the boiling hot water on it. This will be full of lumps; but they try to remedy that by endeavoring to strain the lumpy, cooked flour through a linen towel. Of course it won't go through, and of course the woman burns her hands, and then in a fit of anger throws out the contents of the towel into the back yard for the chickens. It is some gratification to her to see them get burnt, too.

"How are you getting along?" I said to a woman who washed for me one day.

"Oh, I'll soon be done," was the reply, and she gave something a generous kick, and then stood so as to hide it from my sight.

I was at home, in the broadest sense of the term, so I stepped round to the other side of the clothes-basket to see what it was that had disappeared out of my sight so unceremoniously. It was our fine meal-sieve, all daubed inside and out with lumps of doughy starch! I dragged it out of that and said: "Miranda Elvira! what does this mean! Why I am afraid you've ruined my mother's sieve! This sieve was never even wet before, and here you've gone and mixed hog-feed in it!"

Just for one minute I could have condemned her, sieve and all, to the fate of the fifty hapless daughters of Danaus.

"Lawdy!" said she, grinning; "w'y don't you allus run your starch through the sieve?"

"No; I make it the right way," said I; "and then it don't need tinkering with."

"I allus do that way," said she, with great unconcern.

"Don't ever do it again here," said I, "unless you find your own sieve."

It took me more than half an hour with a tub of water and a stiff brush to restore the sieve to what it had been before.

In teaching girls all these little arts and economies, and right ways of doing things, they should be taught early, before other and less correct ways have crept into their minds and found a lodgment.

We had a good deal of fun over at old Brother Harter's last month, when there was a small evangelical alliance at the church beyond the ridge. Father and I put up with Brother Harter; he always stops with us when he is in our neighborhood, so we concluded to tarry with him. We stayed there one night, and reached home just before supper the next day. I wore a kind of snuff-colored worsted dress, with three rows of serpentine braid round the skirt. The girls said I did look so lanky that I'd ought to wear a bustle or something to stick out my clothes a little. Just to please the girls, I let them roll up a little bundle of stuff and tie it around me. I felt kind of dubious about it; but they said it made me look so pretty and dignified, that I wore it, and carried my head up as though I was in the bustle business, and always had been.

I had not been in the house at Brother Harter's ten minutes, until I heard Sister Harter say in a whisper to one of her girls: "You must act as though you didn't notice it all. I've always heard that there was something kind o' queer about her; she's either been defamed

from her birth or else the spine of her back has been damaged some way."

I knew in a minute that she meant the bustle the girls had put on me, so I slipped off out-doors and felt of it for the first time, and, as true as I live, it was a real out-and-out bustle made of wires and springs and bands! I snapped it off in no time and tucked the horrid thing in under the floor of the corn-crib and left it there for the rats and mice.

I was so glad that I found it out before anybody else saw it.

I made a note of the manner in which Sister Harter preserves citrons. Hers were delicious. She uses the fruit before it becomes overripe or before the inner portion becomes soft and pulpy. Quarter the citrons, then pare and cut in slices of rather more than half an inch in thickness; pick out the seeds; cut in pieces about an inch square; boil slowly for several hours in water, or until the pieces are quite transparent; strain and throw out the water. Then make a syrup in the usual way, using one pound of crushed sugar to one pound of fruit, adding half a lemon, sliced with the rind on, and a quarter of an ounce of ginger for every pound of sugar. Put the pieces into the syrup and boil for twenty minutes, then put away in small jelly-bowls and seal closely. It will candy if left uncovered too long. If made right, it will be clear and transparent, of a pale green color, and have the citron-taste. Some people preserve the ripe, soft pulp by itself.

I saw a lamp, while we were there, that had been loosened, the glass from the brass, and nicely mended, but the family did not know with what preparation it had been repaired. I am not aware of any mixture that will safely mend the stem of a broken lamp. I have tried many ways to repair a beautiful lamp of ours, but have always failed. It is large and heavy, and would be unsafe to use unless it was very securely mended.

One day, a peddler's wagon stood at our gate, and he hailed out: "Any rags, eggs, brass, tin, copper, old iron, old carpet, any thing at all to exchange for notions, such as tin-ware, cutlery, glass-ware, matches, pencils or anything you'd wish for?"

Our nearest neighbor came up and said: "Maybe I could sell you something; wait a minute and I'll look about and see what I can find." In a few minutes he returned with an old copper-bottomed wash-boiler, it had a few little holes in it and the inside was somewhat rusty. Then he ran to his garden fence and clawed off a lot of old carpet and threw it down, saying: "What do you pay for old, worn-out carpet?"

"Half a cent a pound," said the peddler.

"Now I'll run and look up some old iron," said the neighbor, gleefully, and his eyes snapped at the prospect of making money or good bargains so speedily.

While he was gone off to look for old iron, the peddler climbed inside of his wagon to arrange things to a better advantage. We had a lot of old carpet worn out so that it hardly held together, and while the men were both busy, I substituted a lot of ours for my neighbor's old carpet, and laid his out of sight in an out-building. There was nothing known of this by either of the men interested. The old iron was forthcoming, a half dollar's worth—the bottom was ripped out of the faithful boiler and sold for fifteen or twenty cents, and, of course, the old carpet, at half a cent per pound, was the merest trifle. It is a very common occurrence when the peddler drives

up and cries out his beautiful, fine, extra wares, for the boys and girls to become excited and rush around and sell things for one-tenth of what they are worth, things that are of more value to themselves than to any other person. This is not wisdom, not advisable. Now, that old boiler would have been of great value about a house or barn. In the barn, it would have been the very thing to put a little drib of seed in and cover tightly with a wide board, or, at the house, it could have been used to keep things in as a basket; in fruit season it would have been very handy; with a dab of solder and the hot soldering-iron, it could have been mended and used to dye black in.

Old carpet! why sell it for half a cent a pound when old, dingy pieces of it are so convenient to cover barrels and boxes, to throw over a wagon load of sacks in a rain, to cover potatoes, to keep them in the dark and from sprouting, to throw over tomato-vines during the first frosty nights in October, to lay over a wet, chilled sheep or lamb, to put in the bottom of the wagon when damp or dirty, to hang over a hole in the barn, stable, crib, or cowshed; why, the uses are too numerous to mention!

I will tell you what I did with the "old carpet" I levied on. There was not one grease spot on it—in those two long strips there were three holes—all that the pretty, bright, half-worn pieces needed was appreciation and gentle treatment. I gave both. I laid them out on the grass and swept them well, turned them over and swept, and then hung them on a line for a day or two, shook and swept again and gave a thorough airing. Then I cut them in pieces so as to leave out the two largest holes, the other one I patched with cloth of a corresponding color. I don't like to bind old carpet, so I unravelled out the filling until a fringe of the warp was left long enough for me to tie four threads together in a double, hard knot. With rugs, and one strip that I had, it made just enough to carpet our kitchen all over. I left the pieces without sewing them together, because during the winter they have to be shaken every few days, and it is more convenient to have it in pieces. Old carpet, too, saves your good ones. When my neighbor daily calls and sits on the carpet and reads the news, and thinks Deacon Potts's kitchen such a cosy place, little does he know how much he contributed to its cosyness. I would have told him of it long ago, but he will feel mortified, and I take no pleasure in the shame of another. Now I know what I'll do! He will read this and then he will know all about it.

Really, I have known women, when flurried, to sell paper-rags gathered up in great haste, and they would stuff into the sack good skirts, and shirts that only needed new half sleeves, and dresses not more than half worn. These same women in making rag carpet would have to beg rags, and very frequently buy new pink, or green, or yellow calico to finish the carpet that was waiting in the loom for filling.

In looking over some bundles of paper-rags at the village store once, I found two good delaine dresses with sleeves a little frayed about the wrists. I knew them well, and I knew, too, that disposing of them dispensed with the washing. I bought them and made a good comfort of the two.

Delaine and worsted dresses, when out-grown, or frayed, or faded, make excellent comfortables. It is better to quilt them than to knot them, because the seams are very apt to draw apart with wear and tear. They make very light, puffy bed-coverings, and are warmer than calico comfortables.

Lily is busy now with such work. She says: "Do tell the women in the magazine, Pipesey, that when they make comforts not to cut the stuff up into blocks and patch-work, but make big squares or strips. Tell them not to fool away their precious time unnecessarily; and tell them, Pipesey, that I have three ready to put into the frames; one is red and black, big blocks; one maroon and black, wide strips; and the other red and drab, in narrow strips; and tell them that I am not making them for myself, either, they are for all the Potts family; and tell them I, Lillian Potts, am laying up a good store of experience, so that when you quit writing your mantle will fall upon my shoulders, and your pen into my hand; and tell them—"

I say: "Lily, if you have anything to say to the readers of my 'Deacon's Household,' you must tell it yourself, on your own ground, and not come sneaking into my quarters. I want no interlopers about."

She did with much fear and trembling write a newspaper article once, censuring mothers for making their pretty little girls wear old calico sunbonnets drooping and slouchy, when, with even the commonest hats, their charms would be quite irresistible—the flowing hair, fair neck, sloping shoulders, and the curve of cheek and chin, all hidden under a sunbonnet, when a hat would enhance every charm and grace.

A middle-aged lady took up the cudgel, and Lily was glad to make her escape.

A few months later, while visiting in Cleveland, she called upon a literary lady, a friend of the Potts, and the same woman who favored the wearing of sunbonnets by little girls called about the same time. The interview was very pleasant and laughable, and the affair was compromised by both saying that neat-trim sunbonnets were pretty, and little beauties might wear them only on special occasions. Both agreed that faded, unstarched old sunbonnets were the ugliest things ever worn.

"Strange!" I said the other day, sitting down on the side of my bed and resting.

Ida and I wanted to put a little stove up in our bedroom, so that it would be cosy in there if one of us were sick, and wanted to keep away from the kitchen smells and the more public sitting-room. By taking our time, and lifting as we could stand it, and to the best advantage, so as to save our strength, we succeeded in carrying a little parlor stove down-stairs and putting it up in the bedroom.

A cabinet of fossils and petrifications stood in the way—it was very heavy—stood flat upon the floor, and we could think of no possible way of moving it without taking all the contents out first.

Ida's judgment is superior. She said: "Let us think hard; there may be a plan if we can only reach it."

We thought and thought. There was straw under the carpet on which it stood. It did seem impossible. At last she jumped up with, "I have it! I have it!" and she went and brought in two little rollers that pictures had been rolled on when sent by mail. We placed one on the floor close to the end of the cabinet (ours is a large book-case made to stand on a table); both of us together raised the end a little, and with the touch of a foot placed one roller underneath. We shoved the cabinet along until the roller was under the middle of it, then slipped in the other, and as soon as the first one was out moved it around to the front end, and so on. This is a very good plan, and with a little contriving women can move a

heavy article of furniture without any danger or heavy lifting.

Well, the elder came, and we sat in "the square room," as granny will persist in calling it, and we had our interview. It is not for me to say what all passed between us, but we had some very serious conversation. I am a Baptist; I stick to the old doctrine of the regular Baptist church. I will not be shaken from it; the hopes of my salvation are all bound up in good Baptist doctrine, and neither love nor money shall make me swerve one inch. I, Pipeisiway Potts, will die first. I was born a Baptist, and I will die a Baptist.

Elder Nutt can never walk hand in hand with P. Potts adown the sunny vallies of matrimony. The doctrine he professes to adorn is not pure and undefiled regular Baptist doctrine, the kind that came down from old John the Baptist, who went walking about with a leather girdle full of locusts and wild honey.

The elder believes partially in the baptism of infants. I do not; and this is the rock on which we split. He tried to reason with me, and became excited. The tears ran down his face, and his hands hung down limp at his sides; and so great was his emotion that he let the tears flow without a friendly wipe. My heart was not melted; my religion came first. I was willing to make every other consideration succumb to that. I don't know whether I was disappointed or not, but I was inflexible.

He did not tarry for supper. I rolled up some jumbles and wheat bread and fried liver in a cloth, and slipped it into his pocket when he started. I told him he must be careful of his health; he must not fast too long. He wiped his nose, and said he'd about as lief live as die, and that he felt as if his candlestick was removed from the altar. I told him that it might be the scales would fall from his eyes, and he would see the way clearly yet. He looked me fully in the face—a scanning, searching look—sighed, took a fresh chew of tobacco, and with merely a bow he departed. He rode off as despondent as though he were a culprit going to meet his doom. His horse hardly trotted, although the sun was casting long shadows a-down the western hills, and the nights were dark and chilly.

My conscience is clear; there is no weight of guilt weighing me down. I am a Baptist, and I am determined nothing shall shake my honest belief in the doctrine.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

No. 11.

TUESDAY.—Girls and I were talking about teeth one morning after breakfast. Now it is not to be supposed that ten girls could come together from different homes in the country and from country villages, and all have good teeth. I have been waiting to become well acquainted with all of them before I would venture to say much on this subject.

Some girls are so sensitive over deformities, or bad habits, that they have to be approached from the blind side—that means to flatter or conciliate; nothing dishonest in it at all, and is a better way than to blurt out mercilessly what you have to say.

So I dropped a note privately to a dentist, an old class-mate of mine, and gave him a modest hint to get aboard the cars some day and pretend that he was going out into

the country on a gunning excursion, and to be sure and bring all necessary instruments with him.

I believe my girls had never thought of the inestimable value of a set of sound, well-formed, well-kept teeth, and what an influence they have upon one's character all through life. Now, one of my girls had bad teeth in front, and I did pity her so, for every time she laughed she either held her hand over her mouth, or drew her upper lip down to hide the worse than deformity. Now I hold that two girls, say one with beautiful teeth and the other without, will show a vast difference in the development of character as they mature into womanhood. The one with splendid teeth will be aware of her advantage and will not miss a good opportunity to smile, and laugh, and dimple her face just to show her pretty, white teeth, and to give people a chance to admire them. She will be gay, and cheerful, and full of fun, she's not afraid to laugh, she rather likes it; who wouldn't, I wonder!

The other poor dear will develop more slowly, the poor unfortunate will never laugh if she can get along without it. She will be always thinking of her ugly teeth, and in trying to conceal them she will pucker and laugh as little as possible, and when she does break over and laugh it will be a suppressed, inward giggle or chuckle that will have no merriment or magnetism in it. If she is constrained to laugh aloud, she will contrive some means of hiding her teeth with her hand, or her fan, or, as in one pitiable instance that I never can forget, she will hide them with her tongue.

Her subjects for conversation will generally be grave or gloomy ones—of sickness, and death, and funerals, and partings—themes in which she will not be called upon to laugh.

The other girl will prefer cheerful subjects, and she will grow up a frolicsome, frank, jolly, good-humored woman, a favorite with old and young.

Thinking this all over one night, as I lay awake, I conceived the idea of dropping a note to the dentist in our nearest city, asking him to call some day when he was out for recreation. He replied and said he would, and I am to pave the way ready for his visit and manage so that the young hunter may act in the role of dentist.

I do not want a girl under my roof to have bad or unsound teeth or a foul breath.

Tudie has an extra tooth that overlaps, is on the outside of the row of the others, but the doctor says it will not be advisable to extract it—that every day, two or three times, she must press against it, push inward—that will make it grow down closer to the others, and, in time, it will not be noticed at all as being peculiar or different from the rest.

Dr. Hall says: "Charity may cover a multitude of sins and a great estate may veil as great a multitude of personal defects to the uneducated and the vulgar, but the wealth of Croesus could not reconcile a man of culture and refinement to wed a snagged tooth and an odoriferous breath."

In the matter of lovability nothing can compensate for the absence of beautiful teeth and a sweet breath. Bad teeth induce dyspepsia from insufficient chewing of the food, they also corrupt the breath and are frequently the causes of serious and distressing disease, while good teeth not only beautify the face but promote health and long life, hence special care expended on their preservation will be repaid an hundred fold in the course of a life time.

No woman can be beautiful whose front teeth are de-

cayed or lost, and such a blemish to a young girl is an irreparable calamity. A decay less than the size of a pin's head will be arrested for a lifetime by a well-placed plug; but if delayed a very few months the tooth will be irrecoverably lost.

Wednesday Evening.—"Dissatisfied," that was what a mother said to me whom I met on the street to-day, when I asked after her daughter.

Dissatisfied! I thought if she had to earn her own living by the sweat of her brow, if she were obliged to toil early and late, if she were poor and friendless, it would be the best thing that could have fallen to her lot in this world.

Parents spend a life of toil in order to leave wealth to their children to secure them social position or worldly advantages, but how much better for those children it would have been had the working out of their own destinies been left in their hands; had it been theirs to sink or swim; mar or make. Poor parents! What does the child most love to remember?

If a niggardly, hard man dies, one who had been too fond of accumulating money, and the child was at that moment enjoying the accumulation, no one ever heard him express any gratification or pride in the memory of that father.

But how often we have heard children whose inheritance had been crippled and cut down to a mere pittance, by the payment of honest debts, say, with a glow of satisfaction and pride, that the parent had been too kind-hearted, too hospitable, too generous and public-spirited to ever become very prosperous or wealthy. The heir of an empire hardly thanks him who bequeathed it; he cherishes little gratitude, but let a child be able to say my dear father was a just man and affectionate, a friend to every man and woman, liberal, upright, devout, and, oh, how the child's memory cleaves to that parent! He honors and reveres him, and feels blessed in having had such a parent, and the older he grows the more he reverences his precious memory. Riches are no proof of moral worth, too often the glow-worm's light reveals the loathsome grub.

One of the sweetest girls I ever saw, a calm, sad-faced girl entering her twenties, now in the senior year at college, was yet, at the age of fifteen, a poor, homeless orphan, friendless and indentured to a hard, unfeeling master and mistress—a poor, abused girl, whipped and cuffed and daily subjected to the most menial drudgery and the abuse of an ignorant task-mistress. But the poor little grub burst, as it were, into a bright-winged butterfly, one day. God, who walked with her in the shadows, unveiled His face, and revealed His character, and she looked up with a cry of joy and the rags fell off and her soul was clothed in a garb of more than royal purple; and with a voice ever ready to hail that blessed day, she goes hand in hand with friends who appreciate her worth and integrity.

"Dissatisfied!" Oh, I thought of this queenly woman who had come up from the shambles of poverty, who, through discipline the sorest, had arisen, like a new light, into the dawn and the glory of a crowned womanhood! I saw her stately step, I heard the rich intonation of her cultured voice—a sad, sweet, musical voice, exquisite as any poem—and then I thought of what *had* been her possibilities compared to those of the girl whose daily plaint is: "dissatisfied." She seemed a pigmy, a dolt, while my poor "bound girl" stood up with starred forehead and a halo encircled her charmed life.

God rules in all things; His ways are above our ways; we must put our trust in Him and we must work, and watch, and wait. We must do with all our might and with sweetest will the work that lies a-near us, however small and insignificant it may appear to us. Often the little work that seemeth very small in our sight is great, and grand, and good work in the eyes of Him who sees not as we see, and who spake as never man hath spoken.

If we who walk in darkness will it, and work for it earnestly, and strive valiantly, our shackles must fall and the shadows must flee away and our weary or stricken souls look out upon a dawn that comes with broader and brighter wings and grander sweep than any dawn that cometh after the darkness of night. If we trust and look up with that sweet faith that cometh of love to God, our bonds shall be broken, and the pieces fall at our feet never to be gathered up and riven again.

If we feel unrest, it is but the uprising wish for eternal life in the presence of the great Light that will never leave us in darkness any more. It is the yearning desire for the glory that our eyes have never seen, the thirsting after the purling waters that flow round the throne of God—it is His love we so need—it is the light of that immortal beauty and purity waiting to overshadow us like the great white wings of a peace that will be broken no more forever.

STARVED TO DEATH!

BY ROSELLA RICE.

SHE was the wife of a farmer in easy circumstances. She was poor, and thin, and sallow; he was strong, and his constitution was of iron. His views were right on every subject; if any one differed from him he wondered at the blindness. When his wife said: "There is nothing I can eat this morning," and sat with tears in her eyes and poured out her tea into the saucer, and then waited awhile and poured it back into the cup, and called this *eating*, he ate slice after slice of the fat, fried salt pork, and peeled and ate of the boiled potatoes with a relish, saying: "I would want nothing better than this—nobody could wish for a better breakfast." She smiled and winked faster to break the tears that were gathering.

This life lasted for years. The robust farmer ate of his salt pork, and boiled potatoes, and beans, and pork gravy, and with his abundant out-door exercise his health was excellent. His little wife grew thinner and thinner; children came to her, and she nursed them, and her life grew weaker and smaller, for she had no vitality to spare to them.

She was starving to death. All through the long summers, day after day, the same strong food, scarcely varied at all, was hers to eat or to let alone—to turn from in disgust—while her husband ate it with a relish, and laughed, and called her "whimsical." Fat pork, potatoes, fried mush, molasses, boiled beans, eggs fried in grease—everything that nature loathes in the summer time, was placed before the exacting husband three times a day the whole year round.

When the poor, feeble, nursing mother sat at the table, disgusted with the food before her, sickened with the smell, he called it "first-rate," and ate enough for both.

Friends rallied the little woman on her emaciated appearance, and playfully pinched the blue, bony arms, and laughingly slid their plump hands down over her jutting shoulder-blades. Her smile was always the same, placid,

and pitiful, and patient. There was but little sustenance for herself and baby in the cup of tea and the bit of fine flour bread and butter that she ate, when she ate at all.

If she said: "I wish we had some good, new beef or mutton," the broad-shouldered farmer-husband laughed and thought he had said a witty thing when he replied: "Nothing to kill! nothing in good order for butchering, unless we kill one of the horses!"

His fine sheep grazed upon the green hillsides, his sleek calves ran in the meadow and orchard, and his shiny cattle browsed in the shady woods and came down the path to the brook to drink of its cool waters.

Nothing to kill! and the little wife, the mother of his puny children, starving to death for lack of the food that contained nutriment for her wasted little body, nutriment to repair the lax muscles, the soft, flabby flesh, and the thin, watery blood.

Starving to death—giving of her own impoverished life to her children when the food she pined for lay in sight of her door every day.

The end drew nigh. The summer's heat was intolerable. She could keep step no longer to the urgent demand of what she deemed duty. She sought the coolest corner of the old house, and smiled and lay down and folded her hands and the sweet Angel of Peace made its abiding-place within that low, quiet, darkened room. Thrice a day her cup of tea and bit of bread were carried to her.

Starving to death—but so gradually that it was not hard or painful. Thrice in the quietude of that little haven of rest she essayed to fashion an infant's tiny, white slip, but she soon wearied, and the needle lay in her attenuated fingers for many minutes before the work was resumed—at last the needle lay still with the stitches as it—at last!

Her smile was seraphic when she looked down upon the new life-claimant that lay beside her. Shadows, both of them. The mother's weight would not exceed seventy pounds, and the babe, the tiny, beautiful, white-cheeked baby, weighed only two pounds and a half. Both little lives faded away gradually and they were laid in one coffin. It was a sad sight. Friends mourned the going out of the home-light, and called it a dispensation of Providence, and the preacher comforted the bereft husband and spoke divine words of condolence to the little children.

Ah, me! if the letter of the law had been fulfilled the coroner would have held an inquest over the emaciated bodies of the defrauded mother and babe.

Better, though, for the blunted sensibilities of poor humanity, that the truth be not told; better to wear crape and bombazine and go a-mourning, than to expose the reality. Better to let greed have rule—to cover and smother and trick out with a soft-handed delusion the fatal truth. It was not pleasant or agreeable.

Wives and children *do* starve to death, but it is done so quietly that they don't know themselves what killed them. Many a nursing mother is starved until she totters on the verge of the yawning grave; growing children, through poverty or greed, are starved, and their physical powers weakened in a way that they never recover from the early blight; poor sewing girls and theological students are starving at a fearful rate, and all from the lack of the proper food—that which contains the needed nourishment. I believe many starve ignorantly—those who know not the truths of physiology and who do not understand what is needed to build up and preserve life

and vigor, and to keep in repair and supply the waste of this wonderful piece of mechanism, the human body.

All of us who blunder thus through ignorance are to be pitied and taught. We must seek for this knowledge which is so needful to our well-being, both physically and intellectually. Any one is culpable who remains in ignorance of these wise laws in this age of good books and good lectures. But too often the money-greed is the cause of lagging steps, short breaths, pallid faces and attenuated frames.

It is common for many farmers to sell off every edible that will command a good price, such as fresh eggs, good butter, early vegetables, fat sheep and cattle and chickens, and, for the sake of the money gained, deny themselves and their families that which their vitality demands, and, deprived of, is positively defrauded.

It is heathenish for the man with stalwart iron frame to expect his wife and children always to have an appetite for that coarse food which his out-door exercise makes him take in with such a royal relish! Think of a weak, nursing mother, in hot weather, sitting down to a dinner of old dry boiled beans, strong-smelling smoked or pickled pork, corn bread, buttermilk, raw onions, greens boiled in with fat pork, and sausage, saved by dint of extra ingenuity! And yet such things are common, and the lord of the household raves and says very bitter things about "whims," and "want of exercise," and "notions," and then cites *himself* as an example of health and hardihood and manly vigor. Sometimes the woman physically don't starve, but the woman intellectual is dead, dead. Sometimes only her love is dead, and laid aside, and covered up with young hopes and aspirations that were blighted long, long ago—died in their young bloom and freshness, and while the shimmer of gold and the glow of the rose were yet upon them.

I heard a thin-faced woman, with sad eyes, say the other day to her husband: "Oh, did you know that Jack Horner was dealing in fresh fish this spring? Gets them right from the lake every week. They do look so good, too!"

The bear!—the great big polar bear! What did he do but step to the wall of the old tumble-down kitchen, and just as tenderly and lovingly as I would pat the pinky curve of a blessed baby's cheek and chin, did he pat a flitch of old, strong, brown-smoked bacon, and say: "Yere's yer good fresh fish! I'd wish for nothing better!"

He did not, like a humane husband, say: "Fresh fish! Who, Doll, wouldn't ye like some? Well, dear, you shall have 'em! bless yer poor little thin face!"

No; he sat down to dinner—it was as good as the house afforded—he like potatoes baked, so she had baked them; and he like boiled pork, and there it was; and there was his favorite custard pie, and hot coffee—everything that he liked; but nothing was there to supply the call made by her little frame.

I don't know as he knew this; or, if knowing it, whether he cared as much about pleasing her as she did him. I judge not, for he remarked immediately after spearing into a piece of pork, that, in size, looked like a young pig on his strong fork: "Why, Mariar, fresh fish must be ten cents a pound—as high as pork—and you know a pound of pork will go twice as far as a pound of fish, besides the good grease that's fried out of it; and that's good for short'nin', you know—good to make biscuits and pies, and to fry 'taters in, and nigs, and to

shorten the crust of corn bread. Why, seems to me you're not a very good economizer, or you'd 'a' counted this all up! Oh, no! no fish fur me at them prices! I'd eat my own head off 'fore I'd be able to make the fast payment on the new thrashin' mashien if I eat fish at them high figgers!"

I rubbed my forehead, for I seemed to hear away on the mountain heights the voice of the minister who had united them in marriage four years ago, "So long as you both do live." His words came to me very distinctly.

Bonnie Marie Bennett was a brave little body when she was a school-girl in Lansing; but how she would endure slow starvation was another thing.

I heard a feeble girl, one with slow step, and luminous eyes, and hectic dot of crimson on each cheek, say: "If I could only eat something! But there is nothing on our table that I am hungry for. I wish we had some good mutton—I always liked it so. Have we no fat sheep, father?"

I looked over at him. His beautiful flock was the envy and admiration of all the farmers in the neighborhood. He always took special care of his sheep during the winter.

He hesitated; that appeal touched him between the joints of his harness; he felt the dull sting, without doubt. He did not trust himself to look into the thin little white face of his motherless daughter as he replied: "We have one very fat, nice one, but it happens to be a ewe; and you know ewes raise lambs, and lambs are worth money."

Oh, I thought, what was money in comparison with health, and strength, and a buoyant step, and the red wine of blood in the veins! What was money to life, and life's needs and necessities and aims and ends?

I do not want to say hard things, but I speak what I do know when I say, that, as a class, farmers are often hard rulers in their households. I say this kindly and considerately, and with a good deal of hesitancy. I don't like to make such an assertion, for I don't want to censure any one who is undeserving. I account for it in this way. Their active out-door life gives them such vigor, and such good appetites, and such sound sleep, that they are incapacitated for judging or feeling for others unlike themselves. This is nothing strange. We cannot expect a person to make a good nurse who has never known a severe attack of sickness. How would he know when to step softly, to turn and arrange the heated pillows, to gently rub the numb limbs, or how to safely ventilate the close chamber, if not taught by his own experience?

In all wrong-doing, and in all short-comings, we must not judge harshly or unkindly, or mete out to others the judgment that would measure ourselves and suit our own cases. We must make allowance for different temperaments, habits, dispositions and conditions in life. And just for lack of this does the robust, stalwart man deem that whatever he likes as a matter of course should his wife like. He makes no allowance; his measure and rule are infallible; he is sure that he knows what is best. Don't he know "from long experience?" Hasn't he tried and found his way to be good? If she ventures an opinion to the contrary, she is very sure to hear the oft-reiterated "Why I know I am right!" He the cold, rugged iron, and she the vase of Sevres china. And over the waste of years gone by comes again the solemn tones of the man of God—"So long as you both do live."

Religious Reading.

THE LORD'S PROVIDENCE.

IT is often very hard to realize that the all-loving and all-wise Providence of God is over each and all of His creatures in every place and at every moment of their lives. When any one has been wonderfully preserved from a great calamity, helped in some unlooked-for way or raised by unforeseen events to great prosperity, we frequently hear it said that such circumstances are providential. Hence, we hear of providential escapes, providential interpositions, providential occurrences, and the like. It is quite right to ascribe every good thing to God. But if we think that Providence is not just as operative in our sorrows as in our joys, in our disappointments as in our successes, in our adversity as in our prosperity, we greatly err. We must not so limit God's operations as to say that His Providence was over the one man who escaped from the wreck, and not over the one hundred who were drowned; or that it was over those who came out of the battle un wounded, and not over the thousand that were left on the field. God's Providence has no exceptions, but is over all; and it is not merely a general providence, but embraces every particular of time, circumstance and state throughout the life of every man, woman and child.—*Words in Season.*

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

AN unchanging state of joy is not possible on earth as it now is, because evil and error are here. The soul must have its midnight hours as well as its sunlit seasons of joy and gladness. Still the mercy of the Lord is shown as much in the night as in the day. It is only in the night that we can see the stars. It is only in our sorrowful and afflicted states that we can learn the real value of the precious truths and consolations of God's Holy Word. If we were never hungry, we should never appreciate the blessings of food. Feeling empty-hearted and desolate is the soul's hunger. If it leads us to desire and seek for spiritual food—the bread of life which cometh down from Heaven—it is a blessed hunger. They that feel such hunger as this shall be filled by the Lord.

So, then, if we are made to feel the insufficiency of this world to satisfy us, the instability of all earthly things, the pangs and misery of evil, and our utter weakness without the help that cometh from above, the lessons taught us in the school of suffering are both wise and good. They are afflictions, doubtless, but still they are blessings in disguise. They rebuke us, but they also chasten us; they purge, and cleanse, and purify our souls.

REV. H. B. BROWNING.

THERE is one great and comprehensive truth that underlies all the practical teachings of the New Testament, viz.: that *we are not our own*. So opposed to all selfishness is the spirit of Christianity, that it denies to us the right of claiming as our own anything that we have or are. We have no right to do as we like with our lives, our talents or our worldly possessions. They are given to us in order that they may be of use, and that in the orderly use of them we may further our own development and well being, and find our true happiness.

THE LOST SHEEP.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
And one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare—
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

Lord, thou hast here the ninety and nine—
Are they not enough for Thee?
But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And, although the roads be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They were pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains thunder riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gates of Heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

Selected.

PENITENCE—which means the real forsaking of our sins because they are sins against the Lord—is the great condition of forgiveness. "Let the wicked forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." We must not suppose that man's penitence makes the Lord merciful. The Lord is ever merciful and forgiving; but man, while impenitent, cannot receive the divine mercy, and therefore enjoy the comfort of a realized forgiveness. The sense of pardon is, in fact, the comforting sense of the divine presence felt in the soul, which, by penitence, has become receptive of that presence.

IN ministering to others we enter into the true order of our life. Our life comes from God, who is the universal Giver. It must therefore impel us to give; it must prompt us to words of help and deeds of use. If we are not conscious of this impulse, it is because our life, although received from God, has become perverted in the reception. The more it retains of the character of its divine original, the more must it impel us to act in a God-like way, and give. The Saviour's greatness and oneness with the Father was shown in this, among many other things, that He came "not to be ministered unto but to minister." He was the greatest of all because He was the servant of all.

THE BIBLE, GOD'S HOLY WORD, is as different from any other book as God is different from man. It is divine and holy; not because God spake the words thousands of years ago, but by virtue of His living presence in them, and because they are divine truths clothed in natural language and expressed by natural images. When, therefore, we go to the Bible, reading it with a humble and reverent desire to know how to live a heavenly life, we go to God, for He is really present therein. This is why we always feel better after reading the Bible in a true and worshipful spirit, and why such peace comes over us. We are nearer to God then, and His peace passeth all understanding.

THE master purpose of a true man's life is to be useful to others. There is no duty so mean that will not be ennobled by this motive. There is no function so dignified that it will not receive from this motive fresh dignity and lustre.

THE selfish and worldly-minded do not really "inherit the earth," no matter how much wealth, influence among men and power they may possess. They merely occupy it as aliens, not as heirs. Living in opposition to the true order of Heaven, God cannot give them the deep satisfaction that comes from using natural powers and possessions as ministers to the higher and nobler faculties of the soul. Only the regenerate can truly live and enjoy in all the degrees of life, for they only can enter into sensual things without turning them to evil. When so turned to evil, they sting like a serpent and bite like an adder; but when under the control of heavenly laws, they have in them a fulness of delight.

THE soul that does good to others, grows in goodness. He that is a medium of blessing to others is himself blessed thereby. Hence, selfishness is folly as well as sin; for while it prevents our doing good to others, in the same degree it prevents our doing good to ourselves.

Mothers' Department.

TALKS TO MOTHERS.

BY EDITH W. KENT.

No. 10.

BABIES.

WHEN does a baby's education begin?

We may at least be sure that from the time when those wondering eyes are first opened on this strange old world of joy and sorrow, of shadow and sunshine, its education is in progression.

Although it is not possible in so short an article to treat the subject as comprehensively and as thoroughly as I would like, or to give it the attention it deserves, yet I may, perhaps, be able to give you a few hints that may prove useful to some young, inexperienced mother. But to go right down to the heart of the matter would involve us in so long a discussion that we must abandon the idea, and mostly content ourselves with merely touching the surface of things.

Regarding the ways of babies, and the methods usually employed in their management by those who "have dominion over them," a close, and, as I believe, an impartial observation, has led me to the conclusion that much of their fretfulness and evident discontent may rationally be ascribed, and that many of their ills are directly traceable, to those methods. Why are most babies so much trouble? Why must some one be continually trotting and rocking them, tossing them about, and calling into requisition all the noises that can be "manufactured" for their diversion, or else, forsooth, there is no living in the house with them?

I believe that, as a general thing, this is largely owing to mismanagement in the beginning—that in the case of healthy babies it is almost invariably so. One must remember that *habits* are very easily and quickly formed, and take care to avoid giving to baby, habits which are sure to be a disadvantage to itself and the cause of much unnecessary trouble to those having the care of it. With proper care and judicious management from the first, what a world of trouble, and how many weary hours, might be spared poor tired mothers who usually have enough of care, anxiety and labor, without anything unnecessary

being added to their burdens; but with the numerous uncles, aunts and cousins, the grandmas and grandpas, to keep him almost constantly on the move—in short, to assist each other in the general work of unconsciously spoiling him, to say nothing of papa's (and mamma's?) share in the matter, the greatest wonder is that baby behaves as well as he does, the poor little dear! And in the face of all this he gets dubbed "cross" by one and all! No wonder he resents the audacity, and resolves to deserve the appellation—and it cannot be denied that he does sometimes succeed admirably in carrying out those intentions; but seriously, we must not blame him for being cross, when as likely as not it is only the inevitable effect of causes entirely beyond his control; the blame rests with those who furnish the causes.

Now to those who wish to begin in the right way, I would say, don't let your baby be spoiled; just "set your foot down," as the saying is, and quietly but firmly insist upon its being kept perfectly quiet (or as nearly so as possible) during the first few weeks of its life. Secure for it this condition, and one great point is gained; for it is during the first two or three months of its life that the mischief is done which uses up so much of your strength unnecessarily, as it seems to imbue baby with the notion that there is no happiness for itself unless almost constantly held, and held with an especial regard to the observance of the laws of "perpetual motion." So let it be distinctly understood from the very first that there is to be as little holding it as possible, and that there is positively to be no rocking or trotting it. If a baby is used to the bed or crib from the first, with no rocking, no noise or preliminaries of any kind, it becomes accustomed to that method, and seems perfectly content. Begin in this way, and the habit will soon be formed; it will expect nothing else, and I believe feels far better than the baby with whom a course directly the opposite is pursued, and who, consequently, is continually crying and worrying whenever there is any abatement in those attentions to which it has been accustomed. Better commence with them in a way that you can carry out—a rational way—than to form habits the slightest infringement of which causes them unhappiness and discontent, and you anxiety,

trouble and additional labor. A child's willingness to be lain down quietly and go to sleep of its own accord would prove a real blessing to you all through its childhood. This seems a small thing, I know; but it is a "hinge" on which turns one of the doors whose opening would many times admit you a welcome visitor—*re-ct.*

One should be very careful in handling a little baby to do nothing that can, by any possibility, injure it. To see one lifted about with no seeming regard for the fact that its bones and muscles are as yet utterly incapable of supporting its weight, to see it held in a sitting posture, with little or no support for its back, while the poor little thing tries, but tries in vain, to hold up its head, which drops helplessly over, first to one side and then the other, is a spectacle distressing in the extreme. I don't believe a baby was ever meant to be held much in a sitting posture until strong enough to hold up its head.

Remember that a baby is a delicate piece of human mechanism, easily injured by rough handling. "I'll scare that out of you!" I once heard a mother cry out, impetuously, to her fretful, crying baby, not six weeks old, at the same time giving it a *jerk* which brought its eyes open wide, and suddenly broke off, for a moment, its plaintive cries.

It makes me feel sad to see anything of that kind; it brings to mind a painful incident by which a little boy was made weakly, probably for life, solely, as it was thought, through his mother's harsh treatment of him. Because he would cry and worry she would get out of patience, and, in her unreasoning, uncontrollable anger, give him a violent shake, and then, with angry threats, jam him down repeatedly upon her lap, until the breath was so nearly out of the poor little body that there was scarcely enough left to cry. No wonder that, as he grew older, the lungs were weak and asthmatic, the shoulders "round" and the chest hollow, while there was little taste or inclination for those rough, boyish, out-door sports which go to make up strength and muscle.

A baby cannot be too well or too tenderly cared for; perfectly helpless, it depends for its comfort almost solely upon the care it receives; and its health and well-being *through life* may depend on that care. Many a child is killed through the mismanagement and ignorance of a mother; while hundreds of those that survive are irreparably weakened and impoverished in constitution thereby.

Now, a baby should never be washed in cold water; let the water be warm, and use all care to avoid its getting a chill while you are giving it its morning bath. Wash one part of the body, an arm, for instance, at a time, dry thoroughly and cover it; then another, and so on.

I once knew a woman who had but one child living—a poor, puny, little boy of perhaps two or three years of age. She also had her hobbies. When an ignorant woman, especially, has a child and a "hobby," the child is sure to suffer. Hers did. One of her hobbies was to put him, each day, into a tub of cold water—his "bath." Not cool water, mind, but cold water—usually right from the well. No matter what the weather, cold or hot, into that tub he must go, and, regardless of cries or shivers, in he went.

Why, I do think such treatment perfectly outrageous! Having nearly (or quite?) all his life been accustomed to this inhuman treatment, it is no wonder that he looked puny and old and as though dwarfed in both body and mind. And no one could convince her that it was hurtful to him. This was only one instance of her ignorance; in

almost every point that little life will be marred by it. For my part, I have never been able to see why women who do not possess common sense enough to properly care for a child, should ever be allowed to become mothers at all. I suppose that is one of life's mysteries (if the thought was wicked, may I be forgiven it!); and of life's mysteries only God knows the "why," and what seems dark to us we may safely trust with Him, for to Him all is light, and He the life of all; while unsearchable love and wisdom underlies His every purpose.

If you nurse your baby (as, under all ordinary circumstances, I believe a mother should do), it may be that it does not get enough from you; in which case (and alas when fed wholly from a nursing-bottle) good rich cow's milk, scalded, and sweetened just a little, should be given. Be sure the milk is pure—not adulterated nor diluted—and that the bottle is always perfectly sweet, and the milk of the right temperature. As a general rule, clear milk may be given—at least after a few weeks; you can tell by trying; and if it seems to agree with your baby, let it be given without diluting. Never give "skim-milk." Do not give "farrow" cow's milk to a baby if it is a possible thing to get any other; but if it so happens that you cannot get milk from any other, let it be sweetened with brown sugar or with molasses (not the "syrup"), and that will in a measure counteract its objectionable qualities. As baby grows older, and seems to require something more, let it be fed rich milk and some kind of good, nutritious mush, or something of that sort (not made too stiff)—that made from finely-ground oatmeal being among the best—perhaps the best; and after a little, crushed wheat, bread and milk, etc., will be required.

We have seen mothers bring their babies to table before old enough to sit alone, even, and feed them pie, cake, meat, potatoes, etc. Now it appears to me that if the Lord had intended such food for babies He would have given them the wherewith to chew it—for instance, "a full set of teeth" to start with!

Nature would teach some persons if they would only consent to be taught.

Speaking of "cake" in connection with "babies," reminds me of an instance of mismanagement in the feeding of babies, which, it seems to me, can have no parallel.

Mrs. Howard prides herself on being a "good cook," and always keeps a "goodly supply" of what she terms "hard sugar-cake" on hand. She used to go over to Mrs. Brown's once a week to make "hard sugar-cake" for—that lady's baby! (A fact!) This baby was eight months old, or thereabout, and had been brought up, thus far, wholly on a nursing-bottle.

"But lately," said Mrs. Howard, "he will not touch the bottle—will eat nothing at all except hard sugar-cake."

"Why does Mrs. Brown allow him to have such food?" said I. "Nothing could be much more injurious to the child's constitution."

"Oh, I guess it won't hurt him," she replied; "and what else can she do? He won't eat anything else."

What an idea! I told her I thought he would if he were to get hungry enough; and that were he my child he would not have another mouthful of that cake; if he would eat nothing else, then he would certainly go without until hungry enough to eat proper food.

She said he was the "crossiest child" she ever saw; and really, I do not think it any wonder, if that was a fair specimen of his mother's general management.

Now, in the first place, he should not have been allowed

to even taste of such food (if "food" it may be called); not even grown people should abuse themselves to such an extent as ever to eat of such trash as this which constituted that child's "steady diet." Judge for yourselves; here is her recipe:

"Hard Sugar-cake.—One rounding cup sugar, one cup melted butter, one teaspoonful saleratus, a little over half a teacup of warm water, and flour enough to roll out very stiff."

And to think of building up a child's constitution on such stuff as that! Dreadful! It does seem incredible that such ignorance should exist in this land of light and liberty; but it is true.

If you love your children, and would shield them from evil, do not, I implore you, give your babies brandy or liquor of any kind; and, O mothers! as you value the lives of your children, as you value their future well-being of body and soul, beware of all "cordials" and "soothing syrups!"

Remember that babies cannot *always* be "on good behavior," they will sometimes cry and worry; it's their right, for they have no other mode of expression when things are not exactly to their mind; but with proper treatment you may reasonably expect your baby to be tolerably good. Don't get discouraged and out of patience with the poor little dear if it does worry; but study its needs, and administer to them tenderly and to the best of your ability and judgment. Women would do

well to study into this matter more—give the subject of "a baby's needs" more thought, and more earnest thought.

A baby should be properly fed, comfortably dressed (clothes not too tight, flannel skirts, dresses made with long sleeves and high in the neck, etc.), particular care being taken to keep the feet and legs always warm, allowing plenty of room for them; its "linen" should always be removed *as soon as damp*, exchanged for dry, warm ones; it should have plenty of good, fresh air to breathe; pure, cold water every day to drink; plenty of sleep, sunshine and love. But no "soothing syrups" nor "cordials," no peppermint essence, "camphor tea" nor "whisky elixirs" for "colic" or "wind on the stomach!" Let a mother be careful in the matter of her own food and health, drink no tea or other "stimulants," never nurse her baby when excited or angry, nor, if possible to avoid it, when her blood is heated from *any* cause; but do all in her power, by proper care of herself and infant, to guard against those two causes of suffering to which babies are so liable; and then, if her baby is troubled with colic or wind on the stomach, let her make a tea from the leaves (the petals) of roses, and give it a few spoonfuls of that. I know of nothing so good as "rose-leaf tea" for those complaints.

Teas made from the leaves of "catnip" or peppermint, from ginseng root, smellage seed, etc., are also very good remedies.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

BEAUTIFUL EYES.

"AND such beautiful eyes!" said Harvey Lee. "Brown as a ripe chestnut and clear as diamonds."

"Not half so beautiful as Minnie's eyes."

It was Aunt Florence who said this in her firm but quiet way.

"Minnie's eyes!" exclaimed Harvey, with just a little contempt in his voice. "Why, they are as pale and dull as a faded violet. And such thin lashes and eyebrows! You're jesting, Aunt Florence."

"No," was the steady answer. "I speak as I think."

"But, aunt," urged Harvey, "just look at the difference between them. Mary's eyes are large, clear, brilliant brown eyes, with long silken lashes that fall like heavy fringes on her cheeks; while Minnie's are small, dull and expressionless."

"Not expressionless," objected Aunt Florence. "I have seen a life and beauty in them to which I fear the eyes of Mary Leonard are strangers."

As Aunt Florence spoke, a young girl, with a finely-formed oval face and regular features, crossed the room and joined the little group, a part of whose conversation we have just given. Her eyes were, as Harvey Lee had described them, "brown as ripe chestnuts and clear as diamonds." He was not alone in calling them beautiful.

"Did you ever see such horrid taste!" exclaimed the girl, glancing toward a young lady who had just entered the room. "And what a fright Clara Jones has made of herself with that great knot of hair, when everybody knows she hasn't any of her own worth naming!"

Aunt Florence gave Harvey a meaning glance. Somehow, the eyes of Mary Leonard seemed to grow less beautiful as he looked at them. Their fine lustre was dimmed.

Mary lingered for a minute or two, looking keenly around in search of flaws and defects, and then crossed to another part of the room.

"A beautiful spirit will make the eyes beautiful," said Aunt Florence, in a low voice, bending to the ear of her nephew.

Harvey did not reply, but he had a faint glimpse of her meaning. A little while afterward he found himself standing by the side of Mary. He was about the same age—sixteen—but she seemed much older. His heart fluttered a little, for her great lustrous eyes had charmed and bewildered him. Looking into her face, that seemed to him at the moment all loveliness, he asked a simple question in order to lead her into conversation. But, in her heart, Mary looked down on the boy with a feeling that was half contempt, and she took no pains to hide this feeling. She answered him in a few coldly-uttered words, with changing eyes and a slight shade of scorn on her lips.

In an instant she stood transformed before the boy. It seemed as if a veil had fallen from before her face. Something that was almost hideous looked out at him from the large brown eyes. Their beauty faded in a moment. He half caught his breath in sudden surprise, then turned and walked away to a distant part of the room.

"How sweet she is!" This sentence fell upon the boy's ears, and he turned to look at the speaker. It was Minnie Loring. Her pale blue eyes were resting on Clara Jones, who, as seen by Mary Leonard, was a fright. What a wonderful change had come into those eyes, which, a little while before, he had called dull and expressionless! They were full of light, and had a beauty that seemed caught from Heaven, it was so tender and

loving; for her beautiful soul was looking out through them.

"Beautiful eyes, my dear boy," said Aunt Florence, a little while afterward, when he told her of what he had seen, "are those that reveal a beautiful soul within—eyes that are ever searching for the beautiful in character, in persons and in nature. Such eyes are Minnie Loring's. They have not the native lustre, the rich coloring and splendid setting of Mary Leonard's; but when each becomes flooded with feeling, the eyes of Minnie are radiant with sweet affections, while Mary's are too often dimmed by ill-nature and selfishness. No eyes are really beautiful but those that reveal a beautiful spirit."

PARLOR AQUARIUM.

BY E. B. D.

AN acquaintance has just been showing me a large pan full of water lilies, leaves, flowers, roots and all, which she had obtained for the purpose of putting in an aquarium. If she succeeds in getting them to grow, the large circular leaves and fragrant waxen flowers will be magnificent, and will give her and friends who call to see her a great deal of pleasure.

Talking about aquariums has suggested the question to me, why should there not be more people possess and take delight in them? And especially, why should not boys and

girls, who have so much to learn about nature, each possess one of their own, and thus be permitted to study the habits of fishes and water-plants daily?

When rightly managed, aquariums are very beautiful objects, and appropriate ornaments for either parlor or sitting-room. Large aquariums are expensive, but the smaller ones can be obtained or made at trifling cost.

An aquarium may consist of a simple glass globe, or a glass tank of any size. The latter might be made by an elder brother at a trifling cost. The sides must be of glass, and the bottom of slate or metal, fitted into a

frame-work, so as to be water-tight. The larger it is, of course the more satisfaction it will give.

Of course the first fish which any one will select will be the beautiful gold fish, whose brilliant colors are heightened when seen through the water. Minnows from the streams are also desirable, and their habits worthy of study. The perch may be tamed so as to come and take its food from the fingers.

It will not do to put the pike into an aquarium with fish other than gold and silver fish, as they are the sharks of the fresh water. Even with the fish excepted they must be well fed.

A small eel is a curiosity, and tad-poles and frogs will furnish a fund of amusement.

The newt is an interesting addition to the aquarium, perfectly harmless, and at some seasons of the year displaying a variety of brilliant colors.

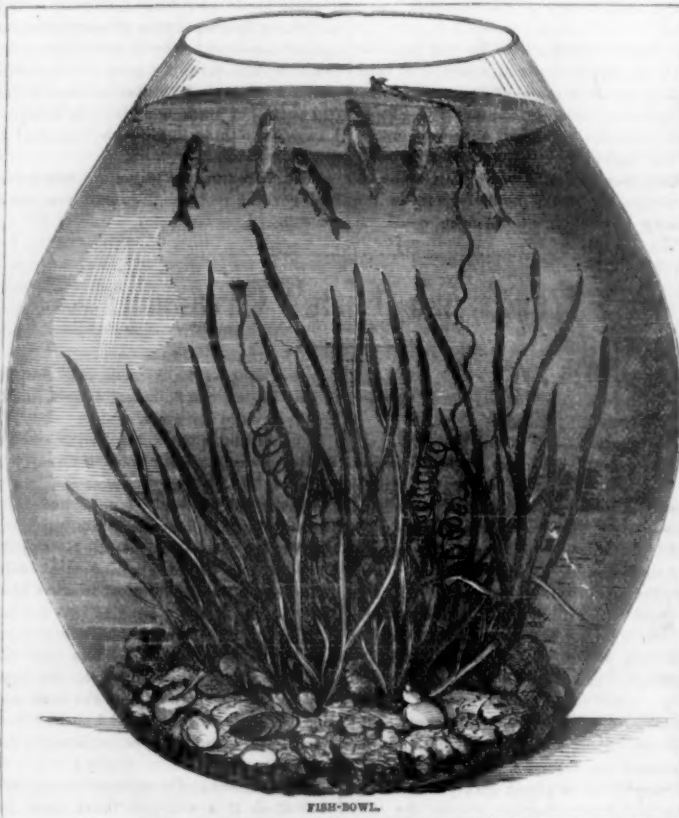
If it is intended to keep fish alone in the aquarium, it will be necessary to change the water every day; otherwise it will become impure, and the fish will die.

But it is far more desirable to have grasses, reeds and plants in the aquarium. They are beautiful to look at, afford hiding-places for the fish, and absorb the poisonous gases which accumulate if the water stands, too long. Then to consume in turn the decaying vegetable matter, there must be a supply of water-snails.

The bottom

of the tank or globe must be supplied with dirt, covered with sand, pebbles and shells. In the centre it is desirable to place a bit of rock-work or shells. Around this should be planted suitable plants and grasses, which any boy or girl may gather for him or herself from the ponds and marshes.

Such an aquarium as I have described may be obtained with very little cost and trouble, and will be a perpetual source of delight and profit to its youthful owners. It will occupy many an hour that might otherwise be far less usefully employed.



FISH-BOWL.

Evenings with the Poets.

THE LADY'S "YES."

BY MRS. BROWNING.

"YES," I answered you last night:
"No," this morning, sir, I say.
Colors seen by candle-light,
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols play their best,
Lamps above, and laughs below—
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *Yes* or fit for *No*.

Call me false or call me free—
Vow, whatever lights may shine,
No man on your face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—
Time to dance is not to woo—
Wooing light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death—
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
Ever true, as wives of yore—
And her *Yes*, once said to you,
Shall be *Yes* forevermore.

SAFE.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

PALE, broken bud, that cannot be a rose!
On thee no summer tempest ever blows;
No bee shall blight thy heart, no driving rain
Thy tintless petals with its passion stain.
No sun shall burn thee, and no frost assail;
Safe shalt thou bloom beyond the wintry gale.

Dear lamb! for thee no stormy wind shall beat,
No drifting snows beset thy tiny feet,
No hunger rage, no thirst, no vague despair
Vex thy sweet life in that celestial air.
For thee no more are mortal hurts or harms,
Safe folded in thy tender Shepherd's arms.

Birdling, that fluttered at the window-pane,
And fell beside it, ne'er to rise again!
Thy feeble wing has found eternal rest,
No terror pants within thy sleeping breast;
No human hand, no tyrant of the sky,
Can rob the nest where thy closed pinions lie.

Sweet dream that lit upon thy mother's heart
A joyful moment, pausing to depart;
Such solace as in sleep He sometimes sends
Who shapes our losses to divinest ends,
Though thy frail symbol sleeps beneath the sod,
We know thy waking rapture was with God.

Ascending spark, that from our stricken sight
Fled quivering upward to be lost in light,
For thee no moth shall mortal pangs endure,
No tears shall dim thee and no night obscure;
Only another star in heaven we see,
And look to God whene'er we look for thee.

Christian Union.

HYMN OF NATURE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE harp at nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea.

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The wind with hymns of praise is loud,
Or low with sobs of pain,
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The drooping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongue of Pentecost,
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her year began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

FADING.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

AY, thou art for the grave; thy glances shine
Too brightly to shine long: another spring
Shall deck her for men's eyes—but not for thine—
Sealed in a sleep which knows no waking.
The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,
And the vexed ore no mineral of power;
And they who love thee wait in anxious grief
Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour.
Glide softly to thy rest then: death should come
Gently, to one of gentle mould like thee.
As light winds wandering through groves of bloom
Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.
Close thy sweet eyes, calmly, and without pain;
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.

The Home Circle.

FROM MY WINDOW.

BY LICHEN.

No. 8.

THE summer is over, the harvest is ended, the fruit and grain have all been carried home. Day by day from my window have I watched the stripping of the fields around; day by day seen the loaded wains pass by, with their rich burdens of the products of the earth, going to fill the barns and storehouses of the farmer, or supply the markets. Nature yields up her treasures generously to our eager hands; if not so plentifully as sometimes, yet enough for man and beast.

"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness," seems written all around us. While contemplating all this bounty, let us look, through the windows of thought, out over *life's* harvest-field, and see what we have gathered from its rich yield.

Student and scholar, what have you gleaned from your studies and researches? Have you learned what will make you a truer, as well as a wiser man? Helpful to your fellow-creatures as well as yourself, and better fitted to perform faithfully your duties toward the Creator, as well as the creature?

Mother, working quietly in your little home-sphere, in a ceaseless round of daily duties, training little hearts and hands, watching little feet and tongues, have you sown love and patience and tender care, together with the lessons of practical, daily life, and reaped affection, obedience, confidence and respect in return?

Minister of Christ, to souls that need help and guidance—souls that you have found, perhaps, walking alone, and untaught in life's dark pathway—what is the harvest which your labor has brought? Have you fed these hungry ones with spiritual food, and received the blessed reward of seeing some of them grow and expand in Christian life, and felt yourself strengthened and encouraged thereby?

Young man and maiden, traveller in the noonday of life's journey, or you who are nearing its close—oh! every one of us, whatever our occupation, or if we claim none but to fritter time away, like butterflies in the sunshine—every one has sown and reaped something. Our harvest may be full, ripe grain, or flowers and grass, or only useless—sometimes noxious weeds. I suppose, with the most of us, it is a commingling of all; but whatever it be, it will tell on our lives to all eternity. And what a sweet significance may lie for some in those words, "bringing their sheaves with them." Bringing them for the Lord of the harvest to give His word of commendation, if they are worthy of it. Perhaps to receive the "Well done, good and faithful servant," for some there are who have gathered their last sheaves here, and before another season comes will have passed upward to higher fields of action.

But the laborer in *this* field cannot always tell what the fruit of his own harvest is—what the good or ill his work may have wrought. That is known *sometimes* only to the angels who watch their labors, and to the Lord of all.

I cannot see much of what mine has been, though I can look back and remember many a word that should have been left unspoken, and little acts which had been better omitted, besides little efforts for good, which may or may

not have been successful. But there is so small an amount of good that I can see I have done, though I trust to have given some pleasure to a few friends who know me well and love me, and I *hope* to a few others who do not know me, save through the words of mine which they have read this year; the thoughts which I have tried to make something more than merely pleasing, and from the answering tokens which come back from afar, may hope that I have not failed. These are the *flowers* of my harvest.

Perhaps flowers are the best that some can bring—surely the hands of children bear many of them—and though they cannot claim the worth of fruit or grain yet the dear Lord loves and looks kindly on them.

But I know what I have gleaned through the year from the fields of *others*. Pleasure, sympathy, strengthening cheer; lessons of love to the neighbor, glimpses of life trials, which have been a help to me in learning to bear my own.

I would like to read Longfellow's "Aftermath" this month, and see what he has brought from the rich storehouse of his mind to symbolize this season. There must be something about it in the opening piece, though he may treat of the season of life, rather than the time of year, since I remember what I have heard of the meaning of his title. Perhaps Mr. Arthur will give us some extracts from the book, next year, so that we who are not so fortunate as to possess it may still have a taste of the good things.

As this month advances, the season of Thanksgiving is with us again, to be celebrated as the custom of the country, or the hearts of the people dictate. In far-away New England, happy families gather for their yearly reunion under the old home roof, where their elders were cradled and nurtured, and gray-haired grandparents, serenely nearing the borders of life, smile benignantly upon children's children. Thanksgiving sermons are listened to from pastors under whose eyes many of them have grown up; who, perhaps, have baptized them, and then their children.

Tables groan under the weight of fat turkeys, pumpkin and mince-pies, and all the traditional dishes and delicacies belonging to this feast of good things. The children frolic in the barn, up in the hay-loft and around the fields, having a grand time together. To be sure, some of them are very likely to get sick on too many of grandma's sweetmeats, but, then, Thanksgiving, like Christmas, only comes once a year, and grandma will not have them denied. Mothers talk over their various household interests, comparing notes in regard to their children and servants. Brothers and brothers-in-law talk of politics, farming, stock-raising, and modern improvements and inventions, I suppose. Amongst the young folks there is a little love-making, and a good deal of talking over dress and the festivities of the coming season; and, I hope, a little over some more solid subjects. Effie's engagement is duly discussed, and Huldah's wedding, and Harry's projected journey to the West. Then, at night, they all gather in the social circle, and sing the songs that grandpa and grandma have always loved, and, perhaps, finish with some sweet, old hymn, and the day is ended.

Here in the Southwest, where customs, surroundings and circumstances have always been so different, it is not kept in the same way. But many grateful hearts gather

at the altar to offer up their praise for the many blessings received, even while some such longed-for ones are withheld; and the ordinary home dinner—if there is no turkey—is eaten with thankful thoughts.

But the month brings other anniversaries dearer to me than this. Its very opening day, "All Saints," is one of the sweetest festivals of the year; when loved ones on earth and above may be drawn together in a sweet communion, which the world cannot see or know of. How many thousands around the earth, separated bodily by land and sea, are on that day united at the same hour, by the electric chain of kindred thought and sympathy—a chain strong and subtle enough to annihilate distance and break through the invisible barrier between this world and the other. On this day, when some of our southern cities follow the beautiful custom, adopted from the French, of covering the graves of their departed ones with flowers, as a loving tribute, I wreathe with flowers of memory the shrines of those who are gone from my earthly sight, whether they be still in the body or out of it.

No sepulchres of dust and ashes are these shrines, but the living spirits of those who once walked near me. The dear, old pastor, whose hand poured the baptismal water upon my head, and the one whose loving duty it was, after that, to minister to me during the first years of this long imprisonment; and she who used so often to be with me at such times, and with whom I always sat, in the dear, old church far away, before my feet had lost their power to go wherever I would. On this day, these are always very near me, and many others who still move amidst their earthly duties, besides those more blessed ones, who dwell in the upper mansions, who, I trust, hold their unseen arms about me, in answer to my silent prayers. "Ministering spirits," whom the Father sends to strengthen His fainting ones, though they are unconscious of the presence.

So the month has its brightness and its cheer, its days of soft air and sunshine, although the night winds sigh mournfully through the almost leafless branches, and ere long the winter storms will come, and the drenched earth look bleak and bare. And though it is sad to see the leaves and flowers die, yet we welcome the winter pleasures, the fireside joys. We know the summer beauty is only gone for a short time, while the earth's vital forces rest and recuperate, to bring forth fresh luxuriance in another fast-coming spring. And so, with all the varied feelings it brings, we love November.

WEDDED LOVE.

BY MRS. E. M. CONKLIN.

DOST remember, love, remember,
How those early days went by?
Bright as May was drear December,
Storms were fair as sunny sky!
All love's bonds were wreathed with roses,
Fruit seemed then their flowery hold;
Stronger links their fall disclose,
Firm as iron, pure as gold!
We'll remember, love, remember,
When the glow of youth is past,
And life's last expiring ember
Flickers, wanes and fades at last!
How this holy love, God-given,
Held us up and led us on,
Till before the gates of Heaven,
Love's noonday replaces dawn!

HEART—HOME.

BY ALICE HAMILTON.

MY bird is asleep,
Head under its wing,
A little round ball,
A soft, downy thing.

My work is all put
Away from my sight;
The lids of my books
Are closed for the night.

The window—no light—
Save what the sweet eyes
Of love-lighted stars
Sends down from the skies

Outside, a faint thrill
Of leaf on its stem,
For lightly the breeze
Rocks millions of them.

As softly she sings
A lullaby still;
Hush, troubled heart!
Or tell me thy will!

Why beating so fast?
Why longing to go
Far out in the night
To flit to and fro?

Ah! would I had power
To give thee the right,
To fly to the home,
That waits thee to-night.

Thy lover's sweet heart
Is thy cherished home-nest,
Hie thou to thy home,
And hush thee to rest!

A SERMON FROM THE LILIES.

WE have been gathering pond-lilies—sweet types of innocence and purity, growing out of the dark, slimy mud, each waxen cup a pulpit, each fragrant petal an earnest, eloquent preacher, telling all who will heed their lessons it is possible for mankind to grow out of the darkness and degradation of surrounding circumstances—out of the depth of wickedness, sin and misery, and, by the Father's help, open pure and beautiful in His sunlight, stronger and more helpful to all around because of the trials through which they have passed. If the lilies can keep beautiful and spotless—if, out of the mud and filth lying below the waters, they can open petals whose sweet fragrance is equaled only by their purity, why may not lives grow as spotless, as free from taint and sin, though all around are sin, crime and wrongdoing? Is not the love that guards the lilies guarding human lives as well, as closely and as lovingly? If He so cares for the flowers which open to-day and are gone to-morrow, will He not much more care for you, oh ye of little faith and great sorrows?

Listen closely to the sermon of the lilies—the silent, wordless sermon—and fear not. When temptations gather thick around you; when you are tried almost beyond enduring, and life seems hardly worth the living, lift your hearts and hands to the Helping One, and be

sure, as the water closes around the lilies, protecting them from all hurtful things, so His love will close around you; and if you struggle on, trying with unfaltering hope and courage to overcome the obstacles, trusting in Him, and making all trials but stepping-stones in your upward journeyings, the peace of God shall be with you, and by and by you shall see all things are well and wisely ordered, and all working together for our good. Remember,

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
We build the ladder by which we rise;
And from the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
We mount to its summit round by round."

The work may be slow and difficult—it is slow and difficult—but the help is sure, the reward exceeding great. Oh, that I might place flowers in every home where there is aught of heart-sickness, weariness or discouragement; that I could open the eyes now blinded, that they might see the beauty on every side; that I could open all ears to hear, all hearts to heed the teachings of nature. Not a flower opens, not a leaf grows to perfection on its parent tree, not a breath of air or a ray of blessed sunlight, that does not tell of the All-Father's ever watchful love and care. The storms tell it even in their fury. All, all speak of God and His goodness. All are made for our use and enjoyment; and the sweetest and best of all we find here are but dim foreshadowings of the joy and blessedness, the beauty and holiness, awaiting us beyond the river. Let us work while the day lasts.

"Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path,
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff."

Let us, like the lilies, live for the good of others—live cheerily, bravely and hopefully—believing with all our hearts all is for the best, and all will come right in the end. God knows, and He loves us. EARNEST.

A GREETING.

DEAR ALL OF YOU:—And by this I mean each one of our little "Home" family, for I have really become attached to every one whose kind thoughts and pleasant words come to cheer me every month. Yes, I mean all of you—"Lichen," and "Pipsey," and "Chatty Brooks," and—why, yes, of course, first and foremost—our genial publisher himself, for, though I said "dear" at the beginning, I hope he will have no serious objection to being included. I have been thinking of each one of you, as I sat here, this afternoon, in my rocking-chair by the east window, and I've been wondering just how you look.

Quaint, old Pipsey! oh, but you are funny, though! Don't frown because I said "old." It's only one of my terms of endearment, and means the same as a good hug in my vocabulary. You've told us something how you look, I know, but, you see, I don't believe you've got the "rheumatiz," or catarrh, or wear such things as you say you do, or carry such a huge cotton umbrella. I wish you'd tell us some about that Baptist man with one eye. It makes me laugh so to read about him. Dear little "Lichen," are you little? You seem so, to me. I like your sweet letters of hope and Christian trust. I think I should like you, if I knew you. Chatty! oh, lively, wide-awake, cheerful Chatty. Your name alone is enough to drive away the blues, any day. Think of a book that is sparkling, and brightening, and bubbling in the sunshine

all the day long, then a blithe, rosy, plump, "chatty" woman, and you will know the way I think of you, Chatty Brooks.

And our kind Mr. Arthur—I suppose if I were to praise him, in the least, he would be too modest to print it; so, out of the abundance of my heart, I only dare say, he looks well in a frame, and writes nice stories.

There are others, too, whose words come to cheer, and comfort, and instruct; but I cannot speak of each individually, but to all I say, I do thank you with an earnest heart, for your dear words of encouragement, and plain words of counsel, and sweet words of comfort—thank you more than I can tell.

P. S.—As I am a woman, I may as well do as all women do, add a postscript to my letter, and tell a few things I know. I've only kept house a little over three years, so I don't know much; but, like all those who do not know much, I like to tell what I do know—though I shall not by any means try to tell it all here; there isn't room.

But about *squash*. Did you ever fry any? I cooked some that way to-day, and it was nice. (If this recipe is rather late for this season, remember it until next year.) Take a summer squash, cut it up in slices, roll it in flour, and fry in a spider in hot butter. Salt and pepper it; and if you like fried oysters you'll like this.

Two other things. Take your board that you scour knives on, and nail it firmly, so it will be stationary, near the table where you wash dishes. You don't know, unless you've tried, how much labor it saves; for if at any time you use a knife, just step right there and rub it over with the scouring material. (I use bath brick and a large cork.) And you wouldn't do this if you had to go to some cupboard, take down the board, and afterward have to put it back again.

I learned something from a little twelve-year-old girl who worked for me last winter that I never thought of before. She was scrubbing and mopping in the pantry, and got too much water on the floor; and how did she go to work to get it up but to take the dust-pan and scoop it up with that, and then wipe the floor nicely with the mop. How much better that was than wringing out the mop ten or a dozen times until your hands are almost blistered, and your back almost broken.

There, I've said my say; I feel better, and I hope you do, as the little boy said in a school exhibition I attended this summer. If you don't now, I'm sure you will in a few minutes, for I'm just going to stop.

I declare, my postscript is almost longer than my letter! But when a minister, you know, says "lastly," and bangs down the cover of the Bible, it isn't always a sure sign he is through, for the "lastly" is sometimes quite *lasting*, and lasts longer than all the rest of his sermon. So, though I'm not a minister, and haven't been sermonizing, yet, with such high authority, of course you will have politeness enough to this once excuse the fault in

HATTIE F. BELL.

It is not so much what you say,

As the manner in which you say it;

It is not so much the language you use,

As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,

And the tones may pierce like a dart;

The words may be soft as the summer air,

And the tones may break the heart.

MY LITTLE CHILD.

W. T. WRIGHTON.

Espressivo.

VOICE.

PIANO
OR
ORGAN.

1. Your lit - tle arms are round my neck, Your eyes of pur - est blue Are

gaz - ing fondly in - to mine, With childhood's love so true. With childhood's love so true. And

childhood's earliest words break forth Like music of the birds, While all a mother's heart wells o'er With

love too deep for words. My child, my dearest child, My child, my little child.

2. Against my cheek your cheek is press'd,
A rose-leaf soft and warm,
My arm is girdled round your waist,
To shield your tender form. I
Yet, in the far-off years to come,
What changes we may see;
I may become the feeble child,
Your arms encircle me,
My child, etc.

3. Tears, burning tears, may dim these eyes,
Dark cares o'ercloud my path;
For who can tell what smiles or tears
The unseen future hath? I
So let them come, I will not shrink,
But still to God give praise,
If He but spare my little child
To cheer my latest days,
My child, etc.

Moral Department.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GARDENING.

BY CHARITY L. MARBETT.

CHAPTER XI.

FUCHSIAS.

THE fuchsia is another plant easily kept through the winter in the cellar. Indeed, it may be said to do better there than in the window, in the early part of the year, as it is not an evergreen, and should have a season of leafless rest, otherwise the blossoms will not be abundant or satisfactory. There are a few kinds advertised as winter blooming, which must have their season of rest in summer; for a fuchsia kept in a constant growing state, must soon fail, at least, that is my experience.

During their growing and blooming season, they will require to be regularly watered, and about once a week with liquid manure, similar to that recommended for geraniums. They will thrive best in a cool, partially-sheltered situation, out of reach, as much as possible, of high winds and noon-day suns. At the commencement of their growth, fuchsias may be trained very prettily to supports provided for the purpose. That is, one must decide in advance what shape and size is aimed at, and provide the frame in accordance therewith. This will have to be out of proportion to pot and plant at first, as the shoots of the fuchsia are so brittle and easily broken off at their junction with the main plant, that it will hardly do to risk training them in form, unless it is done as the plant makes its growth. An upright stick, with a running coil of hoops, from bottom to top, made of reeds or rattan, may be used, of the size suitable to the plant as well as pot, for one year at least, and can be cut in small pieces and removed after a larger one has been placed outside it. I have practiced this method years ago, when "fuchsia" meant "lady's ear-drop" only, and that everybody was familiar with. In making the change of these hoops, the plant was wrapped about with paper, and tied snugly, before the larger one was slipped over it, indeed, before it was repotted, as larger pot and larger hoop were both required at once.

Fuchsias trained in this way should not be allowed to grow outside the hoops, as they will have to be tied oftener than if kept in the middle, and thus increase the trouble in changing them. The upright stick should be placed in the same side of the plant each time it is changed, so it will be necessary to cut off and remove the lower portion of the old one, as soon as the plant is firmly repotted. A strong pair of garden-shears will answer for this purpose, and will not displace the earth as much as the whittling process, as usually performed by ladies. When a plant, trained in this way, becomes large enough to make it necessary, a second upright stick, like the first, should be placed opposite it, at the time of repotting, and to this the canes may be fastened, when required to be so large around as to droop with but one support; but it will not be necessary to put them through it, tying will be sufficient.

Having always had a dislike to the looks of new sticks, as supports for house plants, and not always finding it convenient to paint them, I have colored them with tea-leaves, boiled hay or anything that would make them indistinct. For the same reason I use coarse, gray woollen yarn to tie them. This, in addition to being unnoticeable on account of color, is soft and will not cut or fret the branches, like bast, or other common fastenings.

I have kept the fuchsia in pots through the summer, standing on a bed of leached ashes, in the absence of tan, or coal ashes, without saucers, and the interstices filled loosely with moss from the woods. This keeps the pots uniformly moist, whilst they are secured from too wet a sub-soil, and as ladies, with the best of intentions, do sometimes forget their plants for a day or so, they will not be so liable to receive injury, as when the whole side of the pot is exposed to drying winds. Some ladies prefer to set their

fuchsias in the open ground in summer, either removing them from the pot, or planting it entire, but it takes them so long to recover from the change in either way, that, to me, it is unsatisfactory. The difficulty, of shading, screening, watering, etc., is also greatly enhanced.

Fuchsias do well in a soil of one-half leaf mould, one-quarter muck and one-quarter silver sand; but any good, old garden soil will do.

The fuchsia during summer or its season of growth and bloom, should be kept evenly cool and moist, sprinkling the foliage with clear, warm water, and during its season of rest, it should be kept as cold as possible, without freezing, and as dry as possible without seasoning. This plant grows easily from slips of young wood. They are best when separated from the main or old stalk at their intersection, but will do cut at any place. They callous soon, if placed in a cool room out of the sun in a vessel of water, and may be planted in small pots as soon as the roots are seen to start freely. They will root almost invariably planted anywhere in the cool shade, in summer, and covered with a tumbler.

Fuchsias, like geraniums, should be cut back *courageously* in their first growth, that is, if bushy plants are wanted. The nearer to the bottom one can get side shoots to grow, the better, not only to secure bushy plants but on account of their extreme brittleness and liability to break with winds or the least accidental touch in moving and training. On this account their summer home should be out of the reach of sweeping skirts, winds, chickens, cats and dogs—the last named in particular, as I remember (a little sorely still) that a pet "black and tan" took a fancy, one warm July noon, to stretch himself on the cool, moist earth, where a bed of choice fuchsias were just coming into bloom. In accordance with dog-logic in general, he thought his nap would be sweeter and more refreshing, if the bed was properly stirred at the beginning, so attended to that matter vigorously, as was well attested by the fragments scattered in every direction. Out of a collection of a dozen or more only two were worth resetting—there were slips in abundance, but in a hopelessly mixed condition.

This experience is recorded as a warning, for, granting that Sir Isaac Newton's trial with Diamond was as great, it still was just as useless, in one case as the other, to exclaim, "Thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

A plant-stand devoted to fuchsias in summer, and geraniums in winter, may be managed so as to be an object of interest and pleasure the year round. Where this plan is adopted, the stand should be constructed with reference to its summer and winter position. For instance, a window in a small sitting-room is to be used. In order to interfere as little as possible with the needs of the family, place two chairs side by side, in front of the window, with their backs outward, set a board at each end, as wide as the chair-bottoms are deep, mark them for cleats about two inches above the chair-seats, and again, for other cleats ten inches higher up, this will give two shelves, each one to be firmly fastened to the end boards, the upper one only half the width of the lower one, placed even at the back next the chairs. The bottoms of the end board may be cut out, leaving the corners for the stand to rest on, as that will make it better to sweep and clean around. Castors may be affixed, if thought necessary, but thicker end boards will be needed in case they are used. The sides may also be cut out, if preferred, above the lower row of pots. This plant-stand has the merit of being easily and cheaply made, of saving room for two chairs, which can be made available in a moment when needed, and put tidily out of the way when not in use. Their backs, also, are a barricade, for keeping little fingers (that do so love to poke their rosy tips into the nice dirt,) at a respectful distance. With castors removed, this stand will be found to answer nicely, on some shaded porch, or other sheltered spot, for fuchsias during the summer, when the geraniums may be transferred to their summer quarters, cut back and allowed to make ready for winter exhibit-

tion, and the fuchsias, in turn, can retire to their winter quarters for their season of recuperation.

The fuchsia may be trained as a standard, and if one succeeds in getting a full, fine top, they are truly beautiful. I have seen fine specimens trained in this way, but never have been able to grow one that satisfied me. For this purpose a clean, long stem is allowed to run up the desired height, and then encouraged, by constant cutting back, to form a head. The main stalk will have to be supported by a rod for a few years, at least, and the head is very apt to get injured on one side or the other, so as to spoil the symmetry; but a success in this way is valuable for a centre plant on a round table, or where it is desirable to form pyramids of bloom on a level surface.

There are plenty of other plants, however, that can be used for this purpose, that are easier grown and more likely to succeed.

GORGEOUS CALLA LILIES.

A CHATTY writer in the *Horticulturist* says: "Not long ago I was at a friend's, and in going through her conservatory was much struck with the luxuriant growth of a calla. The leaves were borne on stems three feet or more in length, and such leaves! I never dreamed that calla leaves could grow so large before. They were of the richest green, too, and everything about the plant indicated that it was in the most perfect health. It had one bud

on a stalk three feet long, which was as large as any calla buds had ever been when they had attained full growth and were ready to unfold, and this bud was hardly half matured, thus giving promise of becoming an immense flower if nothing happened to prevent its developing. I asked the secret of such magnificent success in calla growing, and my friend told me in what it consisted. In June she takes her callas out of doors, and turns the pots containing them over on their sides under a tree, or in some shady place, and there she leaves them through the hot summer months, giving them no attention whatever. Of course the old leaves die and drop off, and the earth in the pots bakes into the consistency of brick; one would think such harsh treatment would be the death of a flower, but, on the contrary, the calla likes it. In September she brings the pots in and begins to give the plants water. A very short time suffices to start them into growth. As soon as the leaves appear she makes the water quite warm. The result is that her callas are superior to anything I ever saw before. She boasts of having larger flowers than any one else, and, judging from the size of the half-matured bud I saw, she has foundation for saying so. She tells me that her callas are never without flowers through the winter, often as many as four or five open at once. She never removes the new ones which form about the old plant, but, as they grow, shifts the plants into large pots. I ought to say that my friend's conservatory is heated from a stove in the sitting-room, and therefore this treatment will apply where only a few house plants are kept, and steam-heating is not used."

Housekeepers' Department.

ECONOMICAL STEAM KETTLE.

A LADY communicates to the *Cottage Hearth* her method of extemporizing a steam vessel for cooking. She says: "The most convenient and economical apparatus for steaming that I have ever used is the following: Take the dinner kettle that comes with a seven or eight-inch stove, place in the bottom of it half a brick nicely washed, pour in water to nearly or quite cover the brick, and set it over the fire. When it boils, or nearly so, set in your bread or pudding dish, and cover closely with a tin cover, of conical form, with a rim set on the edge so that it will fit the kettle closely, and suffer no steam to escape. If this cover does not come with the kettle, you can get one made at the tin-shop for half a dollar. The flat cover throws the steam back on to your bread, and cannot be made to fit as nicely. This arrangement has the advantage over a steamer set over the kettle, in that it brings your bread much nearer the fire, requires much less fuel, raises it lighter and cooks it more thoroughly. All batter and berry puddings, and even biscuit and custard puddings, are cooked very nicely in this manner. A breakfast Johnny-cake may be cooked in this way with much less fuel than it would require to bake it. An Indian pudding, made as for baking, can be steamed over a fire that would have little effect upon the oven of a large stove. Be careful not to fill the dish too full, as steaming raises the pudding more than baking. Stir it down once or twice. I have saved many cords of fuel by this method."

NUTRITIVE SUBSTANCES CONTAINED IN FOOD.

Albuminous substances are found in eggs, the flesh of animals and in the farinaceous part of vegetables.

Fibrous.—The flesh and blood of various animals and portions of vegetables. Fibrin is albumen in a higher state of organization.

Gelatinous.—The flesh of young animals, veal, chickens, calf's head and feet, some fishes.

Oleaginous; Fatty and Oily.—Animal fats, oils, butter, cheese, milk, etc. Vegetable oils, marrows, cocoa and various nuts.

Farinaceous.—Wheat, barley, oats, rice, rye, potatoes, sago, arrowroot.

Mucilaginous.—Animal and vegetable juices, carrots, turnips, asparagus, cabbage, etc.

Saccharine.—The different kinds of sugar, figs, dates, beet-root, carrots, parsnips.

Acidulous.—Lemons, oranges, apples, grapes, currants.

Sweet Briar, September, '74.

DEAR PIPSEY:—I enjoy your papers very much, having profited by several of your recipes and suggestions, and am glad you intend writing for "Arthur's" next year.

About the jelly: is not there another reason why it will not always thicken, beside the lack of sugar?

Two years ago, mother tried making some out of quite ripe grapes, and could do nothing with it, although she had the correct amount of sugar, and boiled it a long time; she could not imagine the reason, but has been told since that no fruit of any kind if very ripe would make good jelly.

Pipse, please explain what you mean by saying you always finish yours in the sunshine; I cannot think what effect the sun can have unless you live in an uncomfortably warm climate.

A friend of mine has already tried your cure for warts, but without success yet. When I was a child, the back of my left hand was covered with the disagreeable things; an old lady saw them once and gave me these directions for curing them: I was to find an old bone and rub my hand with it, then throw it over my left shoulder some place where I should never see it again, for she said if I should happen to stumble over it my warts would all come back. I did precisely as she told me, carefully avoiding the place where the bone lay, and in a short time my hand was perfectly smooth—the warts having disappeared as if by magic.

FLOY.

RECIPES.

INDIAN MUFFINS.—A pint and a half of yellow Indian meal, sifted; a handful of wheat flour; a quarter of a pound of fresh butter; a quart of milk; four fresh eggs; a very small teaspoonful of salt. Put the milk into a saucepan, cut the butter into it, and set it over the fire until the butter is very soft, but not until it melts. Then remove from the fire, stir it well till all is mixed, and set it away to cool. Beat four

eggs very light; and, when the milk is cold, stir them into it alternately with the meal, a little at a time of each, adding the salt. Beat the whole very hard after it is all mixed. Then butter some muffin-rings, set them in a hot oven or on a heated griddle, pour some of the batter into each, and bake well. Send them hot to the table, and eat with butter, to which syrup or honey may be added.

BEEF ROLLS.—Take the remains of cold roast or boiled beef. Mince tolerably fine with a small amount of its fat; add seasoning of pepper, salt and chopped herbs; put the whole in a roll of puff paste and bake for half an hour, or rather longer should the roll be very large.

BEEF PATTIES.—Take cold beef, mince and season it, and bake in a rich puff-paste in patty-pans. Time, half an hour.

EGG SAUCE.—To serve with boiled fish. Take a small cupful of butter, and rub into it half a teaspoonful of flour, then pour upon it about a gill of boiling water, stirring it fast. Let it boil up once. If it is allowed to boil long it will become oily. Pour it over two eggs boiled hard and cut fine.

RICE BISCUITS OR CAKES.—To every half pound of rice flour add a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, and two eggs. Beat the butter to a cream, stir in the rice flour and sugar, and moisten the whole with the eggs, which should be previously well beaten. Roll out the paste, shape it with a round paste-cutter into small cakes, and bake them from twelve to eighteen minutes in a very slow oven.

SOFT CURTARD.—Set one pint milk into a kettle of hot water, till near to boiling. Beat three eggs, one-half cup sugar, and one teaspoonful cornstarch together. Pour into the milk, stir it for two minutes, remove it from the kettle and pour into cups.

TOAST.—To make dry toast properly, a great deal of attention is required; much more, indeed, than people generally suppose. Never use new bread for making any kind of toast, as it eats heavy, and, besides, is very extravagant. Procure a loaf of bread about two days old; cut off as many slices as may be required, not quite one-quarter inch in thickness; trim off the crusts and ragged edges, put the bread on a toasting-fork, and hold it before a very clear fire. Move it backward and forward until the bread is nicely colored; then turn it and toast the other side, and do not place it so near the fire that it blackens. Dry toast should be more gradually made than buttered toast, as its great beauty consists in its crispness, and this cannot be attained unless the process is slow and the bread is allowed gradually to color. It should never be made long before it is wanted, as it soon becomes tough, unless placed on the fender in front of the fire. As soon as each piece is ready, it should be put into a rack, or stood upon its edges, and sent quickly to table.

FEATHER CAKE.—A cup of white sugar, a spoonful of butter, an egg, two even cupfuls of flour, two-thirds of a cupful of sour cream or milk, and a teaspoonful of soda. Flavor to taste.

New Publications.

Katherine Earle. By Miss Adeline Trafton, author of "An American Girl Abroad," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Miss Trafton has written a very readable novel; not very profound in thought or original in plan, it is true, but one which will give pleasure in the reading, and which ranks in many respects somewhat above the ordinary American novel. The illustrations are really exquisite.

By Still Waters. A Story for Quiet Hours. By Edward Garrett, author of "Crooked Places," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. To the constant readers of the HOME MAGAZINE we need say nothing of the merits of this story, as they have already followed its course month after month. Its author, a lady, although having chosen a masculine *nom-de-plume*, ranks among the first and best of living English novelists, and in the keenness of her satire and brilliancy of her wit often reminds the reader forcibly of George Eliot.

Captain William Kidd, and other Pirates of Two Hundred Years Ago. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. It seems rather curious to find the name of Captain Kidd appearing among the "Pioneers and Patriots of America." At least it is in such goodly company he comes to us in the series of books whose general title is, "American Pioneers and Patriots." Nevertheless, the narrative is an interesting one, and no doubt more attractive to young readers than though it described more honest, respectable and well-behaved personages.

The Coming Wave; or, The Hidden Treasure of High Rock. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is the fourth volume of "The Yacht Club Series." The characters of Leopold and Stumpy are well drawn, and their doings will greatly interest boys.

Not in their Set; or, In Different Circles of Society. From the German of Marie Lenser. Boston: Lee & Shepard. The author of this story has recently attracted much notice in Germany for her skill in delineating society-life in that

country. The title of her present novel gives its scope and purpose.

Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. In this book we have the second volume of the "Bric-a-Brac Series," the first of which, giving the "Personal Reminiscences of Chorley, Planche and Young," afforded so rare a treat to readers of literary culture. Though not so fresh and attractive as its predecessor, it is still a very pleasant book, and will meet with a cordial welcome.

Syrian Home-Life. Compiled by Rev. Isaac Riley. From material furnished by Rev. Henry Harris Jessup, D.D., of Beirut, Syria. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Our ideas of Oriental life are exceedingly vague, being derived principally from travellers who make a hurried passage through those countries. The Rev. Mr. Jessup, a missionary, who has resided in Syria for many years, gives us in this volume a detailed and accurate account of Syrian manners, customs, dress, ceremonials, food, schools, etc., including everything that serves to make the home-life of a people. The volume is both interesting and instructive.

King's Cope. A Novel. Boston: Loring, Publisher. An English story of average merit, well suited for summer reading.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from W. H. Borer & Co., 1102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, the following choice new music:

"Angel Hands are Beck'ning." Song and Chorus. Words by Hineline, music by Edwin F. Johnson.

"Lullaby." By S. Heller; being No. 4 of "May Flowers," a collection of favorite compositions for the piano.

"Tom Collins is my Name." Character Song. Words by Mark Mason, music by Sep. Winner.

"Oh, isn't he a Tease!" A new Ladies' Serio-comic Song and Chorus. Words by Frank C. Filley, music by Jean Le Croix.

All the above-named pieces are very fine, and will be immensely popular.

Health Department.

THE REASON WHY.

Why is sea-bathing particularly bracing and invigorating?

Because after sea-bathing an incrustation of very fine atoms of salt forms on the skin, which, coming into contact with the apparel, excites healthily the action of the vessels of the skin.

Why is a sense of oppression at the chest felt on first going into cold water?

Because the vessels of the skin, and those diffused over the internal surface of the lungs, are both liable to be affected by diminished temperature at the same time. Hence a sympathetic action is established between them, so that when the heat of the surface of the body is considerably lowered, the vessels of the lungs participate in the same temporary torpor occurring in those of the skin; the circulation of the blood through them is performed with difficulty, which the efforts of voluntary breathing are exerted to overcome.

Why do we feel a glowing warmth after emerging from a cold bath?

Because the air is a worse conductor of heat than water; when, therefore, the water ceases to draw off the heat of the body, the air appears warm.

Why, after the first sensation of chilliness experienced in plunging into cold water, does the body regain its natural warmth?

Because a reaction takes place in the system, caused by an effort of the vital principle to resist the further abstraction of heat.

Why, after a lengthened immersion, does a sense of chilliness again recur?

Because the vital energy becomes in time exhausted by the efforts it makes to sustain the natural temperature of the body.

Why is the light of candles, lamps, etc., detrimental to weak eyes?

Because the flame too powerfully illuminates the eye in one point, and does not uniformly stimulate the retina.

Scientific Department.

THE UNDULATORY THEORY.

THE following clear and concise statement of the Undulatory Theory we find in a lecture on "Modern Optics and painting," by Prof. O. N. Rood, of Columbia College. We copy from the *Popular Science Monthly* for February:

"Modern science has taught us that the portion of the material universe with which we are acquainted is swept from end to end by vibrations; that we are immersed in a sea whose very substance is constantly pulsating under the influence of systems and counter-systems of waves; and that even our very sensations are largely dependent on the action of these undulations upon ourselves. Now, the laws which rule these waves are, comparatively speaking, few and simple; taken by themselves, the waves are modes of motion which are moderately intelligible; they obey well-known mechanical laws, and can be subjected to ordinary methods of computation. But, when we come to consider their action on living beings, the case is quite altered. The effects are strange, unexpected, and the method of their production involved in mystery.

"Let me take some examples. * * * If, by the aid of properly-contrived machinery, we communicate merely to the hand fifty or sixty energetic vibrations in a second, a peculiar and powerful sensation is produced, resembling that of a prolonged electric shock, and at the same time the hand becomes clinched, and cannot be opened by an effort of the will. In this experiment the vibrations are communicated to the hand by direct contact with a solid piece of metal. Let us select a more refined case, and employ as the exciting cause twenty or twenty-five vibrations per second, not of metal, but of air. Helmholtz found that, when vibrations of this kind, or, what is the same thing, when aerial waves, forty or fifty feet in length, were presented to the ear, the result was not sound, but an unbearable tickling sensation; as he shortened the waves, the effect altered gradually, until at last, when their length had been reduced to about thirty feet, he perceived a low, deep, musical note. If we undertook to extend his experiment, we should find that shortening the length of the wave raised the pitch of the note; that waves five or six inches in length, furnished quite shrill notes; and that, finally, upon diminishing the wave-length to three or four tenths of an inch, the sound would become inaudible.

"It is quite certain that vast multitudes of still shorter

waves exist, but we are deaf and blind to them; in us they excite no sensation. At this point there begins for us a great blank, in which, as Professor Peirce once remarked, there is room for the play of not less than a dozen new senses, each as extensive as that of sight. Crossing, in imagination, this vast, unknown chasm, let us still pursue the shortening waves, and endeavor to trace their presence in a new region. We began with the heavy vibrations, the hammer-like strokes of a rod of metal, and exchanged them for the gentler aerial pulses, but now the air itself has become too coarse to transmit the far more delicate and minute waves which we next encounter; this is a feat which can only be accomplished by the all-pervading ether. Our new waves are very short; an army of ten thousand, marching in single file, would find room in an inch; but, though small, they are swift in motion; they will travel seven times around the earth in a second, and then be prepared for an interstellar journey. When they impinge on us, compensating for small size by vast number, they still produce a powerful sensation—we call it *heat*. Their effect upon the ear or eye is about the same as upon any other portion of the body; our ears are deaf, our eyes are blind to them. But the state of the case alters when their length has been reduced to about the thirty-thousandth of an inch; they now become capable of acting on the eye, and with its aid we begin to perceive a faint red-brown color. Always shortening our wave-length, we find that the tint brightens into a pure red hue, and changes gradually into an orange tint, and, gaining greatly in luminosity, becomes pure yellow; passing thence by gradations into green and blue, it gently fades out into violet and faint violet-gray or lavender. Beyond this point are yet more minute waves, but, in pursuing them, we enter once more what is for us a region of silence and darkness, and we are compelled to feel our way with the help of photographic plates." * * *

The statements that I have made lead us, however, a little unexpectedly to a remarkable conclusion. They show that the beautiful colors now displayed have no existence outside of ourselves—that, outside of ourselves, they are merely waves, longer or shorter. Color is a sensation existing merely in ourselves. On the other hand, our eyes might have been made quite insensible to color while still preserving the power of vision, and it is not impossible for us to conceive the existence of beings to whom the luminous waves might only be what to us are the breakers on a sea-beach.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

THE most fashionable fall wraps are French *sacques* of gray basket-woven cloth. The fronts are made double-breasted, yet closed to the throat. They are trimmed with a border of black ostrich feathers, and with collar, cuffs and back pockets of black velvet. The muff is made to match the *sacque*—of the gray cloth bordered with black feathers.

Some wraps are made ample in size, and long and straight in form; others in the *Medici* style, with long fronts and shorter backs. The trimming is put on lengthwise principally. Titan braids with beaded edges are placed in rows down garments of all fabrics—velvet as well as plain cloth. Plaited silk, or else plain flaring collars surround the very high necks of such wraps. The novelty for trimming is bands of black feathers, such as those of rooks and crows.

Parisian bonnets display low crowns with wide brims turned up from the brow, and trimmed to give a high effect in front. A new color for the trimmings of bonnets is called "cardinal," which is neither a crimson nor a scarlet, but is a bright maroon. This color is represented in ribbons, roses, velvets and gros grains.

The description of a bonnet is as follows: "The foundation of velvet is of the darkest cardinal color, trimmed with velvet loops showing lighter facings of gros grain; short ostrich tips, several in number, nodding in front, show three or four of these deep shades; whilst the face trimming is a half wreath of six or seven cardinal roses amidst soft puffs of gros grain that begin just beyond the middle of the front, and extend far back on the left side."

Another new shade is opal green, also called crystal. It is the faintest yellow with green tints, and is so delicate that it suggests cream color. This color is most effectively used on bonnets of dark bottle-green velvet, where it appears in facings of gros grain. The blues are clearer and more positive this season than they have been for some time. Bonnets, as well as wraps, are trimmed with feather *ruches* of rooks' and crows' feathers.

The most stylish felt hats are somewhat in sailor shape, with ample low crowns, and wide brims rolled evenly all around, or else turned straight up in front, and held there by a bow, bird or flower cluster. A hat-band of velvet is the only other trimming, with, perhaps, some upright loops behind.

Bows of cardinal red gross grain ribbon are worn down the front of guipure polonaises, and of these of black silk wrought all over in English embroidery in compass and star patterns. A bow without ends is placed just at the back of the neck, and wristlets are added. A black velvet skirt with a silk polonaise of this English needlework, brightened by the cardinal bows, is an elegant fall toilet.

Later in the year handsome costumes will consist in black silk skirts, with a velvet tablier, a velvet cuirass or sleeveless jacket, and sleeves entirely covered with jet. Such suits will be worn with the cardinal velvet bonnets mentioned above.

Cashmeres, cuirasses and tabliers, also polonaises, are imported unmade, but wrought with elaborate designs in imitation of guipure, of *metallisé* patterns and of the figures seen in English embroidery, and these tracings are followed out with finely-cut jet beads, bugles, cord, *sontache* and exquisite needlework.

Square shawls for fall wear have plain centres with striped or plaid borders, and all shades of one color, gray, brown or blue being preferred. Long shawls for travelling are of thick plush-like fabrics with Oriental names, and are usually in large broken plaids. Cashmere shawls that do not profess to be India shawls, but are of plain colored cashmere and striped borders, are tasteful and comfortable. These are in mode, blue and scarlet. Unique shawls also of soft cashmere wool mixed with silk have palm-leaf patterns in gold on black or scarlet grounds, or else have mixtures of blue, red, gold and black, in true Eastern fashion. Black cashmere shawls for old ladies have richly embroidered edges dotted with jet. The edges are scalloped, and do not require lace to finish them, though a deep guipure lace border adds to their elegance.

Editor's Department.

Science and the Church.

THE address of Professor Tyndale, President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, made before that body at its annual session, held in Belfast, Ireland, on the 19th of August, has caused considerable excitement and discussion. So far as the address deals with natural science—its origin, history and progress—it is an exceedingly interesting paper; but weak and inconclusive when it attempts to rise above the plane of what is phenomenal and treat of life and genesis. Here, science is, and must forever remain, at fault. It can only deal with effects, as found in nature; causes lie wholly and forever beyond its grasp and cannot be reached by the way of induction. There is a limit to finite achievement, and we have it just here. The scientist may discover in nature a most wonderful order; and see design and law in all things, from vast orbs of matter moving through millions of miles of space and never losing a second of time in completing their cycles, to an animalcule or an atom of material substance; but when he seeks for the cause he cannot find it; and though he search forever, it will forever elude him. Even Darwin, with his marvellous patience in the observation of natural phenomena, and a quarter of a century of research, does not offer a theory of the origin of life, but takes life in its beginning as a great mystery and deals only with its development and increments.

It is really sad to see a great mind like that of Professor Tyndale, groping darkly amid the atoms and molecules of old Democritus to find the origin of life and rational thought. Says Democritus: "The only existing things are the atoms and empty spaces. The atoms are infinite in number, and infinitely varied in form; they strike together, and the lateral motions and whirlings which thus arise are the beginnings of worlds. * * * The soul consists of free, smooth, round atoms, like those of fire. These are the most mobile of all. They interpenetrate the whole body, and in their motions the phenomena of life arise. These atoms are individually without sensation; they combine in obedience to mechanical laws; and not only organic forms, but the phenomena of sensation and thought are also the result of their combination."

We will let Professor Tyndale speak for himself as to the degree in which he accepts this theory. He says:

"Two courses, and two only, are possible. Either let us open our doors freely to the conception of creative acts, or, abandoning them, let us radically change our notions of matter. If we look at matter as pictured by Democritus and as defined for generations in our scientific text-books, the absolute impossibility of any form of life coming out of it would be sufficient to render any other hypothesis preferable; but the definitions of matter given in our text-books were intended to cover its purely physical and mechanical properties. And taught as we have been to regard these definitions as complete, we naturally and rightly reject the monstrous notion that out of such matter any form

of life could possibly arise. But are the definitions complete? Everything depends on the answer to be given to this question.

"Trace the line of life backward, and see it approaching more and more to what we call the purely physical condition. We reach at length those organisms which I have compared to drops of oil suspended in a mixture of alcohol and water. We reach the *protogenes* of Haeckel, in which we have 'a type distinguishable from a fragment of albumen only by its finely granular character.' Can we pause here? We break a magnet and find two poles in each of its fragments. We continue the process of breaking, but however small the parts, each carries with it, though enfeebled, the polarity of the whole. And when we can break no longer, we prolong the intellectual vision to the polar molecules.

"Are we not urged to do something similar in the case of life? Is there not a temptation to close to some extent with Lucretius when he affirms that 'nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself without the meddling of the gods?' or with Bruno, when he declares that nature is not 'that mere empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb?' The questions here raised are inevitable. They are approaching us with accelerated speed, and it is not a matter of indifference whether they are introduced with reverence or with irreverence.

"Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I fell bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter, which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality."

And so, intellect, reason, sentiment, love, are all, according to Professor Tyndale, potential in matter and evolved therefrom!

We have neither space nor inclination for any remarks on the weakness of all this. What we have farther to say has regard to the professor's arraignment of the church as the antagonist of science. In this he has a large amount of truth on his side, and may be forgiven for his strong condemnation. If the Bible is a revelation from God, the Creator of all things, it must be in harmony with nature, the work of His hands; and if in any portion thereof a single passage occurs which, taken literally, is not in harmony therewith, its true meaning must be sought in the inner sense, and not in the apparent sense of the letter—"in the spirit and life" that make it holy and divine.

There is no natural antagonism between science and the Bible. They both reveal to us the love, and power, and excellence of our great and good Creator; but in one we have a revelation of Him in natural things, and in the other a revelation of Him in things spiritual and divine. We do not go to nature to learn the way to Heaven, nor to the Bible for instruction in natural science; and most of the antagonisms which have existed, and still exist, between science and religion have sprung from efforts in the church to enforce literal interpretations of Scripture that contradict the well-established facts of science.

The time has come when the church, if it would retain its due power and influence, must lift, in the minds of the people, Holy Scripture above the level of common things, and out of the sphere of science and nature. If it be the Word of God, then it is divine and holy; and must have in it a method, a perfection, a living power and profounder meanings than exist in any other book. In nature, the scientific explorer finds a new beauty, a new perfection, a new order, a new vitality and a new significance the deeper he penetrates her arcana; and must not the Word of God be as perfect in the method of its construction as nature, and hold within its verbal expressions, natural symbols and records of events, things infinite and divine, of which the lower things in nature, where the scientist dwells, are but the outward and orderly signs? Surely this is so, or the Bible cannot be the Word of God.

Let the church, then, abandon wholly its attitude of antagonism to science and seek to make it the handmaid of religion. No truth in science can possibly be in opposition to spiritual laws; for the external and visible world, which is the arena of science, is but the outbirth of the invisible and potential world from which it lives, and moves, and has its being, and must answer to it in every particular as effect answers to cause. Men of the church must study and search the Bible for spiritual laws as patiently and as

thoroughly as men of science study and search nature for natural laws. And it is full time this were being done, instead of depreciating Scripture as some in the churches now do, and regarding it as the mother of heresies, rather than the living and eternal truth of God.

Next Year.

AMONG the literary attractions that are to distinguish the HOME MAGAZINE next year, we announce with pleasure a series of articles by ROSELLA RICE, entitled

"FIFTY YEARS AGO; Or, The Cabins of the West."

We know of no writer who possesses in so large a degree the ability to give faithful pictures of the old pioneer life of the West as Miss RICE. Thoroughly familiar with Western life and character, and in daily intercourse with men and women who, fifty years ago, set up their lonely cabins in forest and prairie, she cannot fail from her abundant resources to make these articles extremely attractive. A woman, and full of sympathy for her sister women, we may expect her to deal largely with the trials, sufferings, joys and sorrows of the wives and mothers of that early time, and give us pictures that will stir all hearts by their tenderness, their humor, their thrilling incidents and deep pathos.

MR. ARTHUR will commence a new serial story in the January number, entitled

"DEBORAH NORMAN; Her Work and Her Reward."

Then the readers' cheery old friend,

"PIPSISSIWAY POTTS,"

will continue to give them pleasant glimpses into the "DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD." And

"CHATTY BROOKS"

will talk to our young lady readers more about "MY GIRLS AND I." MRS. E. B. DUFFEY, whose practical good sense and large experience give her especial fitness for the work, is engaged in writing a series of papers on

"THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE."

Modest, thoughtful "LIEKEN" will still let the reader look at life through her "WINDOW." From MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL we are to have more of the finely-written literary biographies which have been so acceptable; and Miss VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND is engaged to contribute a fresh series of Sketches and Historic Portraits.

But we have not space to enumerate all the good things in store for our readers in the coming year. They will, we can assure them, be rich and abundant.

Effect of Alcohol on the Heart's Action.

IN some experiments made with a strong, healthy young man in order to ascertain the effect of alcohol as compared with that of water, the following result appeared. When he drank only water, it was found that his heart beat one hundred and six thousand times in twenty-four hours; but with an ounce of alcohol added to his beverage in twenty-four hours, the heart beat four hundred and thirty times more; with two ounces it beat one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two times more; with four ounces it beat twelve thousand nine hundred and sixty times more; with six ounces it beat eighteen thousand four hundred and thirty-two times more; with eight ounces twenty-five thousand four hundred and eighty-eight times more. This gives an average of thirteen per cent. more work done by the heart during the alcoholic period than on water. After the alcohol was discontinued the heart beat with great feebleness, showing that its nutrition had been impaired.

Hints to Writers for the Press.

CARELESSLY-WRITTEN and badly-punctuated manuscripts, find little favor with an editor; and blue or pink paper quite as little. All fancy-colored inks are his abomination. He tolerates only white paper and black ink; and a legible chirography. We have said this frequently, but line upon line and precept upon precept are still needed. An editor, falling into a poetic mood, has laid down in rhyme the law for writers, hoping that it will be better kept in mind; and we copy it for their benefit:

"Write upon pages of a single size,
Cross all your i's, and neatly dot your i's;
On one side only let your lines be seen—
Both sides filled up announce a Verdant Green.
Correct—yes, re-correct—all that you write,
And let your ink be black, your paper white;
For spongy foolscap of a muddy blue
Betrays a mind of the same dismal hue.
Punctuate carefully, for on this score
Nothing proclaims the practiced writer more.
Then send it off, and, lest it merit lack,
Inclose the postage-stamps to send it back;
But first pay all the postage on it, too,
For editors look black on 'two pence due,'
And murmur as they run the effusion o'er,
'A shabby fellow and a wretched bore!'
Yet, ere it goes, take off a copy clean—
Poets should own a copying machine;
Little they know the time that's spent and care
In hunting verses vanished—who knows where?
Bear this in mind, observe it to the end,
And you shall make the editor your friend."

A Wrong to Woman.

IT has been said somewhat boastfully, that a lady may travel anywhere in the United States without being subject to insult, and with as much freedom and safety as a man. This may be true in the main; but the following incident, communicated to the *New York Tribune*, gives a serious exception, and one to which ladies who happen to be travelling alone may well take heed:

"A lady residing in the West, of standing and character, and modest and unassuming in appearance, came to visit friends in Brooklyn. The train by which she came, and which should have reached New York by daylight, was delayed, and did not arrive until late at night. Through some misunderstanding, none of her friends were at the depot to meet her, and she did not know how to find them at night. She accordingly went to the Astor House and asked for a room. Senator Grimes of Iowa, with whom she was slightly acquainted, happened to have arrived at the hotel at the same time, and seeing her alone he volunteered to secure a room for her. A long delay ensued, which she did not understand, and which caused her much uneasiness; but finally a room was assigned her.

"The senator afterward informed her that it was with much difficulty that he succeeded in inducing the proprietors of the Astor House to allow her to remain during the night, and that he finally succeeded by making her cause his own, and flatly telling them they must not turn her out of doors. But for his opportune intervention she would doubtless have been compelled, at eleven o'clock at night, to appeal to the police for shelter and protection.

"Now, this may happen to any wife, or mother, or sister, to any lady in the land who may be compelled to travel alone. To characterize such treatment, when bestowed upon any woman of modest and respectable appearance, and who is not known to be disreputable, as outrageous and barbarous, is, in my judgment, to speak temperately."

We fully agree with the writer in his strong condemnation of the act referred to. His language is not a whit too severe.

The St. Nicholas Magazine.

A NEW volume of this charming magazine for young people will begin in November, and we heartily commend it to all who are seeking for a pure and good, and at the same time highly attractive periodical for their children. For richness of illustration, nothing like it has ever been seen in this country. The publishers are spending a large amount of money on this magazine, and seem determined to put it beyond the reach of all rivalry. It is published by Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3.00 a year.

Publishers' Department.

THE HOME MAGAZINE for 1875.

WE make, in this number, our full announcement for the new year. It will be seen that the "HOME" will bring its readers a perfect treasury of good things. Other attractions, which we are not yet able to give in our programme, will appear in the coming volume, which will be more richly illustrated than any of its predecessors. Mr. ARTHUR'S new serial story will be commenced in the January number; and we promise another serial, perhaps two more, from authors of the highest ability. These will be announced hereafter.

As we have already said in a preceding number, not since the HOME MAGAZINE was published has it taken such a hold upon the hearts of the people as now. Letters of encouragement and commendation flow in upon us from all parts of the country; some of them so warm and hearty that they seem like the utterances of old and partial friends. To all we respond that we are glad our efforts to give them a true "HOME" Magazine has been so largely approved and that it is very pleasant to have them tell us so in their frank, warm utterances. We shall try to please better than ever in the coming year.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND CLUB-GETTERS.

Don't put off making up your clubs. It is full time now to secure your names, and get your lists full. Our two new premium pictures are now ready, and those who send in first got the earliest and sharpest impressions.

OUR NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.

These are now ready, and beauties they are! Our artist has been long engaged upon them, and has done his very best. Nothing equal to these pictures in faithful, artistic work has ever come from his brain. The first is an exquisite home scene, entitled

"THE INTERRUPTED READER."

It represents a beautiful young mother, drawn away from her absorption in a book by her baby, who has left her doll and climbed upon her chair to solicit a kiss. The scene is sweet and tender; the mother loveliness itself; the baby a delight to see. As for the picture, it is one of a class that never tires the eye. Your heart is won at the first glance, and its presence in your room makes for you ever after a perpetual pleasure.

"THE LION IN LOVE."

This is a picture of another style and sentiment, but among the best of its class. It appeals to the sense of humor. The "Lion" is an old Soldier who has fallen in love with a gay young girl who, in a sportive mood, has accepted his offer of marriage; but with a condition. He must thread a fine cambric needle, which the enticing fairy has placed in his clumsy old fingers. Alas for his fate! The needle has no eye! The picture, as a work of art is admirable; the handling of the subject is perfect, and the humor irresistible.

Every subscriber to our Magazine will have the right to order one of these pictures free. The other, if desired, will be sent to our subscribers only, at the nominal price of fifty cents. Pictures of this class, as we have frequently said, heretofore, cannot be bought in the print-stores for less than

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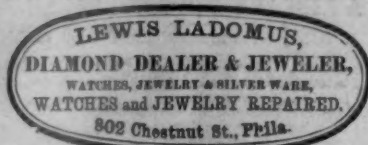
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